

ON READING YEATS

I don't get him. Never have.
Tried, as a young man ...
 A Nobel Laureate,
 Irish,
 A natural – for me to love him,
 Or want to, at least,
 To rave,
 To wax bombastic on his every turn of phrase,
 But what ...? What ...?
 Can I say rubbish and not offend
 Too many of you
 Too awfully
 Tonight

[pause]

Yet, it was important I try ...
 Thence, once more
 I read
 To Anne Gregory ... of the yellow hair
 The Lament of the Old Pensioner ...
 The Valley of the Black Pig ...
 I know the place, or suppose I do,
 He was right
 Sure, his language can be hard to grasp, for me, anyway
 But ... he was right ...
 The Fenians
 Warriors on parade
 Heroes – though mythical – to me
 Mythical creatures,
 rebellious youth
 Who gave voice
 Vent
 Deeds
 To all those stirrings within me
 From birth to ...
 To a grave I will, all too soon, inhabit.

And, yes, I still didn't get him ...
 Not fully ...
 Not exactly ...
 But I got enough to know
 I want to come back for more.