

Well what on earth can I say about a poet,

He writes what he likes and doesn't even know it;

He thinks about whatever comes into his mind,

And is usually humble and gentle and kind.

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I must now stop as I'm getting stuck for words,

And sit back and listen to the sound of the birds;

For nothing will come to the mind of the weary,

So rest for a while to develop a new theory.

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Now the poet has a heart and taste of his own

As he waits for the rhyme and message he's sown;

His love is found at the tip of his pen,

As he connects with the paper every now and then.

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There should be magic in every inspiration and verse,

But sometimes there's problems and he needs to rehearse;

Now poetry is beautiful and hopefully easy to understand and read,

So admire the poet if possible and for that now I plead.

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**Signed,**

**The poet**