

INTERPRETATION

Thoughts flow gentle, eyeing what needs
To be written — she, is the poet of the words
Inclined to accentuate, I must kiss this need
Yet to have it's fill of indulgence, but words
That must be written, — must come to be spoken
To the point past mum to voice my poet's peak
No misinterpretation, she carries herself taken
Exercising poetic thought to condition poet's peak
Upon the page, the muse doesn't form a shape of sour;
I speak these words as poetry reading this summer;
The verse is but scripture blessed by prayer and our.
Consider yourself a beauty — you are a hot number
None shall soon forget, motifs fascinate an expression!
Thoughts flow gentle under these penful sessions.