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Progression

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Progression

Matt Feltz

When I'm asked to write a poem,
I think my life is through,
'Cause I don't use words like "ere" and "thou"
As many poets do.

Among my scattered thoughts
Of TV shows and hockey games,
I guess there's some poetic stuff,
It just gets put to shame.

Hours of effort and struggling,
Then I wait, hoping they can glean,
Something poetic out of this,
I might've said but didn't mean.

Time goes on, and I discern
That I'm lifted to a higher plane,
Yet I brood on it in discontent,
'Cause I don't know what I'm saying.

Finally, the struggle over,
The vanquished foe on into obscurity,
To my amazement and surprise,
The piece has risen in maturity.