

## The Greatness of Others

The writer, the image maker, the songster, the bard  
The genius that does it, that creates what's so hard  
It's four in the morning and I can only admire  
What I do not possess but to which I aspire

That greatness eludes me It's out of my reach  
No matter the longing it's what no one can teach  
It's just not within me though I hanker and howl  
Not one worthy note, consonant or vowel

So God bless the gorgeous greatness of others  
At least I can savor what they have discovered  
The few that do manage to bring forth the gold  
While I am forever left out in the cold

It's wannabe doggerel I'm given by fate  
Till at last one might say Well he tried, the poor late...  
Unless somehow like God I pull the miracle from the void  
And before I drop dead manage one thing great