



Giving Birth to Poetry

*From its conception it's my baby to nurture,
my thoughts and my ideas, my words
My celebratory child bearing screams to be heard
My family of fellow poets encompassing our
delivery room excitement concurred*

*It grows in my womb becomes life as I put
my pen to paper, feed my unseen
untouched baby ballads with adjectives,
verbs, nouns and nutritional prepositions
There's a heart beat within these words lay
back, relax, listen
To give life to phrases is my poetic mission
Finding pride as each evolutionary stage
makes its transition*

*My ultrasounds display my nouns
As stanzas compound*

*As the weight of my writing increases so
does my need to give birth to verse*

*My examinations exhibit expansions of
exclamations, capitalizations and situations
brought to life*

*And as I put my pen to paper in an effort to
give birth to steamy, silver-toned sestinas,
healthy haikus of humor, precious
passionate pantoums, sensual sexual
sonnets parting from my body into cries of
sweet lullabies*

*Cutting the umbilical cord releasing its
attachment to me and allowing my words to
breathe their own breath alone*

*Cradling it, holding it, then giving it a name
A name that means something ... that
defines its purpose in this world
Stretching itself out from its fetal position
curl
Staring into it's beautiful existence my
pantoum pearl*

*Throughout it's childhood I promise to
nurture it as it learns to crawl, then walk and
ultimately run
Provide nourishing knowledge because its
melodious adolescence existence has just
begun
To protect from negative influences so its
development won't succumb
And guide it through rough times as our
poetic spirits become one*

*I will nurture my most precious gift as it
begins to make sounds, then words,
eventually phrases, then into meaningful
independent thoughts
This is what any good poetic parent ought*

*And as it enters into its adolescent stages,
wild carefree and uncensored I'll be careful
to allow my words to have their freedoms
but guide and encourage them to take
responsibility for their impact on society
Take special family time to mold and shape
their experiences with variety*

*May these words ripen into strong seasoned
syllables stimulating the reflections of life
Encouragements of strength though life's
strife*

*Poets don't allow your words to experience
premature death
Don't accept a demise that has come from
the no talents and wanna-bes
Your living existence, your road to heaven's
gate is what they see*

*Words buried after critics slammed coffin
covers
Murdering your zeal their objective to
smother*

*Your voice to be silenced while lying inside a
casket of wasted talent
Come back alive, stand tall, hold your head
upbe gallant*