

POETIC TRUTH IS HONESTY

by Oscar Treadwell

When I sit down to write a poem
Using language as a slave, to make
It yield to my demands, and put my pen
To act the knave, accepting thoughts,
Verbatim.
Is there room for doubt
To enter this arena
And challenge me with views
That alter my perception
Of whatever prompted
The poems' muse?
Or must I plow ahead
With my intent,
Ignoring any try,
To prick the sublime integrity
Of its honesty?
But when does truth prevail
In absence of rebuttal's thrust?
But, should a poem
Be truth's slave? Nay, I say.
The poem says what it sees.
The poem brings light to the truth,
And therein, lies its superior right to honesty.

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