

## Wilderness House Literary Review 10/1

*Craig Kurtz*  
**Satirist's Valentine**

I'll desist the cynical today, and  
let lesser wits repose unscathed;  
I'll only sing my praise to you  
and give all knaves a holiday.

As facile the cunning quip seduce  
and 'tho so many targets do avail,  
I'll task my muse sweet words to you  
and defer a day fools to abuse.

Although 'tis true I rarely sleep a wink  
for all the rogues remaining to lampoon,  
I'll dedicate today my lines to love  
and leave in peace each fey buffoon.

Who's to deny the strain and work  
essayed by every popinjay?;  
I'll give reprieve to each dingbat and jerk  
and conjure only verses of amour today.

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### Byron Variation: The Sequence of Us

*For Anni*

Away with your fictions of nonsensical romance,  
those simulacrum of daydreams that inveigle the brain;  
give me the cognizant experience which dwells in real life  
and resides, vitalized, in the sequence of us.

Poets may parse and renovate words  
fit for chimeras that swoon metrically;  
what purposes have we for unconcealed sophistries  
when the diapason we play is the sequence of us?

The muses will gambol while Apollo is king  
and the stars in the sky encourage comets to sing;  
melodious, admittedly, is such numinosity —  
yet these night sparks do pale next to the sequence of us.

Statues have grandeur and paintings impress,  
utopias cozen with artistic device;  
I humbly suggest that our palette's on earth  
and our pièce de résistance is the sequence of us.

The rhapsodic afflatus of idyllic design  
enlightens all those who subscribe to footlights;  
how would we mortals live without tendentious essay  
and, yet, I still choose the extemporaneousness of us two.

When crescendos expire and the curtains repose,  
when all portraits are framed and denouements conclude thus;  
when the endnotes are mulled and the craft gets reviewed,  
the only reprise I'll consider is the entirety of us.