

The Arts of a Writer

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I am a writer,
But most of all—a poet
Whose words are in dire longing
For freedom and life.

I am a writer,
But most of all—a painter
Whose craft are painted with letters
Slowly becoming my hollow reflection.

I am a writer,
But most of all—a sculptor
For I turn rocks and pebbles
Carved with sentiments and emotions.

I am a writer,
But most of all—a dancer,
I sway with my metaphors
And metaphors linger unto me.

I am a writer,
But most of all—a human,
With physique soon to vanish
And soul to scoundrel.