

## "The Unmarried Poet"

Lets sling some ink together  
This idea stirs my senses  
To bleed mushy ink to you  
No kids do I bring  
or expectations to create  
Just the movement of pen & paper  
Dancing within syllables  
Who knows you might like what you see  
The heart beat of this prisoner  
Is an untrained and lonely man  
Just waiting for another ink slinger

BY: J. Collins