

Roundel #1  
by Mary Sauve

Write like Hemingway, precise, unsorted  
When it works it's to love, laud, and applaud  
When it doesn't it is coarse, crumpled, and flawed  
Just like Hemingway

Writing can make you feel a foolish fraud  
Staring in the funhouse mirror, distorted  
Versifications courted, contorted

Patience and creativity transported  
Revising again and again, you poke and prod  
You abuse, you elate, you frustrate; so odd  
Just like Hemingway