

I AM NOT A POET

A BOOK OF POETRY

POEMS BY LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

A Poem: We Must Be The Voice

A POEM: WE MUST BE THE VOICE

We must be the voice for those who've screamed loudest, so loudly they can no longer find words. Their screams become deafening encrusted in silence. Silence brings peace – noise distracts to clarity.

We must share our wings with those who have fallen. Broken by the weight of solitude and the pressure to be. Our wings must lift up, allowing the strength to fly again to be found; never losing sight, some aren't meant to soar – our wings provide humility.

26

We must provide light from the sight of one eye – our vision offers tranquillity as purpose becomes pure.

Grace lay with ego in the darkness of shadows – masked as humble sharing spirit with calm. The shadows are draped in safety as darkness closes and then bursts into dawn.

We must provide warmth to those burdened by cold – cold brings with it meaning; warmth comforts the soul.

We must embrace who we are, believing the mystery of self will unfold in the simplicity of living.

We must never allow the path to break – as we all bellow loudly; accepting our voice, wings, and light, will evolve into one.

A Poem: We Must Be The Voice