

Alone

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Maybe it's just the kind of poetry I've been reading,
but I can't help noticing how alone most poets are:

alone in a room, of course, furnished with only
a picture of Virginia Woolf. Alone in Paris or Corfu,
alone by a famous grave in an equally famous mist.

Do I have to say alone in a crowd? And, to update
the image, all alone by the iPhone. Oh, let's not
forget the sea.

Those solitary walks on the beach. The moon-blached
land and the way the body of Matthew Arnold always
washes up at the poet's bare feet.

I could compile an anthology of poems about being
alone. Now that I think of it, might be
a wonderful title.

It would be fun to write to all the poets and get
permission to use their work. Even more fun
to have a big party and hammer out the details.

Let's see – I'd need a lot of alcohol and a ton
of things to eat. Clean sheets for the spare bedrooms
for sure because you know how poets are:

when they get together, they can't keep their hands
off each other.