

# Two Flowers On An Unknown Poet's Grave

Here lies the unknown poet who nursed his muse so long,  
The world listened to him with passionate curiosity,  
Understanding well his literary designs,  
But missed the connection with his soul.

He led a short and solitary life,  
Following his dream to write with stoic ambition and cool grit,  
He shielded arrows of disparagement and neglect,  
Lived a pariah in a rickety cabin away from the town.

The world bedeviled him with class and customs,  
Superstitions and personal gods,  
He lived with a compassionate detachment from it,  
Growing flowers in his lonely furrow.

He spent his time trying to understand nature,  
Writing snippets from his continuous dream,  
Ensconced in meditative consciousness,  
The mystery of life never deserted him.  
A transformer of the messages from nature to humans,  
He only chose the words, the ideas came from the beyond,  
Today, we salute his fecund contribution to the mythology of life,  
We lay two flowers on his unmarked grave.

Suffern, New York, 12.22.10

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