

Johnny E. Mahaffey
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The Novelist Portent

IN THE BEAUTY OF ELLIE

In a poem every word has a purpose, separate it and it could be meaningless (or--it may hold a beauty of its own--a rarity of jewel). Readers may find themselves swaying to its rhyme, along a ride of urgency, or meditative *Zen*; their chests might throb with pining hears, or burn with hate. That is a choice left best to the poet, with pen poised above paper--creating.

I love you Ellie; my princes daughter.

You, and both your sisters are jewels of the world.

I'll never regret all those years ago, when I was poised there above that fresh sheet of Opal--creating poetry. Putting each of you into the world, was undoubtedly the best thing I ever did.

I sent the *original* rough draft of *No Air* over to Mamaw, for you (to be picked up, along with the multitude of books I've sent there for you and your siblings.).

Happy birthday.

