

Poet

The tortured mind of the poet
Waiting for a worthwhile thought
Or unable to write fast enough
No problem starting the fire
Or rare pearls on paper
With the caress of a compliment fresh
Or poetry on display with no readers
Way up high or down so low
Where the hell is level ground
When I find it I start to climb
Or plunge to the depths in free fall
Ripping out chunks of heart and soul
Putting them on paper for all to see

Terrence Michael Wall