

A Poets Fate

Writer

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Through the world I searched for fame
My name? My pen proclaims my name.
Everywhere I traveled went
The words for which my pen was bent.
And all around the world I strayed
For fame and fortune long I prayed.
But fame was never meant to be
Found in lands beyond the sea.
'Twas in a little bar one night
While writing by dim candle light
An old lady, wrinkled and gray
Whispered my name in a haunting way.
And old and wrinkled she appear
Her voice was like a harp so clear.
And long ago that it may be
I remember what she said to me.
"You've left these writings every where,
I've followed you from here to there,
And gathered every word that fell
In order that I might cast a spell.
Because I know that which you seek
Is fame above the poor and weak.
You're doomed, my son, to die before
Your fame has spread to every door."
Then like a shadow she went away
But her words are clear to me today
And though I fear not death or dying
I pray that the old witch was lying.
As I write these words tonight
I see her face in the pale moonlight.
Her voice is calling, I must go.
If fame's my name, I'll never know.



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