

Poetry Porch: Poetry

My Own

By Bruce Bennett

The leaves blow, and I think of Shelley.
They fall, and Keats is on my mind.
Frost's always with me in November
when dark and cold are less than kind.

I see, and feel, through others' visions.
Allusions crowd into my head,
and I am pleased with what they bring me:
my world, composed of what they've said.

But now it's time to move beyond them.
I am, as I have been, alone.
They've given much, and I am grateful.
Yet now, I must be on my own,

Determined, as I venture forward
toward what awaits that I must face,
to state what finally defines me,
my own; what's mine, in my own place:

That place, that always called and drew me,
guiding me onward, from and to;
that dream I followed, never doubting;
that end I could not know, yet knew.