

I Wanna be a Poet & more

by [Armando Simón](#) (October 2024)



Melancholy (Edvard Munch, 1894-96)

I Wanna Be a Poet

I fret and I despair.
Cause I wanna be a poet,
Quoted for my wordly
Wisdom and sensitivity.
But I haven't the talent for the title.
I cannot rhyme. Alliteration stumps
Me. I tried scanning either iambic

Pentameter or alexandrine but I
Ended up befuddled and crying.

Truth to tell, sad to say,
I am a mediocrity when it comes to poetry.
Wait! I don't need talent to be thought
A poet. I can join countless other
Mediocrities in assuming the title of poet,
even Poet Laureate. Whatever that is.

It's simplicity itself! The answer is columns!
Write anything then arrange the words into
A column: a grocery list, my meds, a letter
To the phone company. I now put the words
In a column and voilà: a prose poem!

Yes! I am a poet! Let the accolades begin!
Shower me with praise! Give me a
Pulitzer Prize! Bestow on me that title of
Poet Laureate while I await my Nobel Prize.

Moonward Bound

My secret ambition's to be an astronaut;
I'd love to travel to the Moon.
Many people would also like me there,
Marooned among the craters of the Moon.

The Owl

Dark shape darted by in dusky twilight
Over the ground a graceful owl on
His way to wherever owls wander to.

Grateful I for being granted a glimpse.

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