

Poems

Real life is lived privately and within
I write some of my poems just for me
They make me laugh & cry. I arrange,
And rearrange words, till they fit
Patterns and sounds; I laugh my
Head off or cry till my tears roll
Down my face! Then I tear them
Up and throw them in the trash
They are the best of the best...

Then come those of a second degree
That I can share with one, or two,
Perhaps three close friends
They are too private to share
With the rest of the world
These also end up shredded

And finally come the many poems
I write for the entire world
Poems of a third degree, written
For every Dick, Tom, and Harry

I fight against falling victim
Into the trap of madness
Watching this absurd universe
Trying to be happy in sadness
Trying to make sense of life's insanity
And create order and meaning
With words, phrases, and sounds
I wonder, is that a poet's calling?



G. E. Gorfu