

*What is poetry?*

*Poetry is the whispering of waves against whitewashed rocks,*

*A softly simmering stew, never complete,*

*The laughter of music put to paper.*

*Poetry is a small child's giggle or the tinkling, and bubbling of a brook.*

*Poetry is a voice magnified for all to hear.*

*Poetry is like an old marble;*

*found when you are not looking, barely seen at all.*

*Poetry is when the words dance across the paper with whimsy,*

*Following the rhythm of thoughts and feelings.*

*Poetry is the sound of life,*

*A gasp, a smile, or a groan.*

*Maybe poetry is a jingle, sigh or sob.*

*Poetry is lying in bed listening to the rain fall,*

*And watching the sun shine.*

*Poetry is watching the seasons,*

*Listening,*

*Remembering.*

*Jesse Clements*

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