

Words

Words spill from nowhere,
sort themselves onto the page,
make belief in poetic rage —
furor poeticus — seem fair
enough. Inner forces trigger it
into action, make it grow
into shapes imposed by lines,
rhymes, rhythms and designs,
all that the words can show
of emotion put into shorthand,
cloudy thoughts that are lit,
by shafting rays illuminated,
or like patterns on the strand
left by receding waves, foam
Lying lightly, like these words
that shape themselves and flow
across the paper and then slow
as they reach a full stop.

Derry Jeffares