



Dead Poets by Baba Brinkman



Prologue:

1. A damsel with a dulcimer . . .

In a vision once I saw:

It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,

5. Singing of Mount Abora.

Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight `twould win me,
That with music loud and long,

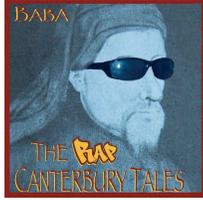
10. I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!

15. Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honeydew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

1. I'm livin' every day with the dead poets' society

Rioting inside my head, so it requires me
To keep every word I've read close beside me
Inspiring me to never go quietly

5. I'm posturing like I'm the offspring of Oscar Wilde



The foster child of Geoffrey Chaucer; now
Hip-hop's the trial I face here, so I adopt the style
But first I'd better make clear that since my eighth year
I've been possessed by Shakespeare and William Blake's
spirits

10. And still I wait to hear a voice like T.S. Eliot's
And Percy Shelley is the first to tell me just
How to speak out of turn and keep my verse rebellious
I read Keats and learn from a grecian urn
How to reach eternity through the gyre where Yeats turns

15. So I can meet Traherne, plus I'm a freak like Burns
With his twenty-some children, though I'm still a young pilgrim

And I'm buildin' a temple from the skills my tongue's yieldin'
So I feel like John Milton; paradise is lost
For the thrill; I'm John Skelton crossed with Wordsworth
20. But my zeal is unwelcome in George Herbert's church

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25. For a challenge I'm known to approach talent shows with
Poems that I stole from Edgar Allen Poe's lips

**Opium hits dope Alexander Pope's wits
I was Samuel Coleridge in a trance when I wrote this**

**And I awoke with the whole song done
30. I felt the soul of John Donne; Andrew Marvel
Taught me to chase the sun; I can't make it stand still**

**So instead I'll make it run, with puns denser
Than Edmund Spenser's, and modern lyrics
Modeled on Robert Herrick's; when I dispense words**

**35. It's like a forge is firin', and I'm strikin' the iron
Inspired by Lord Byron when I'm writin' the Siren
Song; evidence of desire went wrong
And lost innocence; my memory's gone**

**In a sense, Tennyson has been reborn
40. In a form with the fingerprints of Henry Vaughn**

**I'm livin' every day with the dead poets' society
Rioting inside my head, so it requires me
To keep every word I've read close beside me
Inspiring me to never go quietly**

**45. As a poet I'm conscious of the goals I accomplish
That I owe to accomplices, and when I'm feelin' honest**

**My conscience bids me to admit to stealin' sonnet
Styles from Philip Sydney; I'm fulfillin' a promise
I gave Dylan Thomas to rage against the dyin'**

50. Of light; I'm like Adonis: I'm still a novice

But I already got the skills to thrill a Goddess
Or start a riot in the heart; that's why it's pounding
I'm Thomas Wyatt's foundling; on Ezra Pound's wings

I fly, quietly grounding my weight on the past's crutches
55. I'm Robert Browning, and this rap is "My Last Duchess"
I'm puttin' the last touches on the way it's sounding

In strange surroundings my grasp clutches
For balance; I spin words, recalling how fast structures
Fell and splintered at my feet like Alan Ginsberg
60. That's how I'm ensured power of speech, and now I've
been heard

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