

Speed Reading

“Did you ever raise geese on your farm?” asks Bart
And that after saying he’s read all of my book
“Well I may have just scanned over some of that part”
(Makes you wonder how much of an effort he took)

Speed reading has become universal these days
And to make matter worse in this page-flipping age
When an author strives hard to poetically phrase
It’s all wasted on those who just glance down the page

I understand how this happens since I do the same
As books and newspapers keep piling more highly
In order to keep ahead in this print deluge game
I too skim from the start, skipping some parts entirely

A few years ago with some time on my hands
I dashed off a short piece for my poetry file
The gist of which was that I could not understand
Why traditional verse has now gone out of style

Perhaps I’ve now fathomed somewhat of a clue
When skimming one’s apt to skip past a key word
So what is the value of a rhyme that rings true
When couplets are missed and all becomes blurred

As these habits are formed of perusing in haste
The same logic might apply then to regular beat
When the syllables skipped make meter a waste
And the musical message remains incomplete

It’s all just my theory and could well be wrong
Why meter and rhythm are now mostly gone
But whatever the reason, how fondly I long
For traditional verse that resounds like a song