

# THE GENESIS OF VERSE

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Reflecting, I ponder—from whence does the poetry come?  
A wide-open soul, in pursuit of a fellow  
traveler, a listening ear, a sympathetic someone?

Is it through lilting lyrics, which hanker for humming  
through consonance others perceive, and can follow—  
in echoing anthem—from whence does the poetry come?

Is it a mode meant to reap recognition,  
to craft a quintessence, or insatiably swallow  
up the traveler, the listening ear, the nomadic someone?

Parched seasons thirsting for some  
one to fathom, to willingly wallow—  
to drink deep beside me—from whence does this poetry come?

Is it not what we all want from  
those whom we whisper? Towards whom we murmur, come now  
fellow traveler, be my listening ear, be my empathic someone?

In love—or its lack—we find rhyme's inspiration  
for verses arranged and performed here en solo.  
Yet still I do ponder, just how will this poet come  
close to that traveler, that listening ear, that symphonic someone?