

Alone

Loneliness in the heart of the poet
The soul runs out on black ink
To reach so far within
With pen and paper ready and waiting
I must be alone to write
To suck from my being
Thoughts wanting to be
Feelings needing existence
Without the pen and paper
Where would they be
"Excuse me, I was somewhere else."
"It's down the hall on the right."
Now where was I
Oh yes alone

Terrence Michael Wall

Who's Crazy

Sometimes I'd like to put my "mind of the poet" into strangers walking past. Watch them stop shudder and perhaps scream. Some would look confused and others mildly troubled. The ones that smiled I would like to visit with. If any showed relief I'd watch them close or get the hell out of there.