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Quatrina: Drab VS. Golden

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Abstract

Although my verse, my spoken verse, is Drab, and does not move its hearers with its song, consider yet the grey-coat mockingbird- that from that Drabness comes a sound of Gold.

Additional Keywords

Poetry; Quatrina; Joe R. Christopher

If not in name, yet essentially in all,
For Celeborn the King, unvirile vir,
Uxoriously's o'er-ruled and guided there.
He's silver haired and handsome, but not strong,
When all the golden hairs to her belong.
And thus Tolkien has writ, as Hawthorne wrote,
Of a saintly female's rule (worth Freudian note)
Upon a tower, or trunk, of stalwart height--
A lingam there controlled by woman's might.

My teacher in such symbol's hidden lore
Exclaimed once: "No wonder the elves fade more
and more,
Their rulerships reversed: no woman's vale,

No man's high trees--alas, female and male!
The proper roles are lost!

I wonder yet--
Although they fade, although their glories set,
'Though many elves will cross the Sundering sea,
They live with quiet peace, so graciously:
Perhaps the balance in the psyche's role
Was meant by Tolkien's art to fill the whole?

QUATRINA: DRAB VS. GOLDEN

by Joe R. Christopher

Although my verse, my spoken verse, is Drab,
and does not move its hearers with its song,
consider yet the grey-coat mockingbird--
that from that Drabness comes a sound of Gold.

"The analogy" (you state) "is poor, not Gold,
equating nought to sound while verse to bird:
what though the Mimus Polyglottos' Drab,
in grey and white?--not so, its verse, its song."

All right, my verse is speech and is not song;
a silver wit, at best, pervades its Drab--
far better that than with a throat of Gold
before Greek emperor a metal bird!

"That's true" (you say): "why hate the living bird
and dream of artificial forms of Gold?--
but, better yet, the substance of your song
consider: a moral theme can style its Drab,

"as Koine's Drab reveals the highest song:
the incarnate bird which sings of realms of Gold."