POETRY IS NOT DEAD!
written by James P. Lukens, aka "The Buckeye Poet", Newark, Ohio

It lives in hibernation
or at best
in suspended animation.

 Poetry lives! In resplendent
evolution
it breathes.

Poets* may be prideful,
or die of bloated
self-indulgence, though,
the novice reader,

who leers with condescension,
Yea, with shallow understanding
would choose the poet's demise

 Poetry is not dead!
It's simply catching
another breath
of creative syncopation
as it needs re-read, re-said for
deeper contemplation,
whose friendly voice beckons

readers from the wilderness
language of another age,
epoch, era, another place in time
to find assurance in the Psalms of
David, Homer's Odyssey, Shakespeare's
Lear or Lucretious' Universe

 Poetry is not dead! God forbid!
virtuous verse
transcends mortuaries of words
(the libraries of printed sayings
whose dusty scrolls of parchment
sag in woeful repose)

As proud poets* imbibe the bitter
Rule unless
Grace is served to conquer
Bitter grapes of wrath

from now to eternity
the cross over point
from death to life

Whence wise Solomon
shares unspeakable words
in a kinder, gentler tone

so profound that weaker souls
suffer to stutter, shudder
chilled to the bone

another tortured hour
as Job endured fiendish
ridicule from friend and foe

as phonic sounds of
mourning parade
across the stage of life

'til Gabriel shouts Hallelujah!
the trump's last shrill blast
heard above the ocean's roar,
the thundering , frightful storms,
or fiery bombs of war:

"Yea for Longfellow!"

"Poets* may die, but their poetry lives on!"