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How Does a Poet Look?

How does a poet look?

Does he bare strands of pink hair and a tie-dye shirt or is he
rhymes that cry as a rough brook?

Is she draped by the book

from stony office desks, stolen moments for metaphors.

How does a poet look?

Is each word a rapture that leaves all shook

or the single broken heart freed in seven simple syllables of
rhymes that cry as a rough brook.

Is he a bleeding open book

who pens each feeling metered and paused?

How does a poet look?

Is she nature's corrective look

or simply words inflated, history's alliteration,
rhymes that cry as a rough brook.

They are those who from history took,

and its authors: reset, reframed and retrained.

How does a poet look?

Rhymes that cry as a rough brook.

The Deadly Promises of Green and Gold

Tricenarian celebration beams

Our nation's promise, striving to be free

Now split and bled around unsightly seams

The lords stand proudly on the poor's debris

Green set the promise asleep one's own soil

Turned soon on its head, livelihood's grave

CONT. OVERLEAF

For nights in beds, we pay for other's spoil
While homestead's hunger stays the humble slave

The promise of gold behind towers gated
The idle young left to the devil's guise
The coins held by sleeping ministers hated
Never to stare directly at truth's eyes

The deadly promises of green and gold
From Nero's deceitful line has gone cold