

Poem

The Throes of a Poet's Growth

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Poets

Great or not

Were denied by Plato

A dwelling in his Republic

For they were mimics, dreamers

Liars corrupted by a wild imagination.

Poets

Grand or not

Were meant to own

The psychological prowess

For they were the leading lights

Originators, innovators, trendsetters.

Poets

Do control

The super stress

Of syllables to inspire

Truth-seekers to recognize

The mysterious myth of endurance.

Poets

Do retain

Ideas and ideals

To play with potent words

For well-written words survive as

Words that equal well-used swords.

Poets

Do possess

The calling to sense

Where intrinsic truth lay

For they have a natural majesty

To gain a date and a place in our state.