

*On Writing a Poem a day  
(National Poetry Month, April 2003)*

*Holy crap! I must be crazy  
to think I could write a poem a day.  
Am I that unskilled or just lazy  
or uninspired by words I say?*

*At times the words come with ease  
They dance together in a rhyme  
Then there are those that like to tease  
and elude me within my space and time.*

*Why does it always happen that when  
I have a sudden inspiration  
I have not a paper nor a pen  
and sit here later in lost frustration?*

*T. A. Jobateh*