

POET'S PAEAN

Along sweet paths or on life's restless sea,
we weep our woes or bask in gifts of grace
and turn these feelings into poetry.

Such rhythmmed phrases verbally displace
our nameless thoughts with lines that multiply—
creative verses form the interface.

So sing we songs, as racing minutes fly,
in hope to share each crafted melody,
before, as other bards, we bid goodbye.

— *David L. Hatton, 5/16/2020*