

The Heart of A Poet
By Anne-Marie Woods

The Heart of a Poet is a creative heart and my heart is the heart of a Poet.

I will give you a coronary occlusion when you hear my rhymes.

I've got iambic Pentameter and Haiku coursing through my veins... My thoughts can't be restrained.

I can't keep much inside always walking around with pen and pad because at any time prolific thoughts can overtake my soul, my mind and my heart and then these words I must impart; first to myself upon the page, and then share them with others on the Poetic Stage. And this is not just some Poetic Passing Phase; some didactic, educational, edifying way of purging myself.

This is real.

How else can I express myself if not through creative means; stuffing little thoughts in the pockets of my jeans, carrying in my bag 3-4 pens, cause I never know when the poetry will hit me, on the bus, on a plane, on a park bench at a party with friends.

My rhythmical compositions are imaginative, political, stories of love hate or crime; sometimes in a dub poetry style or not really keeping any time; sometimes delivered as a speech sometimes delivered more as prose.

But the beauty of thoughts, language and expression is in my heart...my heart, the heart of a poet.

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