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?