

## A Poem Is To Me

Over easy eggs to dinner wine  
Maybe we could take more time  
In the dash we make each day  
The poetry of life falls behind

Anyway to the front of my shirt  
The eggs usually abide  
On top of the red spilled wine  
For shame teasing tongues sigh

But in the half cooked eggs  
Nourishment is found  
To make and create rewrites  
To bring out a new sound

An a half filled glass shouts  
Unglued or nonsense words  
Of what is often hidden inside  
That should be poured out

But no meaning ever to hold  
Is not lightly made so easily  
A glass may be a shot so bold  
But is poetry just a speakeasy

And this may be trite  
Probably not eggs or wine  
No way how to explain  
I write just to take time