

DEAR POET

James Feichthaler

Dear poet, is your name secure?
Or did you sell your name, to sure
Your name in print?

The sun is just the sun, no tint
Of heavenly grandeur in the sky
Fit for a poet's sigh—

And yet, you bought that lie. Dear man,
Still struggling for identity,
What was your plan?

You lost yourself so casually,
Wanting a name, fame, critic's talk,
But which line did you walk?

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