

Seventeen Degrees From Sunday

By Mark Edgemon

God has granted me a gift
I often call a curse.
I am driven to speak
And yet through verse.

There is no place for poets today.
Very few temper the poetic arts,
To conjure images and feelings;
To paint the canvas with words.

I am afflicted and yet I soar,
With each stroke of my pen,
With each tap of the keys,
I am alive, I am made whole..

What I see, I must share,
What I write, I shout in loudness.
It is in my silent speaking I am fulfilling
My purpose, not in people reading me!

I have a friend of late, who challenges me,
To reach inside myself for answers of Truth,
To focus my powers to inspire strangers,
There IS a God, who touches me.

And as I write my next verse,
I see I have what few men possess,
A good wife, who snuggles my fears away,
And one more chance to write under the Alaskan sky!

The End