

## Poems

Real life is lived privately and within  
I write some of my poems just for me  
They make me laugh & cry. I arrange,  
And rearrange words, till they fit  
Patterns and sounds; I laugh my  
Head off or cry till my tears roll  
Down my face! Then I tear them  
Up and throw them in the trash  
They are the best of the best...

Then come those of a second degree  
That I can share with one, or two,  
Perhaps three close friends  
They are too private to share  
With the rest of the world  
These also end up shredded

And finally come the many poems  
I write for the entire world  
Poems of a third degree, written  
For every Dick, Tom, and Harry

I fight against falling victim  
Into the trap of madness  
Watching this absurd universe  
Trying to be happy in sadness  
Trying to make sense of life's insanity  
And create order and meaning  
With words, phrases, and sounds  
I wonder, is that a poet's calling?



**G. E. Gorfu**