

To a Lonely Poet!

“I strove with none, for none was worth My strife...” He said, that lonely man
If only my equals should strive with me,
who would be my equal in mind,
in soul, and in spirit? Would life not be
a lonesome journey?

Oh blessed be, that I can strive
With the high and the low,
With the sage and the fool, the rich
and the poor. I am never awed to strive
with the famous or unknown;
the haughty, or the humble;
the mighty, or the weak;
the aggressive, or the meek.

My ears forever yearning for a rare gem,
I walk with open eyes and open mind
Gleaning pearls of wisdom even
from the lowliest and the poorest.

Mr. Walter Landor,* my dear poet
you seem to have carried a knife with you
only to Savage your own heart.

G. E. Gorfu

*The poet's full name was Walter Savage Landor

