

## I Would Not Be A Poet | Amy Barnes

I would not be a poet  
If side-by-side we walked.  
Nay, I'd never pen a rhyme  
Were our fingers interlocked.  
The sky's soft fade from pastels  
To Twilight's speckled, navy blue  
Would sadly miss my eyes  
As they'd be fixed solely on you.  
Even my beloved moon and  
Orion's thrice-strung belt  
Would stir no wonder in my soul,  
As I'd have grander feelings to be felt.

So I suppose I love the fact  
That as the day yields its light  
'Tis but one figure's shadow  
That is cast upon the night.  
I cherish all the days that end  
With my entering my home  
And freely taking up my pen  
Because I am alone.