

## NOTES TO ANOTHER POET

It's the enigma of it all. And, as they say  
In this country; I've a tendency  
To 'bat the breeze'. Forsooth — I am  
A talker but I also walk  
My tongue into the heart of action.

Perhaps... it's in the blood spilled  
On other shores; the pedigree  
I refuse to mock. There, the hand  
                                    Of Campania valour  
Would slap me on the back —  
Project, 'Speech is richer when life's poor'!

So, verbose or no, critical to the lee-side  
Of sullen human nature  
(... A term I'd not invent nor let loose)  
I specify — 'a mouth was not meant  
To yawn itself to comfortable ends'.

Countryman, never of the same barbarous roots —  
Rather my words be pulped  
By the olive-press; by the grape  
Treader's feet and thrashing elbow  
Than forget to breathe free union of thought.

## Stefanie Bennett

And, these opinions drafted first as epigrams, con brio,  
Deserve the roughest plywood case  
To let the fearless elements in. Later, when  
The last mask covers both our names there'll come  
A constant whirring...

'No comforting ends!' Just naroo, thistle, fleur-de-lis.