

To the poet I have known...

Joseph C. Eco, EdD

I know you can write,
To retrieve the memories and ink it.
To replenish your thoughts and mind
That slowly withers in a noisy world.

To rekindle the moments, you claim you are
The poet that once fell but rose,
To feel this piece of paper, your story,
The story of how you discovered this gift
To share, then, this gift to souls
That long for an avenue,
A place to visit and to seek.

What's more of you, that you cannot give,
What the poet I had known separate himself,
And took plain of a poet not just a writer.

To the poet I have known...

I know you can write,
To retrieve the memories and ink it.
To replenish your thoughts and mind
That slowly withers in a noisy world.

To rekindle the moments, you claim you are
The poet that once fell but rose,
To feel this piece of paper, your story,
The story of how you discovered this gift
To share, then, this gift to souls
That long for an avenue,
A place to visit and to seek.
What's more of you, that you cannot give,
What the poet I had known separate himself,
And took plain of a poet not just a writer.