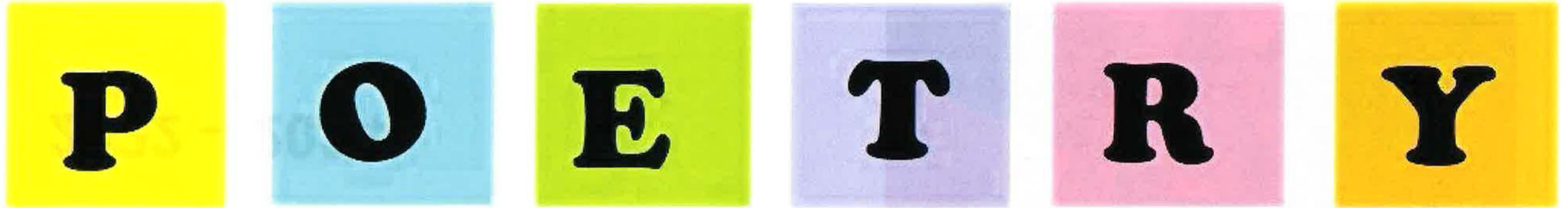


I put pen to paper, waiting waiting for the words to appear Words that I can't say but need you to hear Words that somehow magically flow from my heart and flow through my fingers My fingers frantically trying to catch up with my heart, my mind



Words, words, words keep flowing onto the paper No time to stop, to fix, to collect my thoughts They all need to come out before they are lost forever The last of the words appear on the sheet I feel free I feel peace I feel love Breathe in, breathe out. I now wait for you

Recognition by Council

National Poetry Month



Wakefield Brewster

Calgary's 6th Poet Laureate

2022 – 2024



Photo Courtesy of Wakefield Brewster