

THE POET'S CONCERN

by

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Of all that is, we think or do
In all of Earth and the Heavens too,
By what is felt and how we learn
By these and more are the poet's concern.

From deepest dark to farthest firmament
In placid moments to remain ever permanent,
Blest with a beacon or some internal sight
Illuminating passages by some written light.

The versifiers' heart looms large to swell
Of effects brought about only he could tell,
Subtle are the praises by which he'll earn
But dearest the duty of the poet's concern.

In reality or romance he'll sing his song
So others may yearn and eventually long,
Whether life in death or death and love
'Tis a gift that gives and no matter the of.

If by what is read is surely felt
Then rightfully done the poet has dealt,
To bring from the past or all around
A sense of being or perhaps a sound.

No limits or bounds do tangle his way
That keep from his pen the things he must say,
In him God gave such words to burn
To brand in verse as the poet's concern.