

# Poem

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*We are all God's poems – Philip Metres*

I am a poem God wrote  
a long time ago.  
There are even parts that rhyme,  
and strange archaic words,  
seldom now used,  
still recognised by some.

If there are parts  
that seem not to fit,  
that's probably the places  
where life scratched out a line,  
or I skipped a few words,  
got creative with the shape of things.

My father told me  
I was the perfect poem when I was born.  
*A good baby*, he said,  
however that was judged  
or measured,  
that's how it seemed to him.

These days  
I am a scatter of free-verse,  
odd allusions, uneven lines,  
but somewhere at my core,  
the words that I began with  
are whispered, over and over.