

Poetry.  
by Mark Curcio

Poetry of the mind,  
Poetry of the soul,  
Poetry inside me,  
Who else will ever know?  
I knew poetry once,  
Sitting in the park by itself.  
I heard it asking questions to the sky,  
Asking, hoping, wishing for an answer so plain yet...  
So sly.  
“What am I?”

Poetry is more than words,  
I can easily write words in CAPITAL LETTERS or lower case,  
I can easily write vowel sounds that sound pretty,  
And then throw the paper away with HASTE.  
**But no.**

Poetry is more than that.  
More than anyone can ever explain,  
Because poetry's importance is up to the person,  
Not a critic, a reader, or anyone in vain.

It's the use of words and images without the paint,  
You can't paint a picture without a brush,  
You can't write without a brain.

If I could build a **BuIldIng** without a set plan we'd all fall **and go down,**  
If I could build an airplane without wings, **to the ground.**  
**We'll fall.**  
But If I could build a poem without meaning or substance,  
It will be **nothing.**

*Just a stalemate.*                      Waiting to be moved away.  
*Just a pause.*                              waiting to be pressed play.

Words are like none other.  
You can use them as **weapons** of the soul.  
Words can make humans cry, laugh, or faint...

So plainly, the answer isn't just a noun or a talent or a style for anyone to see,  
*Basically, Poetry, is whatever you want it to be.*