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