

The Art in My Voice

I never learned to sketch the sky,
Or make a canvas come alive.
My fingers fumbled every chord,
And paints just whispered, never roared.

I watched as others shaped the world
With colors bright and banners unfurled.
While I sat quiet, pen in hand,
Unsure if they'd quite understand.

But words they came like winds at sea,
Soft at first, then wild and free.
Not perfect lines or polished prose,
Just broken truths in steady flows.

I found a rhythm in the dark,
A pulse that sparked without a spark.
Each line a window, raw and true
A way to bleed, a way to view.

They called it "just a hobby" then,
"Not real art," again, again.
But still I wrote through every doubt,
Through clenched up jaws and aching drought.

Because while brushes slipped through me,
And strings refused to set me free,
My stories found a place to climb
In whispered rhyme and crooked line.

I wrote of stars and storm-tossed ships,
Of silent wars and trembling lips.
Of things I'd lived and dreamed and guessed,
And in those lines, I found my rest.

I may not hang in gallery light,
Or echo through the stage at night.
But there is art in every line
In every wound I make divine.

I don't need color, string, or clay

My craft is in the things I say.
And though my voice may tremble low,
This poet's heart will always grow.

For stories matter, small or grand
And poems are paintings made by hand.
So I will rise, and I will write
My art is real. My soul alight.