By Lawrence Ferlinghetti

Constantly risking absurdity
   and death
   whenever he performs
   above the heads
   of his audience

the poet like an acrobat
   climbs on rime
   to a high wire of his own making

and balancing on eyebeams
   above a sea of faces

paces his way
   to the other side of day

performing entrechats
   and sleight-of-foot tricks

and other high theatrics
   and all without mistaking

   any thing
   for what it may not be

For he's the super realist
   who must perforce perceive
   taut truth
   before the taking of each stance or step

in his supposed advance
   toward that still higher perch

where Beauty stands and waits
   with gravity
   to start her death-defying leap

And he

   a little charleychaplin man
   who may or may not catch

   her fair eternal form
   spreiraegled in the empty air

   of existence


Source: A Coney Island of the Mind: Poems (New Directions Publishing Corporation, 1958)