

## A Poem by Dr. James Piatt

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### His Last Rhyme

Images headed inward,  
the incessant drone in  
his mind weighed down  
by shattered rhythms of  
an unfinished poem.  
His soul,  
Heavy... lead lined... trudged  
ahead to grasp his ego,  
collect scarlet words that fell to  
the floor and died,  
gaudy similes rotting  
under his shoeless iambs:

His soul, perishable as newsprint,  
inky as smudges beneath  
his scarred unfaithful pen,  
warped around a sentence of  
which he was too tired to carry.  
His fear of nocturnal beings  
born of rusted iron and splintered  
ice, which grow in the night below  
his broken window, crushed his  
literary assurance. Too fearful to  
carry common metaphors alone  
across the heavy groans of the night, he  
finally escaped into his past and  
breathed his last rhyme.

**Dr. James Piatt** is a retired professor, writer, and poet. He is the author of the poetry book *The Silent Pond*, 2 novels (*The Ideal Society & The Monk*), over 465 poems, 32 short stories, and 7 essays.” His second poetry book, *Ancient Rhythms*, was released in December of 2013; his third poetry book is to be released in 2014. His poem, “The Night Frog,” was recently nominated for best of web 2013. His books are available on Amazon, and Barnes and Noble.