

23 - The Poem

Twenty-three to go...no, now twenty two.

Each line a testament to the author's skill

But not about the author, no.

A heartstring plucked, or a contemplation, subtle, but deep

Esoteric by interpretation,

Each believing they understand the message not written

No prose, this, with rambling, meandering thought,

Action with no outcome.

Each line, a specific meaning.

Each word, perfect in its place.

A nuance taken singly, Orphic as a whole.

Always profound in its ending.

Green underlines...MS Word has no soul.