**POEM FOR A DEAD POET**

He was a poet he was.
A proper poet.
He said things
that made you think
and said them nicely.
He saw things
that you or I
could never see
and saw them clearly.
He had a way with language.
Images flocked around
him like birds,
St Francis he was,
of the words. Words?
Why he could almost make 'em talk.

Roger McGough

**ANALYSIS**

Right from the title the reader understands the poet and his identity are the focus of the coming lines. The alliterative use of the plosive sound “p” connects poet and his ordinary production. The text does not develop a specific pattern; it rather creates a “crescendo: from the first two lines that assert a statement about the qualities of the real poet, one who works in a “proper” way the text develops moving form a group of three lines (lines 3-5) where the reader is informed about what the proper poet of the competition did with language. His lines elicited reflection in a pleasant way from the tercet the poem moves to a quatrain that has the specific function to make clear the difference between ordinary speakers and the poet: he can see what the common people can’t. his due of reality is clear (lines 6-9).

Then come the sestet where his skills and competences are conveyed through a metaphor where the proper poet is juxtapose to S. Francis who was able to communicate with what generally is impossible for the human being. As did the saint, the proper poet knows how to speak trough images and therefore he is really able to visualize reality. The simile with “birds” recalls S. Francis special gift, one that probably come from God.

The poem concludes his climax focusing the attention on a question simply consisting of one word which is symbolically a way to highlight that the nature of poetry as well as its material is made of words.

The key position of the question concludes the poets, Roger McGough argumentation with an explanation. The proper poet is such because paradoxically he “could…make words talk”.