

On Robert Bly

Stephen Alexander Miller

Armed with a
lute and a
nasal voice,

he amazed
some,
he insulted
some,
he entertained
all,

with potatoes,
oranges, Emily
Dickinson, and
memories of
father.

Some people,
like potatoes, cannot see;
we rape oranges with
our hands;

He said to us,
through his father,
Don't take life for
granted.

He frightened us
with a creature
unbeknownst to us

He saddened us
with a man
invisible to us

He made us
laugh with his
expressions and gestures

And he hit
a few dead in
the stomach.