

They Call Me A Poet

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This is a poem about a poet who writes poems...

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1 - They Call Me A Poet

I paint with words,
not with the paint that I see.
For, why should I?
I have not your "imagination."
Just who do you think
that you happen to be?
You are not me for sure.
Who would want to be,
I am a different breed.
I do not paint what I see,
I write what I feel.
They call me a poet.
I could ponder for hours
on things others do not see.
Seeing is a matter of trust,
but not with your eyes.
I feel in depth with emotion,
every single thing I paint.
Or then you would not
at all see all that I do,
like some kind of unimaginable fool.
I just leave the paintings
true details unto you.
For every word is a puzzle
within another puzzle,
waiting for you to solve.
Poetry, some people say is dumb
and quite the bore
and even unrevolutionized.
Why would I want to be you?
This is why they call me a poet.