

The Master Of My Own Fable

By Mark Edgemon

I burned my hand and when it healed,
I hurt my neck, so another delay today.
The weather says cloudy with a chance
Of this or that - can I write today?

I don't want to commit to the enormous labor,
Of perfecting a literary masterpiece..well,
I really do, but then again...I don't.
Both of my minds agree to disagree.
I'm straddling the picket fence to such a degree,
That children are out of the question.

Do I want to see what I am made of -
Besides chicken \$#^!.
It's much easier to imagine I'm good,
Than finding out if I'm right.

For without challenge to dare me,
I have nothing to scare me,
To make me reach past myself,
Into some greater part, beyond what I know.

The master of poetic license
Advised me in this way
----- Try! -----

The End