

*From  
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I used to loathe the argument that poets should stick together, and scratch one another's backs, because if they didn't, then poetry, this imperilled art, would be even more imperilled, if word got out that none of the poets was any good. Bad poems actually made me indignant. I'd feel: *you call this poetry?*

—*Ian Hamilton in Conversation*

Because Frost's critical style differed so radically from standard academic writing, his importance here has also been missed by most scholars. The editors of *The Norton Anthology of Modern Poetry*, for example, state fatuously, "Unlike Yeats and Eliot, he has almost nothing to say in prose." A reader not looking for standard academic criticism, however, will find Frost's prose contains some of the most eloquent and insightful statements ever made about the art of poetry.

—*Dana Gioia, on Robert Frost*

D'ye think he's ever heard the groans and skraighs  
Of city gutters, or marked the shapes that wrap  
Fog and smoke about them as if they could hap  
Homelessness or keep hunger at bay? What,  
Not heard or seen, but has he even thought  
How some, and many, and more than many, survive,  
Or don't survive, on factory floors, or thrive  
Or fail to thrive by foundry fires, or try  
To find the words — sparks scatter and bolts fly—  
That's feeble — to show the new age its dark face?  
The Carron Ironworks — he laughed at the place,  
Made a joke of our misery, passed on  
To window-scratch his diamond trivia...

—*James MacFarlan on Burns, from Edwin Morgan's 'The Five-Pointed Star'*

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