

In days gone by the art of verse  
Was not enlisted just to curse  
Or let it all hang out.

The poet's task, indeed his duty  
Dealt with goodness truth and beauty  
Or subjects thereabout.

However since the time of Freud  
Another tack has been employed  
Call it what you may

Rhymes that I consider too blunt  
Are applauded now as "up front"  
I am "blown away."

Defecation, menstruation  
I detect a slight fixation  
On the author's part

Some aspects of copulation  
Seem best left to imagination  
What became of art?

Love was once the muse's watchword  
Its replacement is an f-word  
Told in bold parlance

I consider such devices  
Unauthorized by poetic license  
Give me back romance.