

Writer's Block

It seemed so easy then; the words falling
The ideas flowing natural as air
So simple just to echo the sweet calling,
The song flowering in all things, everywhere.
Each poem seemed a game, a child's dare,
A joy of heart, a spirit's toy for play;
Garlands to weave for other hearts to share,
And then to treasure, safely fold away.

Why, how or when it passed, I can not say,
Why came the day when the blossom there
Had withered unnoticed, the petals falling
Brown to the grass, no birds calling,
From the world's dead twigs, its empty air
Where fallen words die, visions fade away.

Yet still a joy, a breath haunting the air,
Of distant flowers speaks, a song calling,
Whose echoes I shall weave again one day.