

Adult Category

Language of the Secret Soul

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Poetry, the soul stripped of disguise,
As raw emotions, left to prying eyes.
A heart laid bare, devoid of modesty.
An openness, for all the world to see.

A blend of words, arranged in metered lines,
Kaleidoscopes transformed to fixed designs.
Uneven thoughts that drift from mind to pen,
Crossed out, tossed out, resigned to start again.

A labor born of love, too often, strained,
A poet ponders through the night, left drained.
The search for missing words, takes hard its toll
Then, finally, completion of the goal.

The finished work, as if a child at birth,
Faced with the challenge now, to prove its worth.
All pain and anguish quickly left behind.
As new and virile seeds invade the mind.

And on it goes, the process wends its way
Through sleepless night and agonizing day.
Still, in the end, a sense of something won.
Euphoria that now, at last, it's done.

While well aware, someday, all will be dust.
His notes shall decompose, his pen shall rust,
Yet still, he prays his labored works live on
Long after all he ever was – is gone.