

***** THE POET *****

To become a "Poet",
You must pass the "Word" test;
To write and paint your very best.
You must meet the world's crest,
And completely leave the suckling nest!
Surely, in the rough, there's a "Prophet".

As a poet, reminiscing and imagining in your head,
Making "Nostalgia" and "Fantasy" your bed.
The bed you've made to lay your head,
Virtually, your head you've laid to rest.
Nevertheless, rest. You're not dead!
Simply meditate, just peacefully rest.
Yes, you shall find your "Zest".

Then, will your heart perceive,
discern, and your mind receive.
Tis, that you've never dreamed of, or seen;
When you poetize, you are the poem.
In it you'll find the "Silver String",
And, together, strings of verses, you'll bring.
Your rhymes and rhythms may even make the band!

Hence, the "Puppett Show" you've designed,
And the marionettes you'll co-sign.
Now discern, that you are in the show business,
Painting moving, and animated pictures;
For, within your mind lives the theater.
Perpetually will live the materials you've created.
And then, only then you are a "Poet"!

Written by Childeric Maxy (Poet)!