Spring 1973

Craft Interview: A Character in a Poem

Craig M. McDaniel
Q. What’s going on in there?
A. Nothing much. Everything is pretty stable.

Q. You mean traditional verse form? strict attention paid to rhyme and meter?
A. I mean like it’s raining outside but me and the horses are warm and dry here in the dark behind the loft.

Q. What’s up in the loft?
A. Don’t know.

Q. You don’t know or you won’t say?
A. Listen, mister, I’m just passing through these parts . . . I’m on my way out West to buy a small couplet and settle down.

Q. Okay, okay, forget it. I’ll ask someone else about the loft.
A. You’re wasting your time. An old geezer told me no one goes up there anymore—on account of the fire.

Q. What fire?
A. The fire that started up there during the last dance.

Q. What happened?
A. Burned the whole fuckin’ poem down.