

## THE ART OF POETRY

Poetry is painting  
Where the canvas is the page:  
Flowing colors brushed with light and shadow merge.  
Poetry is drama  
Where our hearts become the stage:  
Plays of comedy and tragedy converge.

Words are worked and woven  
Into opera and ballet:  
Singing dancers float on syllable and line.  
Songs roll out in silence,  
Tunes the poet must convey:  
Rhythmic symphonies of prophecy and sign.

Poets are like sculptors  
Carving images that speak:  
Lifeless terms take living shape in timeless themes.  
Poem architecture  
Plans a castle for the weak:  
Fortresses designed of courage, hope and dreams.

Poets are the craftsmen  
Caught by verbal fever's art,  
Souls aflame until creations are complete.  
Listen to the wordsmiths:  
Lend your ears and eyes and heart,  
Warm your mind, enrich your vision by their heat.

— *David L. Hatton, 11/25/1994*