

Words Worth the Time

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Poetry is like a drawing, obscure and abstract
The object, different to the eye it attracts
The answer; not one, no matter of fact.
The question is always the same,
But not every poem is a mind game.

Poetry must not always rhyme,
Excluding A's and B's is not a crime.
To flow not like the torrent river, rough and rigorous,
But like a breeze gliding through trees with ease;
Whoosh, the rhythm invisible yet felt.

Poetry sings the heart's quarrels,
Exploring and expressing one's morals.
The topic can be bright, like the reflection of light dancing across ocean waves;
The topic can be ominous, dreadfully dark as the story ends with graves.

Poetry, in all of its understandable confusion,
Holds a pure, palpable power:
Poetry is anger,
Poetry is sadness,
Poetry is rancor,
Poetry is romance.
Even when it evokes vexation in the tired student,
It has done its purpose:
Make you *feel*.