

ODE TO A MUSE

A Quintained Arrangement of Hexametered Roses

by Christopher Brown

Cyranose me **rose**-eloquent, O mistress of my poem place,
That I may have growth enough both of heart-smartness
To find lines that bind your **tomorrows** to me
And of nose to scent the sense of just those far-flowered words
That reach beyond the **prose** proboscis of mere sentiment.

And couple these with word-sword skill enough to duel
Any doubt that **grows** when snows of lesser dreams fall down.
Let me distract your distraught thoughts of mundane provenance
With whimsy. Yea, sweep all **sorrows** out to a sea
Of somewhere else while I climb with happy truths your trellis.

Song **arrows**, so sing about the presence of your listening,
So slightly wound the defenses of your diffidence
That real perspective **burrows** in your briary redoubt,
Redolent of early spring awakening
As it **throws** off the last of a lingering winter overcast.

Here I plant exotic phrases at your feet.
Although each **borrows** from your sun and of your shade
To grow, I know that it is likely not enough
To out-dance the rival heart-gardeners
Their **barrows** over-brimming with pretensions for attentions.

But under this balcony goes no fear-**frozen** poet,
And as resistance only increases my persistence,
Let my nose for this sport be an imposing beak as I speak:
It **crowns** no weak, wishy-washy sort of crooning
But seeks to express, nay, effervesce you into swooning!