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Bastard

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Bastard

I scribble to wean fancies from my brain.
For once conceived within my bardic breast
they suckle me till I become insane
ensuring that they're fed till fully dressed
and able to stand up on metric feet.
I diaper stridently impulsive cries
with images dolled up in a conceit
that shows my infant in a pleasing guise.
What irony, that passions in the dark
can spawn a studied, well-proportioned poem
so alien from its creative spark
it could belong in someone else's home.
For lines were each weaned with a measured phrase
that reinforced the separation phase.

-Frank De Canio
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