

The Poetry Spectrum

The palette of the poet shines the hues
Of light descended from the morning sun,
Refracted into yellows, reds, and blues.

A spectrum, born of many, joined as one,
Delivers an unparalleled bouquet
Of laughter, sorrow, solemnness, and fun.

If I could spend forever and a day
Composing verses, metered, or of free,
And make a friend or two along the way,

I'd share a poem with everyone I see,
No matter whether many words or few,
To fill each soul with peaceful harmony.

The journey lies before me, straight and true,
So I'll begin by sharing one with you.

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