

Richard Eberhart

(1904-2005)

To William Carlos Williams (1988)

I would make this all as single as a song,  
My own assumption in a fluttering stance,  
Twenty years cast in an easy affirmation.

The truth is there is truth on every side,  
Each protagonist as relativist  
Invests the present with his intellectual twist.

You are no absolute, Bill! But genial soul  
And spanking eye, no hatred of your fellows,  
Concludes we love you the worldly American.

With gusto to toss the classics out, and with them  
The sonnet, you live yet in a classic Now,  
Pretend to advance order in your plain music,

And even preach that Form (you call it measure,  
Or idiom) is all, albeit your form would mate  
The sprawling forms, inchoate, of our civilization.