

## POETICS

*John Thomas Clark*

I think Edgar Allan Poe's Siamese,  
Who, as Poe wrote, dug in on his shoulder,  
Was the architect behind his macabre  
Tales. I suspect Poe's cat is the forbear  
Of my chocolate point, Frank, a sure devil's  
Familiar. With Frank, malevolent spews  
Meet me. But, Lex, my benevolent muse,  
Greets me with his waggly-wiggle, revels  
At the sight of me, prompts me to forswear  
Dactyls of dour design. His tail throb  
Deflects the melancholy, the moulder  
Of Poe. To sculpt a lofty iamb frieze  
I call not on Frank, the mephisto cat,  
But upon Lex, my upbeat aristocrat.

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