

ERICK VERRAN

for young poets

1

Na bi kov

Any oeuvre will do; the sound—
A croak and furrow, snap of early archery.
The Big Book of Vernacular Verse,
like the store and be-all shoal of rhyme;
the pre-inferno, near changes.
Bored, forgive us our grins;
maple rag so slow in the heart.
Pray for soap. Adieu then to the dispensable:
human bandage, corrections and your
recent history of Grease and Gloam.
Who forgot to eschew the mouse,
the mauve, hued a zig-zag prose
panting and fauving at the mouth.

2

Bleach for the end times; the sound—
there is an uncertain rant of spite.
Hold on tight, down we sledge.
Sons of misery wary our daughters.
Dredge up your dreamed, your tired cliché.
Funny can't buy happiness; think of the past
and turn your old poems into cash now.
Buy gold before the crash. Bronze something.
With a vial under arm, go then throat-forward;
skip past, but then lift your lips;
scream, but then withdraw your
melancholy roar. Loose
for their laud of odd,
for the dam and deus.