

The Last Poem

I have lay uneasy for three days,
As not a word of my last poem got written,
My heart weighs a ton -
It finds no outlet.

I have consoled my heart
In a thousand ways,
Yet its defiance seems immutable,
Its stance a rubik's cube puzzle.

I had thought that the last poem
Would be the easiest to write,
Where I would pour out my
Life's reverence for life.

But still I must write my last poem
Before I delete all of them,
And live with cool grit,
Waiting for the eternity to settle.

I could go on writing poems

But it wouldn't make sense,
As art needs an audience,
Without which it is a one-handed clap.

The old grandeur of poetry is dead now,
As today's smart find joy
In direct physical adventures,
And Wall St. lotteries.

Today poetry is a bum,
A work of the old fogies,
Or frail spinsters,
Or of jobless yo-yo's.

Oh! the time is out of joint,
But yet I must finish my last poem,
Hang my poetry-boots,
And walk happily toward the horizon.

Suffern, New York, December 23, 2016

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