

Poetic Meter
Bob Poe

Unlike prose, a poem is defined by its pulse, or its meter;
It's how it goes; sort of like rhythm, or eggs and a beater.

So choose meter carefully before you commence,
For once you have started, you are bound by your fence.

The meter, once chosen, sets the tone for the work,
Tells the reader what's coming, avoiding a jerk.

But options abound,
They just wait to be found.

So explore
Some more.

Meter, meter, meter,
Like a twenty-shot repeater.

Or then again, it may float by through azure skies above,
A small white cloud, with silver lining, or graceful soaring dove.

Then crash! It lies dead at your feet.
Without a pulse. Without a beat.

Oh! Who can know where meter'll lead,
If you let it seize that bag of feed!

It may outgrow that lovely glade that taught it patience in grassy shade;
It may abandon summer grace, dashing toward a faster pace.

It may go martial, with pounding drum,
Eager for the boys to come.

But best of all, it may grow still
And wait for that awakening thrill,

When eager eyes, that still adore,
Spot Edith coming through the door.