

Here

And

Now

By

Stanton Noseworthy

Here and not Now

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Everything hallowed comes too soon;
Critics herald un-blossomed blooms,
For those who tarry and arrive too late,
Timing marks what makes one great.

WHY I LIKE IT: *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH SCRETCH writes... I can recall a fellow from college, Stanton Noseworthy. Oddly enough he had no misgivings claiming his identity in name (notwithstanding, he was an American). He got kicked out of Yale in his second year and professed not to be especially enamored of Harold Bloom. He maintain that the more peculiar one's appearance, the greater likelihood they might be an aesthetic romantic. Stanton was, perhaps, the best looking man I had ever laid eyes on. I could only surmise he might have often been distracted from his studies. As for Bloom's premise that all succeeding poetry was predicated on misreading previous, celebrated poets, Noseworthy contended it patently absurd to embrace the notion that you might have a singular monopoly interpreting literature. Mind you, he was an undergraduate at the time and had been dismissed for poor attendance and modest grade points. Whether he was*

a breezy genius, musing dilettante or fettered bohemian, I never knew him long enough and we lightly lost touch. For reasons beyond apprehension, I never forgot this little verse he'd scribbled on a scrap of napkin as the bar called time. He mopped his brow with it and exited; I secreted it in my coat pocket.

THE POET SPEAKS: *Highly unlikely.*

AUTHOR BIO: Whereabouts unknown.