

It is with great remorse and debt, I write for the love of poetry,
While it is still my favorite thing to do and my passionate pursuit;
I write for the love of poetry, because I want to make my mark,
Of fame and glory in an endless story of straying out of the dark.

There's nothing new under the sun for me else to seem to want to do,
But write down things for you to read and understand what's true;
It goes a long and take a while for my mind to fill my heart,
Because my head is still thinking hard and it has to come out smart.

The world must flow in endless rhyme of passages in time,
That go along each and every line and I learn to call them mine;
For the love of poetry is a passionate desire coming from the heart,
And it needs to be accordingly emotional to understand the need.

Now the love of verse you can't reverse or put back into context,
But endure the thought of every sport to see what come next;
And as I write along the lines of poetry in verse and rhyme,
I write for the love poetry from words within my mind in time.

As it all seems to want to come back at me now I look for you,
For what is ahead and behind me now is all that I can do;
And the summer and winter come and go with meaning to write,
Like you squeeze the meaning between spring and Autumn right.

So as it all turns around and come out if fits into these lines,
Of writing for the love of poetry with incline distinguish desires;
For you can by now see how it goes along and works out in the end,
That you my reader for the love of poetry are my new found friend.

Signed ,

A long time coming