

POET OR PROPHET

Poet,
Prophet.
She said: "Why you make tales?"
"Why do you tell?"
Intuition!

Poet,
Prophet,
She screams, sighs:
"Be not so right,
make one wonder why?"
Premonition!

Poet,
Prophet...
She dreams the night.
From a nightmare, she wakes;
sweaty, wet she swears.
To have dreamed dreams!

Poet,
Prophet, please:
Won't you be still?
Hush-up your prophecy.
Make a Divine plea, please;
while your mortal heart still ticks.