

Poet

Four years ago the words started to come
Running through my head can you hear the hum
Thoughts hitting my mind wanting to bound
Grab for a pen, words to put down
Fertile fields in my soul needing the plow
Sweet and easy rhyme from the heart I vow
When the feeling strikes I'll write about drinking
Make the thirsty ones shudder, get 'em to thinking
I can write about love and hear the sighs
Put color in words, tears in eyes
How to say what in a few short lines
Smoke out of my ears finding the rhyme
Driving those backroads, pen and paper at hand
Comes a flowing poem of nature and man
The wind sings its song, trees do their dance
Can I make you feel it, I must take the chance

Terrence Michael Wall