It all Began with a Thought

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IT ALL BEGAN WITH A THOUGHT

Sylvia S. Medel

From out of the blue,
a thought crossed my mind.
Fearing I might lose that thought
sound and rare,
with some notes ready
in my brain outlined,
quickly I took out a pen and paper.

In just a short while,
I’d written a draft of a poem.
Yet, it lacked beauty and grace,
powerful words, sounds that soothe,
cadence from verse to verse that pleases,
and smoother lines to embellish its face.

I toyed around with words,
picked here and there.
But words that I needed
didn’t come by that day.
So into a drawer, the draft
I put away . . .

until that quiet night,
when from my heart I heard
soft murmurs prodding me
to polish off the draft with new-found words;
season it with grace that lifts emotion;
see that everything fits in, like a true work of art,
and elucidate the thought—the heart of the poem,
the reason for being.