

Living in Hollywood Florida affords us the chance to visit the ocean all year round. I know some of you are in the snow, so I'm definitely NOT bragging. (In fact, I miss the change of seasons and playing in the snow.) Just offering a little preface to tell you how/where **Poem Twenty-Five** popped out. Needing a little inspiration, my partner Sergio (who is also a poet) and I, took two typewriters to Hollywood Beach. We also took with us, a bronze statue of Pegasus. The statue was given to Sergio by his cousin because the mythology of Pegasus is that he carries inspiration to poets. SO --- We set up our typewriters and Pegasus and gazed at the sea waiting for a little wonder....

What follows is the little poetic riff that popped out. Below it, you can see a photo of our set-up and hello to Pegasus. Enjoy...

Pegasus perched on the sea wall waiting  
To take flight  
His wings are only activated  
When the poets start to write

See, it seems the weight of this world's cares  
Have been keeping them  
Sleeping  
Beautiful brains too crowded  
With reality TV too loud  
Drowning out the muses  
Communication lines confused  
So much static  
That this winged steed stands stalled

Yet knowing they need to heed the call  
He begins his neighing  
A sort of unbridled praying  
Making sound  
Waves in the atmosphere  
Hoping the poets hear  
And recognize their names

Mighty messengers  
Poetess  
Bards  
Troubadours  
We need you more  
Than ever before  
Take up your notebook, pen, plume or quill  
Won't your divine verse come and cure the earth's ills

Yet, for each and every poem denied  
Every ink well that's run dry  
Another day the world's  
Heart  
Cries...

So Pegasus waits  
In faith  
To fly...



Serving you  
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Words that feed  
The heart and soul

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