

THE POET

Gary Beck

Dreamer lost upon a narrow bed
watching with fear time pass away,
his feeble tongue leaves much unsaid
in wasted frenzy each fleeting day.
His thoughts are brooding, full of pity
fled to fantasies and sightless stare,
bewildered in a kindless city
cursing sadness, hating weak despair.
He cries defeat in battles yet unfought
dreading the hour postponement fades,
alone in visions, and, in truth, unsought,
his failings strut in arrogant parades.
But day of growth and surge of power,
one song wrung from secret source,
and his poem constructs a soaring tower
where great beauty runs its course.

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