

Autumn letter to Auden and Brodsky

Are you now joined together in feverish talk
On high celestial stilts waving in the air?
"If I could tell you, I would let you know",
Surely the gods will give you exemption
And together you can talk yourselves past them
They will be happy to see the back of you.
Or must we accept the worn-out adage-no return,
Or maybe you have lost interest in us.
Shame! Give us an exculpation please!
You can see the mess we're in
Its true nobody paid much attention while living
So while dead-so much longer-
The're taking a second look.

We're already in twenty-first century blues
Who would have believed it after the twentieth century,
Humans can be so boring with their mistakes
Over and over again.
And you won't be back to enlighten us....
Yes-I know its all in the poetry,
Still one more heart to heart would be swell.

To tell the truth I know what you'll say
'Its not all its cracked up to be'
The habits of a lifetime are not easily lost
I see you both in limestone tunnels
Mumbling, groaning -it was never like this.