

## THE COMPLICATIONS OF POETRY, A LA POETRY

Here I'll write a poem,  
Just to see what will come out,  
Though I've really nothing that needs to be said.  
It has to have a rhythm,  
This thing I'll call a poem,  
Or its readers will all doubt  
What the fuss is all about,  
And it won't matter what falls out of my head.

My hand will write the lines,  
And my pen will lend its ink,  
And we'll just go off on a tangent from there -  
And I'll waste away my time  
Writing rhyme that follows rhyme,  
While I try to sit and think  
Of a message on the brink  
Of subtle relevance and pointless hot air.

A moral it will need,  
And an observation too,  
Based on something worth noticing in our lives.  
If it cannot plant the seed  
Of some higher mental creed  
In the minds of all those who  
Come to read it, and then do,  
Then what point is there in this that I contrive?

And length's another thing  
That should be contemplated  
As I continue on with this endeavor.  
If it takes too long to bring  
This whole thing to an ending -  
Or its readers aren't sated  
With an end too soon stated -

Then poetic fame I fear I'll gain never.

But now that I am through  
Listing off what should be done,  
I've nothing more that can be added, I fear.  
This is of ample size too;  
So without further ado -  
Although it's been somewhat fun -  
If objections there are none,  
I think I'll just stop and end this thing right here.

