

MICHAEL CHARLES MAIBACH



WHY WE LOVE POETS

The lexicon's filled
Words up to the gill,
In alpha order aligned.

All words are arranged -
B's following A's,
No reason, no purpose, no rhyme.

Along comes the poet,
His work clearly shows it,
His intent is wholly sublime.

To words he brings focus,
Whim, beauty and locus,
Gives meaning to each distinct line.

Then we do reflect,
On what we often neglect,
As he touches our hearts and our minds.

Of the family he writes,
Of faith, love, and true might,
The things that move our souls to chime.

They are words we can see,
Clear, honest, and free,
Bearing to all the truth of our time.

So to poets let's toast,
Keep them doing their most,
To make sense of our virtue and clime.

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