

## Dead Poets

By Marla J. Deaton

I've looked upon poets as kindred spirits,  
But then I was disappointed to find,  
That under the veil of souls of beauty,  
They were barely hanging on to their minds.

Did all their searching drive them insane?  
In their writings, did they find a release,  
From a soul in torment, with no place  
To turn, nor God to seek for peace?

It seems now my niche, my belonging,  
Amidst the dead poets society,  
Now appears dark and foreboding,  
And not all it's cracked up to be.

The End