



Poetic Reflections

Illmetered

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I've always thought of myself as the kind of poet
Whose thoughts fit neatly within a particular construct.
And maybe that is just my way indeed.
I do not know for sure that I will or won't stick with it.
But sometimes, I have more to say
Than can be neatly nestled into rhyme and rhythm.
And isn't that the theme of my life?
Have I not always felt like a misfit?
How often have I contorted who I am
To fit where I did not belong?
What about the times all those times
When I dumbed down to keep my thoughts
Within the cadence of rhythms not created with me in mind,
Or held back my own words when
They found no rhymes in the words of others?
Maybe the time has come for
Me to realise that the poetry of my life
Is far more illmetered than I would prefer.
Perhaps, I would no longer be constrained
By the tentacles of imposter syndrome
If I pursue a more upright sense of the times
When I am truly the whole song and dance
That God created me to be,
And who I now need to become.

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