

The Soul in Poetry

~~~*Veena Regidi*

In Poetry,  
an adage, does not age  
It transcends through ages,  
breathes through words, emotions and images,  
breaks multitudinous bondages.

The persistent flow of thoughts  
Expressed in words profound  
Heart touching, soul stirring  
Lending food for thought,  
Emancipating, liberating,  
Leaving nothing for naught.

Nevertheless, it never can be taught,  
nor with money can be bought  
The beauty of thought, the truth always sought,  
The power of a pen, words from deep within  
Words with that leap of faith  
Words that on an inspiration begin  
Hard to delve deep within  
and try to fathom a poet's heart.

The locution, the intonation, the modulation, the articulation  
for in lie dark secrets and shadows, voices and verses  
The tone of the poet - the soul it stirs  
ethos of the past and hopes for tomorrow.

The power of pen that can rustle bone marrows,  
Poetry is beauty, has form and shape  
Words of the poet make one sit and gape.  
Poetry is manifestation of human life,  
The ups and downs, the future and history  
The ebb and flow of humanity....

It gives the past an unsung voice, and the future an infinite hope...  
Poetry is perennial...poetry is pristine, poetry is beauty,  
The rhythm of the heart, the music of the soul,  
A melody, a harmony, a symphony, it can never die  
Poetry is ...for the soul. Yes, poetry is truth profound!

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