

What a Pity!

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I'm just an old man, sitting
here in the four walls of my
inner sanctum, wasting my
time writing lines of poetry
that just don't seem to rhyme.

The words seem to linger
in my mind, and eventually
start to climb. Visions of
times, places and faces sublime.

The Day is long gone, when I was a
dream weaver and could turn back
time, but now tomorrow has
slipped into yesterday's rhyme.

The days come and the days
go, leaving me with the feeling
of just sitting here, growing old.

So before I fall asleep here at my
magic machine, trying to be witty
writing this little ditty, it's become
obvious that this is not much of a poem...
What a pity!