



Versifier Sight

The poet with his mind must see
And capture with the I and thought
The things that pell, what light has brought;
The smiling breeze and its universe.

He must become a man-mature;
Should ponder pain and eat sigh with glee
And watch in hearth specks of energy
Disassociate the earthly curse.

This man must carry, bring and find,
Must think and know the eagle's soar
And in his square room write the score
Alone, with cosmic eggs, --being terse.

And change he must from day to day;
Like dreams, like sky and boys skipping stones--
Must churn and gasp and quake his bones.
Till last dark climbs and veils his final verse.

—Sam Dumas

