

If I Was

Brian Bell

Poetry

Were I an artist,
colours palletted at my ready,
decades of practice allowing me
to portray visions beyond
the skies we all reach for,
canvas totally receptive,
I just might derive some fame.

Were I a sculptor,
fine concepts tooling my fingers,
able to chip unwanted particles from shapeless granite,
leaving figures wondered at and adored,
then I might achieve recognition.

Were I a novelist,
keyboard capable,
creating stories such that the whole world
stopped to second guess how my work would finish,
perhaps my name would grace magazine covers worldwide.

Were I a movie director,
honing stories and fashioning sets,
transforming clear film to glowing memories,
reminding people of my work whenever a title is mentioned,
then I could be well remembered.

Should I become a great vocalist,
crisp notes filling the ether,
audience ever waiting to applaud,
hands deafening all within great halls and stadiums,
then I would surely be remembered.

Were I a great inventor,
taking worldwide problems into my hands,
finding in my imagination pathways to elegant solutions,
fashioning cures ready to patent,
that all may save time and energy,
there is a good chance I would be noticed.

And could I be a famed evangelist
quoting biblical lessons and paradoxes,
soothing sinners on their journey to the light,
hosting radio shows to comfort millions,
then my name might outlast my tombstone.

Should I train and study in politics,
lead my country into unheard-of prosperity,
approbation surrounding my every move,
flashlights filling my public view,
then I may become more than a newspaper entry.

But, alas, I am but a floundering poet
the full stop after every great singer's words,
the discoloured spot on every sculpture,
the poorly placed daub at the edge of every artistic canvas,
the false hope in every great novel,
the unread chapter in life's bible,
the last but one attempt on Edison's road to the light,
the election lost to voter fickleness,
the near-empty theatre in time's eternal parade of movies.
Yes, just a poet.