

## The Wordsmith

“I’m a wordsmith,” cried the poet,  
As he forged another verse,  
From a pair of rhyming couplets,  
And a softly added curse!

For words he’d wrought with loving pride  
And burnished line by line,  
When viewed with ever cooling eyes  
Lacked perfect pulse and rhyme.

Oh, the iambic was there and clearly Ionian,  
But the rhyme at the end was plainly its own-ian,  
And as to the pulse of the five footed meter,  
It, well, it stepped quite over the edge by at least a full beat-er.

With grim resolve the poet turned,  
Brow knit in cogitation,  
And forged his treasured lines anew  
On the anvil of frustration.

And lo:

Iambic feet fell in step once more,  
As a rhyming pair strode through the door,  
And if the meter was a trifle awry,  
Poetic license sneaked it by...