

NEITHER MASTER NOR MAKER

Francine L. Trevens

Poems tug at a private door
Demanding, not admittance, but for me
To cater to their whims, essentially
Massage them to glow in every pore
Create of them a beauty never before
Seen or heard—to set them utterly
Adrift from mooring, launching them to be
Full fledged vessels sailing Creation's sea
Or moored in some sun ridden riverbed.
Should I encounter them some future time
Or place I must acknowledge that I'm
Neither their master nor maker, but instead
Merely the canal through which they chose to head
Into the wider seas or ethereal space sublime—
Some exotic or serene new clime:
I dare not claim them, they are no longer mine.

"Neither Master Nor Maker" © 2006 by Francine L. Trevens

Contemporary Rhyme Vol. 3 No. 2 Spring 2006