To Longfellow
by Lee Evans, Bath, Maine

There was a time when poetry was found
Throughout this land, in parlors far and wide,
And actually was read; while side by side
Sat families and friends all gathered round
To hear your words. This practice was held sound,
Not an anomaly, as ‘tis today--
For the electric image now holds sway,
And poetry lies crippled on the ground.

Return to us, O Longfellow, to teach
Once more the liberal arts in our sad schools,
Where poetry is gibberish or trite!
You showed us that the Old World’s cultured rules
Can be applied to us afresh, despite
Our quest for novelties beyond our reach.