

# Untune the Sky

*Occasional, Stammering Verse*



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I could not publish a book of poetry  
without dedicating it to Nancy,  
who makes my life scan.



The title *Untune the Sky*  
comes from a poem by John Dryden in honor of St. Cecilia  
and refers to the final culmination  
of all things in musical glory.



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VERSUS  
PROFANI



*Poems on the  
Mundane*



## ᵝ Entryway

So welcome, friend, the poems are set,  
And you may read them as you will  
To do you good, or, yet at least  
No lasting ill.

Some think that poetry should sing  
And rhyme like clippings on the fridge—  
To write that way of lovely things  
Is sacrilege.

And others want confusing veils  
So they can posture in the dark;  
An ignorant revolt assails  
The meadowlark.

Dear Lewis wrote of Marvell's verse,  
Too free from taint, too clear for them,  
That some would follow meaning's hearse  
To mumble hymns.

So may I, then, from both extremes  
Be safely kept away to think  
And brought through plain and pleasant dreams  
To clear and subtle mountain streams,  
To sweetly drink.