

Across frail deserts I have stridden.... *Strode? Strided?*

I have walked across frail deserts.... *What the hell is a "frail" desert? Where did I even come up with that? Jesus, I might just as well pull words at random. Hmm. I could build a list in an Excel workbook – no, eight lists, one for each part of speech. Nine lists? Oops, OCD. Need to shelve that for later.*

I have walked across frail deserts.... *This is never going to scan. Not using anapestic pentameter. da-da-Dum da-da-Dum da-da-Dum da-da-Dum da-da-Dum. And anapestic always makes me think of those bump and grind drumbeats in vaudeville. Who is going to take a poem seriously if in their subconscious they see a buxom woman in a tight pencil skirt flouncing along?*

Across frail deserts I have walked

In search of hope and certainty....*Wait. Why would hope be on the other side of the desert? And is a desert the best place to look for either hope or certainty? Or am I being nuanced here, hinting that the desert walker is doomed to fail? I wasn't deliberately going for that, but is a poet the best judge of what his poem means? T.S.Eliot said the reader was the judge, but how do I know what the reader is going to think when I'm still trying to write it? Am I supposed to put all this work into it, then risk sending it out to readers who may ridicule me as an idiot? A T.S. Idiot? But back to the hope and certainty – maybe I should flip this.*

In search of hope and certainty

I've traveled far away from home

But after all these many years.... *Should I use rhyme or not? Little short lines like this could sound sing-song if every alternate one rhymes. Twinkle twinkle little star. And "home" may be accurate, but makes a sad, trite rhyming word. Home, roam, dome, gnome, chrome, blah blah blah irritable bowel syndrome. Free verse gets no respect – guess I'll have to do slant rhyme.*

In search of hope and certainty

I've traveled far away from home

And any comfort I have known

To find it all was vanity.

It took too long to understand

The words I did not wish to hear

The truth I simply could not bear.... *Nobody says "simply could not." I want to keep simplicity in here, because I thinking of how a person can screw up almost deliberately by ignoring a truth that is so simple.... Simple truth!*

In search of hope and certainty

I've traveled far away from home

And any comfort I have known

To find it all was vanity.

It took too long to understand

The fact I did not wish to hear

The simple truth I could not bear

Too obvious to comprehend.... *"Obvious" is overworked. The whole thing is plain as dirt, so it would be nice if I got a snazzy word here. Thesaurus, here I come.*

In search of hope and certainty
I've traveled far away from home
And any comfort I have known
To find it all was vanity.
It took too long to understand
The fact I did not wish to hear
The simple truth I could not bear
Too manifest to comprehend

Yeesh I'm exhausted. Only 10 lines and I'm supposed to have at least 14 lines. Maybe tomorrow I'll artistically split four of these to get to 10.