The Poet

The light through the blind is a poem,

the way it illuminates air.

And the shadows that fall

on the floor and the wall

are signs that a poet is there.

The tick of the clock is a poem,

even the spaces between.

The echo of heels

and corridor squeals

are proof that a poet has been.

An empty white page is a poem,

a place where the magic occurs.

It’s a home from a home

where ideas can roam.

At least for the poet, hers.