

**Apologia**

by Mensario

*A letter to the editor**By one he asked to write an ode.**To fame I am no creditor**Nor seek it through a lyric mode.*

Old Grecian Homer of an ancient date  
 Wrote poems of war and poems of hate;  
 Fair Sappho took her lyric pen in hand  
 For odes of love I'm told are grand;  
 The noble Romans dressed in flowing sheets  
 Immortalized their legions' feats;  
 The warlike Huns and likewise uncouth Franks  
 No doubt have written of their ranks;  
 The Normans had their hoary bards who sang  
 Their praises till the rafters rang;  
 No poor ability could Omar boast,  
 His Rubaiyat was Persia's toast;  
 The harp of bards once played in Tara's hall  
 And battles with the Danes recall;  
 The Highland pipers skirled their battle cry;  
 ('Twas heard from Aberdeen to Skye);  
 Old Chaucer in his quaint and naive way  
 Told stories current in his day;  
 Elizabeth was charmed by Shakespeare's themes,  
 And robust Falstaff bursting seams;  
 Scots Bobby Burns made rhymes behind the plow  
 That pleased folk then, and even now;  
 Bill Blake and Canning, Lady Naire,  
 Old Wordsworth with his pen so rare,  
 Sam Coleridge's Christabel,  
 Sir Walter Scott with Rosabelle,  
 Lord Byron, Shelley, Keats and Crabbe,  
 Lord Tennyson and Scots MacNabb,  
 Rob Browning, Arnold, Duncan Scott  
 And names of those I've not been taught;  
 And so I could go on and on,  
 Name poets from the dusk till dawn.  
 A world that boasts this galaxy  
 Has little need of odes from me.  
 So I remain a desert rose,  
 To harbour talents no man knows.