

Ginsberg

In memory of poet Allen Ginsberg

Have you ever read *Howl* by Allen Ginsberg?
Why haven't you? You should have. You must.
If not, know this. He howls. Think *Willie wagtails*;
The Werewolves of the Bird World according to a few
University of Melbourne columnists.
Ginsberg sings. Figuratively speaking, not melodically.
When Ginsberg spits prose, he sits *in darkness*
and sing[s] to cheer [his] own solitude—[he] howls by the
light of the moon. Ginsberg is every poet's bird song.
In death he still howls at the moon. The brighter
the moon, I howl too—in his name.

© emmett wheatfall