

FREE FALL

A poet tree
is hard to climb
for free-verse feet
that trample rhyme.
Yet, even worse,
on metered trips
of rhythmic verse,
their footing slips.

Tradition tried,
in years gone by,
not ways to hide
but clarify.
Its path of rules
for metaphors
helped even fools
through verbal doors.

But freer trails
are traveled now.
Good grammar fails,
and poets bow
to whims which tell
a path of fate
where pens can't spell
or punctuate!

— David L. Hatton, 5/17/2016