

For Francene. (April 5, 2019)

How to write

First you think of something round,  
Whirling, twirling without sound.  
When the rhythm seems just right  
Your mind begins to sense the light.

Tiny specks of brightness grin  
A spot of lightness dances in.  
Before you know it, every thought  
Belies the emptiness you'd sought.

With heart and mind in tune at last  
A soul refreshed lets nothing past.  
Every essence feeds your being  
Every word takes on new meaning.

Go write; the muse inspires you,  
And no means of excuse will do.  
You're the writer once again  
You're back with paper, hand on pen.

Then flowing passages unfold  
In countless stories to be told.  
Writers write. Let naught prevail!  
Remember this in one such tale.