

Two Poems by J.E. Bennett
On The Road

A question unasked
occurs on the way

A raindrop falls:
a puddle results

I hold my breath
to hear a whisper

Far down the road
awaits my arrival

A circle in water
widens: no question

The road runs on
either wet or dry

Yet is discloses
itself in the end
A question answers
itself: no question.

-J.E. Bennett

Poetry?

Today, people call it that,
But is it?

Or is most of it just
Nonsensical bombast

Posing in pretense?
Is it for further dehumanizing

A lunatic culture?
Does it push the idea

Beyond all redemption?
Damn, I think I'm in Hell

With such contrived metaphors.
They prance and prattle

Even as they blare
And babble-Am I mad?

Even so, I'm forced to ask:
What's food to a man

Who has no taste?
What's life to someone

Without a sense of soul?
Still, I have to ask:

Is poetry just a slap-dash
of inanity for the inane?

Then, what's the past
If left out of the present?

-J.E. Bennett