

Other Recent* Poems [Edition 10.25.25]

(*Since Edition 10.24.24; being recent poems *other than*
On the Nature of Things...As They Seem)

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*But I Really Don't Want
To Be Free*

I'm often asked about the kind of verse
I write: Just why it's formal and not "free."
And I reply that poetry sounds worse
To me tossed off like prose, unmusically.
But those who find more virtue playing past
The measured bar, like tennis sans the net,
Respond that these constraints long kept us cast
Within that boxed-in space between each fret
A fingerboard allows, hence deaf to tones
Resounding rather from our deepest "truths."
So, to see for myself, I did a quatrain ungoverned
By formal prosody in order to assess whether beauty really
Depends more on "truth" than technique, which only
Curbs creativity's spontaneousness, they say, and sounds
daft.
My verdict: Freedom sucks; I'll stick with craft.

—David Borodin, April 18-25, 2025

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Ours is the Best of Beds

(And The True Center of the Universe)

*For My Most Sensual (and Cosmic) Carol Lynn
On Our Twentieth Wedding Anniversary
September 24, 2025*

It's been full twenty years now since that kiss
We lit our world with and claimed a bed
As sanctuary of our happiness—
That space in which life's burdens can be shed.
And since that time, wherever we might stay
The night, that furnishing we check out first
Is what we're offered, stand-in, for the day,
In place of where our love's so long been nursed.
But be it finer, costlier, or such
Than our conjugal lair, this never can
Supplant the one that's shaped our life through touch—
That trusting refuge where *we* then began.
And though we've been enticed by bigger, firmer ones,
It's *our* bed that is worth to us a sky of suns.

—David Borodin, July-August, 2025

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Treasure

*For My Carol Lynn
–Whom I Value Over Everything–
On Her 73rd Birthday
October 25, 2025*

As one whose job it was to estimate
The value of a thing, experience
Prepared me to distinguish too those traits
Worth relishing in other life events.
And like discernments made with paintings, books,
Or music, I have come to savor those
Fine attributes, reflected in your looks,
Your tender sensibility bestows.
You are that splendid tapestry I've sought:
That brilliant weave with highlights of silk thread
Revealing glinting subtleties of thought
And feeling that makes gold seem dullest lead
And makes me crave such space that lets me view
This fabric of rich being that is you.

– David Borodin, March 19-30, 2025

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