

WORTHY POETS

Those pretending to be poets,
 who are pranksters, pimps and pests,
Are not poets, but are preachers
 preaching pride that pesters guests.

But a poet is a potter,
 throwing clay to carry jewels,
Or a painter painting portraits,
 setting beauty free from fools.

Worthy poets serve as waiters
 for the God who gave them wit,
Laying feasts upon the table
 where the wisdom-seekers sit.

They proclaim, as ancient prophets,
 from their visions in the night,
Treasures lost within the darkness,
 guidance found within the light.

Amid politics and prattle,
 claiming what is right or wrong,
Dare be still to sit and listen
 to the poets and their song.

— *David L. Hatton, 3/18/2008*