

Poetry Lesson by Tom Frazier

for James Still (1906-2001)

Convocation of the end. Point of no return when poets to be ride winged Pegasus and read offerings to the nine sisters (verse extraordinaire, in their minds at least) and to other wannabes or those afraid to try but promise, "When I get around to it."

"You want to hear another reading?" he asked.

"No," I answered.

"Then let's go to the farm and harvest some poems all our own," he said.

And we did.