

Ode to Writer's Block

My writer's block is sturdier than tungsten, iron, or steel.

No river can erode it. No lava can congeal

To form a craggy mountain or a formidable rock
enough to rival my unyielding, awesome writer's block.

My writer's block is doubtlessly my hero's dearest friend.

It keeps the villain helpless, so there's no need to extend

his sword in mortal combat for a damsel under lock
and key, or even scuff his armor, thanks to writer's block.

My writer's block is massive, yet it's lighter still than air.

More constant than a freckle, more unruly than a bear,

It's exhausted all my calendars and run down every clock,

but it is mine, and I am its: my fit of writer's block.

Heart Beats

The heart loved in bushels and bunches,
while the body threw nothing but punches.

They fought the same foe,
but the heart would lay low,
'til the body was knocked on its haunches.

The heart would proceed to defeat
every bully it happened to meet.

When the body asked, "How?"
the heart took a bow and said,
"Hearts break but hearts also 'beat'."

The Was-Wolf

When the werewolf is a was-wolf, 'cause the "were" has all worn off,
the pelt is shed, the claws retract, and skeptics start to scoff.
They tell themselves how brave they were in battle with the beast.
The danger is behind them ('til the next full moon at least).

Some like the was-wolf better than the werewolf she becomes.
They wish that she was dead or cured or under someone's thumbs.
Yet, she loves me when I'm virtueless. She should deserve the same.
Love withheld when we're not lovely is unworthy of the name.

How Lewis Carroll Met Edgar Allan Poe

In a land free from time in a world that is *nether*,
far from work-a-day woes like “bad news” or “bad weather,”
on a plane of existence where good writers go,
that’s where Lewis Carroll met Edgar Allan Poe.

Mr. Carroll had gone flying and saw at a distance
some trees through some fog in his “Plane of Existence;”
not Joyce Kilmer-style trees. These were twisted and bent.

One tree caught his plane *in* it on its descent.

Mr. Poe came to help after he heard the noise
(broody walks in dark forests were one of his joys).
“Are you hurt?” asked Poe. “Have you an ill or a maim?”
Mr. Carroll said, “I’m fine,” and Poe said, “What a shame.

Oh well. No one’s perfect. Let’s get you straight down,
Unless you would like to fall flat on your crown.”
“Not today,” Carroll said. “Let us make the day rue us,
not vice versa. By the way, my name is Lewis.”

Mr. Carroll was unharmed. His plane surely was.
He’d been seeking adventure and found it because
he’d wandered from Wonderland’s miles and acres
toward Poe with his black crows and gaunt undertakers.

The two men climbed gingerly down from their perch
while boughs bent beneath them started to lurch,
and just as they both got their feet on the ground,
the tree top gave way with a deafening sound.

Down fell a tangle of branches and plane.
“Phew,” said Carroll. Poe grieved, “Not even a sprain?
A good luck streak. How horrid.” Said Carroll with glee,
“Today’s my unbirthday. Won’t you dine with me?”

Then, calmly and casually, Carroll released
from his pocket, some mushrooms on which to feast,
plus some crochets and tarts. Both were heart-shaped, in fact.
Poe imbibed only sorrow and scones as they snacked.
The pair got to talking of life and their works.

Carroll quizzed Poe on angst and the murderous quirks
of most Poe-ish “heroes.” Poe held Carroll nimbly
made up a word if no rhyme could be made simply.

The problem that hadn’t occurred to them, yet
was the “Plane of Existence” is not quite a jet
or a plane or one mere, single thing. It’s the land
where dreams can come true; both the small and the grand.

But the dreams Poe and Carroll had started to mix.
As they spoke, the March Hare started playing his tricks
on Roderick Usher, who was not amused.
He chased the March Hare, but in vain. Then, confused

The Red Queen’s tell-tale heart, filled with regretting
each instance she pardoned instead of beheading.
The Mome Raths were buried alive in a grave, an’
The Cheshire cat spat at Lenore’s husband’s raven.

The Hatter went madder. Tweedles Dee and Dum

Had a jolly time riding the pit's pendulum.
And as Alice waltzed 'round Red Death's own masque.
The white rabbit drained the Amontillado casque.

When Carroll and Poe looked 'round where they'd been talking
and noticed the strange goings on, they sat gawking
a minute or more. They were shocked, but not fretting.

Carroll smiled and said, "I had better be getting

back to my own realm of odd rhymes and mock turtles."

Poe said, "I concur. That's the path with least hurtles
to un-weird this world. Thanks for lunch, and make haste.
And take care (though safe journeys are not to MY taste)."

Then, Mr. Carroll, sans plane, wings, or propeller
produced from his coat a gigantic umbrella,
which soon caught the breeze, and away he did go.
And that's how Lewis Carroll met Edgar Allan Poe.