

Someone Ought to Say Williams / Marvin Bell

Someone's got to say,
"Williams,

your variable foot
has any number of toes,

your triadic stanza
isn't a stanza,

and your American idiom
ain't hardly the speech of

an American idiot,
no. Instead

it was always your brain
made these pieces,

an intellect abstracting
finding

the units of
smart movements.

These guys are jerks
who took the intellect

out of poetry:
'no ideas but the in-thing.'

They were doctors of poetry,
liked your eye

and certain muscles
while you, Jersey,

just tapped your foot
and kept your head."