

POETS HAVE NO CHOICE

The poet's plight: to write what crowds won't seek—
most minds ignore what lines of word-craft speak.
No cause to be unduly shy or meek,
for ink still chants bold poetry's mystique.

Though raucous numbers seem to rule the day,
the lonely poet breaches noisy sway
and yields to inspiration's winsome way
by heeding Muse, to let her have her say!

Then sing, dear poets! Pen your reveries!
Refill your lines with ancient verities,
clear seer's songs, prophetic legacies,
pierce through dark walls of reason's enemies!

And if you hear no audience rejoice,
write on! Authentic poets have no choice!

— *David L. Hatton, 12/31/2019*