

# Crumbles

*by* Darryl Price

I am just a poet, but you are  
enjoying this. It crumbles me. I  
am just a poet, you're almost like  
an animal I somehow knew of,

but have never seen before. I'm a  
poet, but your drawn pentagrams come  
with their own heated heart warmings ringing  
true. Seagulls circle your smile like

no other lover. I am just your  
foolish poet, but I don't care. What  
in the world have you done to me? I'm  
just a poet, but around you, I

don't know what that means. Just a poet,  
but they'll have to fix me very soon,  
or let me go. I am just a poet,  
so how'd I get these blues? I am

just a poet, feeling sorrow for  
the lonely, but you're a cool morning  
star, my friend. I'm a poet, you are  
the reason I dress silently. I'm

just a poet, is this real or a dream?  
Maybe if I close my eyes you'll talk  
to me. I'm just a poet, but the  
first fireflies last night said everything

perfectly. I am just a poet,  
but is it all inside my head? The

poet and the poem. Are you the  
same? I can't explain. I'm just a poet,

but what if there were no telephones?  
Would you still contact me, enable  
an invisible love connection?  
If you were here, I'd ask you please

to rest your head for just five minutes.  
I'm just a poet. This is just a  
poem. All this may well be for nothing,  
but if you need someone, I'm the one.

