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A Poem for You

William R. Slaughter

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WILLIAM R. SLAUGHTER

A POEM FOR YOU

Believe me
I tried
to write
a poem
for you
but from
that room
off the
town square
I heard
the courthouse
clock tell
the time
to sleep
and like
a fool
I listened.

JOHN TAYLOR

POEM WITH AN IMAGE FROM TU FU

Polite intrigue behind red-painted doors
Always renewed,
Banquets at court are lewd.
The Maids of Honour are growne wild
The lords of folly sing. The court ignores
The way the envoy smiled.

Hills on the frontier crouch like beasts,
Brown in the dawn.
Another night has gone
Across the pass. The guard makes tea
Over a tiny fire of dung, and feasts
In his own company.