

## To a Lonely Poet!

*“I strove with none, for none was worth My strife...”* He said, that lonely man  
If only my equals should strive with me,  
who would be my equal in mind,  
in soul, and in spirit? Would life not be  
a lonesome journey?

Oh blessed be, that I can strive  
With the high and the low,  
With the sage and the fool, the rich  
and the poor. I am never awed to strive  
with the famous or unknown;  
the haughty, or the humble;  
the mighty, or the weak;  
the aggressive, or the meek.

My ears forever yearning for a rare gem,  
I walk with open eyes and open mind  
Gleaning pearls of wisdom even  
from the lowliest and the poorest.

Mr. Walter Landor,\* my dear poet  
you seem to have carried a knife with you  
only to Savage your own heart.

G. E. Gorfu

\*The poet's full name was Walter Savage Landor

