

# I Wanna be a Poet & more

by [Armando Simón](#) (October 2024)



Melancholy (Edvard Munch, 1894-96)

## I Wanna Be a Poet

I fret and I despair.  
Cause I wanna be a poet,  
Quoted for my wordly  
Wisdom and sensitivity.  
But I haven't the talent for the title.  
I cannot rhyme. Alliteration stumps  
Me. I tried scanning either iambic

Pentameter or alexandrine but I  
Ended up befuddled and crying.

Truth to tell, sad to say,  
I am a mediocrity when it comes to poetry.  
Wait! I don't need talent to be thought  
A poet. I can join countless other  
Mediocrities in assuming the title of poet,  
even Poet Laureate. Whatever that is.

It's simplicity itself! The answer is columns!  
Write anything then arrange the words into  
A column: a grocery list, my meds, a letter  
To the phone company. I now put the words  
In a column and voilà: a prose poem!

Yes! I am a poet! Let the accolades begin!  
Shower me with praise! Give me a  
Pulitzer Prize! Bestow on me that title of  
Poet Laureate while I await my Nobel Prize.

### **Moonward Bound**

My secret ambition's to be an astronaut;  
I'd love to travel to the Moon.  
Many people would also like me there,  
Marooned among the craters of the Moon.

### **The Owl**

Dark shape darted by in dusky twilight  
Over the ground a graceful owl on  
His way to wherever owls wander to.

Grateful I for being granted a glimpse.

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**Armando Simón** is a trilingual native of Cuba, a retired college professor with degrees in history and psychologist. He is also the author of *[When Evolution Stops](#)*, *The [Book](#) of Many Books* and *The [Cult](#) of Suicide and Other Sci-Fi Stories*.

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