

Epistle to Mr. Pope

Max Puddicombe

Your great pursuance of posterity 1
did little, until now, to rescue thee.
Forgotten by the next generation,
which has yet to be, on the whole, undone.

The Romantics just did not understand. 5
“Too little,” “too much,” you were out of hand.
So, they buried and left you in the sand.
They misjudged, and did not bury you deep.
You simply awoke, as if from long sleep.

Much has changed, much wrong, but also right, 10
though for so many you know not their plight.
There is always war, with morals in sway.
For good or bad, you would have lots to say.

The scholars kept up pointed scholaring,
‘round and ‘round, and talking about talking. 15
New sciences, discoveries, old bickering.
It seems that all and nothing has yet changed,
Same old Socrates, but values exchanged.

Fair is fair, but now too is inside fair.
Our body, our teeth, our face, and our hair, 20

is nothing that surgery cannot fix.

It is useless to kick against those pricks.

In London you would now find your welcome,
although it may prove to you bothersome.

Fog? No, sir, it is smog that blocks the light. 25

Forget your gardens, it's all squeezed too tight.

It's too hectic—I'd take your countryside,
then, from people, I would not have to hide.

Like you, I presume not to interject
my life into this poem, all unchecked. 30

But to you there is something I must say,
because of the long time you've been away:

No longer are we called "freaks," and banished
to countryside or Bedlam. Nor vanish. 35

We have vied to gain another vantage
to be equal where others have advantage.

Us "defective humans" are not a defect.

To many, we are nothing but perfect.

Mnemosyne cannot stop you living on,
and some student reads you after you're gone. 40

Calliope would not let you be.

She decrees, "you are part of history."

It seems fate that you are the Divine's muse.

Although that, I am sure, you would abuse

once you were sure no harm could thus be done,

45

confident behind your God, dog, and gun.

You'd jab your witty and scathing scribbles,

to fizzle critics, little by little.



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