

The Poet

I do not try to emulate
Robert Frost,
but he is the first poet I read.

Before Frost
I had not gone down
That long and winding road
With its weeds grown tall
and tips singed by the sun's heat.

Before Frost
I stopped at the edge of the wood
Thinking that there was nothing beneficial
beyond the wall of trees.
However, I was wrong.

I found gold in his words
My golden words, late at night
as my sorrow and rage bubbled
I needed an outlet
so I picked up a pen and started to write.

I wrote *Once in a Blue Moon*
and *If I could See Him Again*.
Picking at the scabs of my heart
And using the blood that pooled to write more.
To write *Barriers* and *Basketball*.

I ran away my emotions
Plunging them into the paper
A gift given by Robert Frost
and practiced again and again
as I mend my heart
and start creating a home for my words.