DEAR DOODLE

The irony when a doodle realizes

All this time it was a masterpiece.

Hidden in plain sight for plain eyes

To pass it by

But beautiful doodle you were

Not made for plain men

So carry not yourself as plain.

Only eyes full of life can see who you are,

Do not call for gaze of the mundane

And after all is said and done

And you have wept to find your turn,

Pure lips shall call your name.

And you shall run, you shall dance,

You shall live and love again

In the reflection of his heart’s terrain