

Err Raising Homage

Jennifer Sundheim

Bob Rime wrote
of trails taken by the few,
of a beast of burden
walking the woods through.

Emily the strange spoke
of angles of the truth,
offering her poems
as a sort of proof.

And old Edgar stuck
with familiar haunts,
lacking the inspiration
of modern Chiller fonts.

Then, perhaps, there's you.

Best claim the above
as beloved bastard kin
if you hope to contribute
to this literature American.