Breaking The Rules
Literary Arts
Poem
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Breaking The Rules

I come here before you to make a confession.
I never claimed writing to be my profession.
I've not been to workshops or ivy league schools.
So how would I know there are poetry rules?
Yet at my last reading I was quite astonished to be so emphatically judged and admonished.
And what was the gist of my literate crime?
The end of one sentence was void of a rhyme.

I'm somewhat embarrassed by what I don't know about Tennyson, Browning, Longfellow and Poe. To write like the masters is really no use. The heart of my passion is more Dr. Seuss. Though I find Edgar Allan to be kinda groovy, I only know him from a Vincent Price movie. So I fired up my Google and pulled up a stool to search out the basics of poetry school.

There are couplets and tercets and quatrains. Who knew? But don't get me started on Asian Haiku.

My stab at that art form would be unforgivable if it ended in more than that seventeenth syllable.

And who's this rhyme royal, the blue blood of verse? Nobody can say that he's overly terse.

His verbiage is endless. He's rather long winded.

The lengths of his stanzas should all be recinded.

Still with these rules there appears fluctuation whether to use or not use punctuation You might choose to use it you might choose to not You decide if your statement should end with a dot There are so many rules you could say theres a myriad and thats all Im saying on that subject period

Now before you go writing a quick criticism on the sum of the content, the rhyme or the rhythm of the poem that I have presented today, I just have a couple more things yet to say. Your remarks won't upset me, so don't be imperious. Life is too short to take critique too serious....ly

So if I amused you, my work here is done. I hope that you know this was all in good fun. You may find me crass or the biggest of fools, but I've never been one much to follow the rules.