Make Me Feel That Way Again, Wordwright

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MAKE ME FEEL THAT WAY AGAIN,
WORDWRIGHT

Make me feel that way again, Wordwright.
Wordwright, please!
You say it all so well,
The well thought rhyme, the obscure allusion,
The tension, and the irony.
That wonderful metaphor
(The best I ever read)
That reached way down into my past
And touched something there that I had nearly
Forgotten, and it was so important then...and
now. Wordwright, please!
A bit of nonsense verse—a limerick or riddle
to make me smile in delight
Like the Moon in the Night.
Or a tale of terror that creeps up
To raise the hair on the nape.
The truth of the raven
The secret of the tomb
The vague haunting horror that grips
One's sleeve with skinny hand and
Transfixes the soul with a glittering eye.
Or

how about
a frac tured poem
With a small i narrative
That drips
Off the page
Like
e.e.

Make me feel that way again, Wordwright.
Tell me of love,
Yes, I know: love is like a rose
But, it's not
And it is
And it's everything else.
Oh, Wordwright, a poem!
A tale simply told
That is what it is and that's all that it is.
And with every rereading it becomes something
more,
Expanding, unfolding until it becomes
The truth of the universe inscribed on the head of
A pen (where angels danced, no doubt)
Wordwright, you tell me your pen
Will never match my own imagination
But, sometimes I'm dry
Like corn in the drought.
Stimulate me, Wordwright,
Make me feel that way again.