

The Poet's Mark

by Derek Osborne

Sometimes I want to hold them
At others stand up and shake them silly
Often I want to kiss their lips
Drink in every word they have written
Let their grace wash over my pain
And fill the empty bled out wound
Sometimes I walk away
Count the ill spent monies borrowed
Because some mentor said they had talent
Forgetting to mention the dues to be paid
Nobody said there was interest on living
It's then you can feel the street on their hands
The knife scars deep and bruised tender faces
Trust and safety stolen at birth
Rediscovered rare as a meteor
Burning above in the heavenly halls
Their words their lives their karma ascending
And Truth comes staring us right in the face
Their Truth my Truth and yours is spoken
The honored dead and translated words
Written once more as if newly minted
As if they have never been seen on the page

