

1994

## The Turtle Meets the Poet

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### Recommended Citation

McKeage, Pat (1994) "The Turtle Meets the Poet," *Amaranthus*: Vol. 1994: Iss. 1, Article 6.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/amaranthus/vol1994/iss1/6>

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Pat McKeage *The Turtle Meets the Poet*

"Of course you may come  
I'm not only a poet,  
I'm poet laureate  
published of course,  
and my awards cover my walls, and yes,  
I've written for Betty Ford.  
President Bush  
has sent me congratulatory notes,  
so please come; even though I'm very busy,  
working on my seven million dollar will  
I was vice president you know  
father's company  
I'll have time just for you."

Turtle checked his credentials  
all true, and properly impressed.  
hurried her terrible turtle page to his door  
and listened to the poet recite and recite,  
admired his plaques  
worshipped and adored,  
in her tiny turtle way.  
"I'm an aspiring poet too."  
'well sort of, not like you.'  
Turtle recited  
Poet got angry  
"Your poetry, it's  
all devil spawned turtle soup  
and what may even be worse. it's  
all free verse,  
you poor lost soul."  
Turtle turned to leave.  
poet blocked her way  
"Here's one of my books  
you may have it, four dollars pay.  
I'll sign it just for you."

Mark Twain met turtle at the gate  
They weaved their way down to the lake  
Turtle smoked her turtle cigarette  
Twain smoked his Twain pipe, and asked,  
"What are you going to do?" "Nothing."  
replied turtle, "except make penny arcade  
sitting duck soup and serve it up  
with four dollar poetic hash."