

Tonight This Coterie / *Brian Schmidt*

Tonight, this coterie is the key for all our empathy.
Any language jamboree, to cast our common pillow will,
to spin the letters into yarn, to braid to breed to bravery.

Tonight our weave is thick entailed tapestry.
A celebrated fabric with a story to spill.
For we believe in this coterie; simple key to our empathy.

Our recreation of human condition is ancient industry.
Our effortlessly suckling the language nipples mill,
to push our frames into a loom, to loop to love to lunacy.

Undercovered as youth, we flee weekly to this embassy.
A night for old souls broke free poetry bowl drill.
It's plain to see. This coterie is a key to our empathy.

Such liberal local handiwork hooks wordfully embroidery.
A stitch to stretch-cover our scatter-eyed gathered thrill,
to the downy wound folds of nesting breast, to thatch to
thank to therapy.

Tonight, every one of us frays into the meshscape fertility.
An archaic blend, only always the cause and effect poets
still swill.
For this coterie holds the key to our empathy,
to spin the letters into yarn, to braid to breed to bravery.