

PAST PRECIOUS POETS

Crass masses now mistreat them,
Call “trite” their metered verse.
But such gems! I repeat them!
Their lines my lips rehearse.

Time’s wear cannot defeat them
Nor slay their words sublime,
And my works cannot beat them
At consonance and rhyme.

Someday, I hope to meet them—
Those women and those men—
And tell each, when I greet them,
“I loved your poet-pen!”

— *David L. Hatton, 5/16/2017*