

THE POET

(A Writers Soliloquy on Achieving Fame)

*I'll never be a poet.
I just can't feel the pain.
Dammit it all I barely rust,
when left out in the rain.*

*I've never felt my heart break
or lost my soul to sin,
or drowned in deep and murky pools
of whiskey, rum, and gin.*

*I'd love to pen a sonnet
like Shakespeare used to do,
or write a tale of mayhem
like, "Dangerous Dan McGrew".*

*Perhaps I'll fetch a bottle
of aged homemade red wine.
Therein I'll find the secret
that helps me write that line*

But alas poor Yorick, 'twas as my worry.
Unlike those Bards for their rivers famed,
my fate is but tales of sounds and fury
perchance to dream, but never so named.

Aye, there's the rub, and I curse what be.
Am I doomed forever to strut this stage?
But soft! From yonder frame, what light I see,
does it bring me peace, or again, more rage?

A spark of brightness like the morning sun
doth steal it's way through my crumbling mind.
Perhaps my longed for rise to fame has come,
or more trash and nonsense will I thus find?

Ere I suffer the slings and arrows pain,
I return to my pen and try again.