

POETRY'S PROOF

Francine L. Trevens

Remember your joy as a youth
Honest now abide by truth
Hearing poems by Mother Goose
Stevenson or Dr. Seuss?
You loved the meter, lilt and rhyme
Memorizing in no time
Lines that deftly danced along
Their lilt akin to popular song
Their meter drumming beats so bold
You know them still, even if old

How many cantos you've read since
Have offered you such recompense
That you can quote them any time
Without mnemonic aid of rhyme?
Sans a strong meter, through and through
Their lines do not resound in you
Poetic prozers dub rhymes verse
I find their works much less, much worse
It's lyrical prose they write. Forsooth:
Meter and rhyme are poetry's proof!

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