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## Poetry

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# Poetry

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*Bob De Smith*

The old poet  
Parsed his metaphors  
To a friendly crowd.

But his wife's ginger snaps,  
Served for the event,  
Were poems, too:  
Soft, dark, spicy.

But so, for that matter,  
Was B.B. King's guitar line  
On the radio as I drove home—  
I had to sit in the driveway to let it play out.

You'd expect me to add  
That the near-full moon  
Ringed that night  
With ice crystals  
Was poetry, too,  
And you wouldn't be wrong.

And so was my wife's neck,  
Which I kissed when I arrived home—  
Warm, with the faint scent  
Of Sunday perfume.