

More Stories!

Writers' Forum

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A Poem?

He recites a poem for me every morning
I rise to hear it over the ether, but wonder.
Is it poetry if it does not rhyme?
I am free to hear what he says
but does it really mean what is said?
When we know that it will rhyme
We already know the bounds in which way it will go.
But if its free, we may not see, the branch in the tree.
And feel lost out on the swaying tip.

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