

Words

Every time I write in rows
Or search for patterns in my prose
I find, alas, I can't compose!
The jostling words advance! The flowing throngs,
The gaudy sing-a-longs
Encourage me to choose, in ones and twos
The echoes of my thrills and blues.
Between the phrases which contend
There I struggle, I lament.
My broken lines refuse to mend.
No word can make me quite content.