

**Poem Reproduced on a Word-Processor**

I do not intend  
to revise this poem;  
you shall have it  
just as it is,  
spontaneous.

I do not intend  
to revise this poem;  
the polish of art  
is not fashionable  
nowadays.

You must believe me;  
you have no choice.  
I do not intend  
to show you any  
original.

Here is the poem, then,  
just as it comes,  
spontaneous or, at least,  
with the illusion of  
spontaneity.

Here is the poem, then,  
just as it comes.  
You must believe me;  
you have no choice  
nowadays.

*W.J. Keith*