Cemetry Gates

Janice Whaley

A dreaded sunny day
So I meet you at the cemetery gates
Keats and Yeats are on your sideA dreaded sunny day
So I meet you at the cemetery gates
Keats and Yeats are on your side
While Wilde is on mineSo we go inside and we gravely read the stones
All those people, all those lives
Where are they now?With loves, and hates and passions just like mine
They were born and then they lived and then they died
It seems so unfair, I want to cryYou say, "Ere thrice the sun done salutation to the dawn"
And you claim these words as your own
But I've read well, and I've heard them saidA hundred times maybe less, maybe more
If you must write prose and poems
The words you use should be your own
Don't plagiaries or take on loan'Cause there's always someone, somewhere
With a big nose, who knows
And who trips you up and laughs when you fall
Who'll trip you up and laugh when you fallYou say, "Long done, do, does, did"
Words which could only be your own
And then produce the text from whence was ripped
Some dizzy whore, eighteen hundred and fourA dreaded sunny day
So let's go where we're happy
And I meet you at the cemetery gates
Oh, Keats and Yeats are on your sideA dreaded sunny day
So let's go where we're wanted
And I meet you at the cemetery gates
Keats and Yeats are on your sideBut you lose
'Cause weird lover Wilde is on mine
Sure

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