

Amidst the mysterious meandering brook,
Flows the thought of the poet's book;
A pen of ink like a trickling stream,
It turns and weaves on the poets dream.

It's like a year of tears of rain,
Which kept the poet's mind so sane;
It's this train of thought a mortal link,
That strain his mind to want to think.

It's not as if it's a normal thing,
But peace and happiness yet it doth bring;
The poet's stream for a wondering look,
Entwining into yet another book.

The poets stream yet one more time,
Enfolding into yet one more rhyme;
The pen of floral and dainty daisy dare,
A silly yellow flower stem stuck with care.

Now writing down its poets hand in hair,
His fingers touch his skin so fair;
Of which the dainty daisy dared,
Its face an inch now leaves him spared.

The poets stream of which did seem,
To be the work and life of dream;
Is lost into the night of dark,
Until awakened by one bright spark.

Signed,

A shoulder touch