

Dennis Drake

On the Demise of Poets

Somewhere, deep in the background of the world,
Lost in this traffic of hurrying men,
A forgotten bush burns vaguely.
No one turns aside to see,
No one removes his shoes.
Today the forest service reigns supreme
To douse peculiar bushes,
And holy ground means uranium or oil.
This is no time for sight-seeing
If a man wants to get ahead.
Faith now is ritual fiction only,
And the poet's flight is not the pilgrim's chore.
A burning bush must burn alone,
Or burn no more.