

MY LITTLE BOOK OF POETRY

My little book of poetry
I have traveled the world with you
Spain and France and Berlin and Prague
And all Ports and places known to man

It was a businessman's cheat
(Anthologies are for the dilettante)
At first I didn't understand them
And I preferred the short ones and the ones that rhymed
Especially ones on passing time, fading beauty, and death
(boy, that man was good at those sonnets)

But a changed has occurred
A revolution in me.
Now I can't wait to open,
To share each new place with you.
I search to find the best, the most appropriate
The words that capture each new sight

My world is so different now.
I am so different
As I leaf your pages
In another new land
I smile a smile of wonder
My little book of poetry
Were you the seed or the symptom?