***kidnap poem***by Nikki Giovanni

ever been kidnapped
by a poet
if i were a poet
i'd kidnap you
put you in my phrases and meter
you to jones beach
or maybe coney island
or maybe just to my house
lyric you in lilacs
dash you in the rain
blend into the beach
to complement my see
play the lyre for you
ode you with my love song
anything to win you
wrap you in the red Black green
show you off to mama
yeah if i were a poet i'd kid
nap you

# **THE FIRST LINE OF A POEM**

Billy Collins

# Before it flutters into my mouth,

# I might spend days squinting

# into the wind

# like an old man

# trying to thread a needle

# by a window

# in the dying light of late afternoon.

# In a chair,

# he aims the limp end

# at the dim glint

# of the impossible eye,

# narrower than the door of heaven

# or the sliver of moon

# that will not rise

# from behind pines

# until the needle

# finally slides

# along the thin loop

# and he eases

# into his all-night stitching,

# sipping the new wine,

# singing a song

# the color of his thread

**Why Do Poets Write?**

Richard Jones

My wife, a psychiatrist, sleeps
through my reading and writing in bed,
the half-whispered lines,
manuscripts piled between us,

but in the deep part of night
when her beeper sounds
she bolts awake to return the page
of a patient afraid he'll kill himself.

She sits in her robe in the kitchen,
listening to the anguished voice
on the phone. She becomes
the vessel that contains his fear,

someone he can trust to tell
things I would tell to a poem.

Poetry **by Pablo Neruda**

And it was at that age ... Poetry arrived
in search of me. I don't know, I don't know where
it came from, from winter or a river.
I don't know how or when,
no they were not voices, they were not
words, nor silence,
but from a street I was summoned,
from the branches of night,
abruptly from the others,
among violent fires
or returning alone,
there I was without a face
and it touched me.

I did not know what to say, my mouth
had no way
with names,
my eyes were blind,
and something started in my soul,
fever or forgotten wings,
and I made my own way,
deciphering
that fire,

# **Because You Asked about the Line Between Prose and Poetry**

# By Howard Nemerov

# Sparrows were feeding in a freezing drizzle

# That while you watched turned to pieces of snow

# Riding a gradient invisible

# From silver aslant to random, white, and slow.

# There came a moment that you couldn’t tell.

# And then they clearly flew instead of fell.

and I wrote the first faint line,
faint, without substance, pure
nonsense,
pure wisdom
of someone who knows nothing,
and suddenly I saw
the heavens
unfastened
and open,
planets,
palpitating plantations,
shadow perforated,
riddled
with arrows, fire and flowers,
the winding night, the universe.

And I, infinitesimal being,
drunk with the great starry
void,
likeness, image of
mystery,
felt myself a pure part
of the abyss,
I wheeled with the stars,
my heart broke loose on the wind.