

THE WORD PARADE

Words on index cards,
Thoughts on sticky notes,
Ideas on random pieces of paper,
I quickly write them
Before they get forgotten.
Words appearing on napkins,
Tissues,
Receipts,
Menus,
Notebooks,
And shoved into a purse,
A drawer,
Or a pocket,
For some future use.
These words patiently wait their turn,
Hoping to be formed into a line
Of poem or story,
Or verse.
They anticipate joining other words,
For a surprising flourish,
Collectively lining up
To create something beautiful
For the writer and the reader.
Some words were not crafted
On paper,
But were written only in voice.
Someday those words will be read to me,
Because no word is ever lost.