

On Reading Some new poetry

(1)

Oh, yes. Great stuff this. Talent here.
Look at this one on marrows & this one on toads.
Treated with such restraint, my dear,
one can barely tell it isn't prose.
How neatly these hands blot out the past,
how cunningly avoid a crude forecast
of their future development, or indeed
of any future at all. No seed
of social discontent, I'm glad to see.
Eat up, mayress. More china tea?
Such a change to escape from horrid fact,
to have one's gravest fears allayed with tact.
I see great charm in the way they ignore
distasteful things like corruption, bombs & war.
Such calm! What brave young gentlemen
to shun a world that's speeding to its end.
I do hope no-one ever writes
a word that sits up, snarls & bites.

Keith James

Nov. 1960