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Newfangleness

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What can be said? An oriel explodes.
A staircase, like a spilled accordion,
Drops to its knees and groans.
Newel and banister part.
The wrecking ball doth murder the bedroom cupid.

The young are writing what they call free verse.
Their fingers have forgotten how to count,
Those delicate long fingers.
No Anne Boleyn now would sigh,
Struck by the cunning of her Wyatt's measure.

Old rooms, old tunes, old loves—all of them gone.
The watch is relentless, but its chime is sweet.
Take up the minus sign—
Go, run with the Abyss:
You lose what you must love, yet you must love.