

A Poem

There is a poem to be written/
There is a page, a pen and an idea/ But not today/
Today has not a single word to spare/
Too heavy/
Too in the clouds/
Too not-born-into-word-form yet/
Yet it is there/
Just waiting/
Waiting to be written/
Just there/ Above your head/
A dot.

c.2018

A Lonely Poet

A lonely poet sitting on the bench
No pencil
Pen
Or paper

A lonely poet sitting on the bench
No words
No letters
No punctuation

A lonely poet sitting on the bench

Just sitting
A field in front
Grey sky
Some lights

And wind. Just blowing
Somewhere from the hills

That wind, the West it's called, is bringing stories, lives and
happenings

That never have been told:

The smell of sand, the colour gold and wisdom of the trees;
The secrets of the stars and distances they flee;
The weight of raindrops and the silence of the dreams...
A lonely poet is sitting on the bench.
It's windy.

c.2019