

## Poet's Café

Welcome to the Poet's Café.  
I'm Calliope, your Muse today.  
Our specials are: the theme of wars  
served up with generous metaphors...

A melancholy elegy....  
An etheree about the sea....  
A pithy look at Uncle Sam,  
in satiric epigram....

The bio of a border collie  
steeped in allusions to Svengali....  
A memory that left you scarred,  
penned in cryptic avant-garde....

Of course, as always, I'll inspire  
any verse that you require.  
Let me go and get your drink,  
while I give you time to think.

Now, are you ready to surmise,  
just what you wish to poetize?  
And will that be well done or rare,  
with a modern, abstract air?

And did you have a form in mind,  
or shall I see what I can find?  
May I bring you, for your art,  
some devices, a la carte?

Assonance? Alliteration?  
Broken rhyme? Hyperbaton?  
Plate's hot! Here is your inspiration.  
Do you need more for your creation?

Allusions? Analogies?  
Euphemisms? Similes?  
Very well, then, if you're sure...  
Please enjoy! Bonne écriture!

Now then, is everything OK?  
May I take your plate away?  
Have you finished with that sonnet,  
or are you still working on it?

Those words left over from your poem...  
Would you care to take them home?  
Tell me, would you like a box  
for that brilliant paradox?

Have room for dessert today?  
Let me go and get my tray.  
A ribald limerick, rather caustic?  
How about a short acrostic?

A light quatrain? Just one Haiku?  
Just the check? That's all for you?  
Poet! Don't forget your pen!  
Thank you. Please come back again.

By Caroline Zarlengo Sposto