

Why Do Poets Ponder?

By Marla J. Deaton

Why do poets ponder,
The birds of the air,
For their beauty, their freedom, their song?
Why do they find peace in asking,
Questions that begin with why?
Why are they so willing to share
The inner most parts of their soul,
Hidden in symbolic mazes,
With hedges high?
I guess what I'm really asking
Is why do I?

The End