

## Advice to Young Poets

There are whimsical words  
that twinkle and flash  
as they roll from your lips  
like a thick dark mustache.

There are delicate words  
that silence your fears,  
whispering gossamer dreams  
into Chantilly ears.

There are thunderous words  
that strike from the page  
and call down destruction  
on your object of rage.

There are suspicious words  
that seek hidden blame  
and question all motives  
from beyond their own frame.

There are damp, jagged words  
That grind , thrash and roll  
as you plumb the depths  
of your dark young soul.

But beware young poet  
Lest you forget in your fun:  
Truth lies in simple words;  
love requires none.

—*Robert Sexton*