

Poies: Dominion

Poetry

Poetry lives in the hearts of poets. Coffee shops, bars, and just about everywhere poetry comes alive. Sometimes poetry is a wayward lover returned or a jilted one scorned.

By its basic definition poetry can't really be defined. It's too broad, for it holds the contents of our hearts or the ranting of our minds; often times, both.

Poetry always has meaning – you just have to listen to catch its drift. Ah, we know one thing for sure: poetry, whether it's good, bad, or insane, it will always remain.

Closet Caper

In 1945, after giving his blood, sweat, and tears, and a huge hunk of his left butt cheek, Great Gramps hopped a plane for home. All four hundred-eight residences at the entrance of the city welcomed him home. Gramps rode standing up. Sitting for long periods of time wasn't an option. He waved the American flag proudly. Not once did he stop smiling: he was home and Flat Rock, Michigan was where he was going to stay.

~End of this sample~