

INTRODUCTION

The material on the following pages is not introduced as poetry or POEMS, and the writer would much prefer to have them considered and referred to as rhymes or narrative verse, because he knows from experience and observation that it is practically impossible to have the average reader consider any verse that is introduced as a poem. It seems, indeed, to be the decision of the recognized critics that the value or beauty of any verse consists in not expressing any intelligent idea, and it seems also that some mental humility common to the average reader prompts him to accept the decision of the so-called critics. The attitude seems to be that the critic is omnipotent and the average reader so far mentally inferior that he cannot appreciate the "clawsics". So while conceding the superior excellence of the poems endorsed by the critics, they don't attempt to read them, and *never buy them*. Perhaps some of us are of a lower sphere of intelligence. But just see if you can get your teeth into this:

A few years ago there died in Canada a young lady whom the recognized critics liked to refer to as "Canada's most gifted young poetess." One of these recognized critics, a college professor, writing of the young lady after her death, stated (we quote): "She was Canada's sweetest dreamer. She was born by the sea and the sea loaned her sweet fancies. Her poem, *Thracce*, is not appreciated and not understood by the average reader. The poem, however, suggests that the buttercup once assumed the soul of the daisy and hid among the petals of the rose." (End of quote.) You win, professor—she was some dreamer alright.