



### Your Day Job

I early thought what poets wrought,  
Were classy words that they'd been taught,  
Found most were trite,  
Quatrains not right,  
I needed help or be distraught.

So went I then to poet school,  
To learn how best to rhyme,  
Wrote limericks first that were the worst,  
To find that they were mine.

Found too that sonnets were admired,  
With high class folks and richly sired,  
But found to my dismay,  
They sold for little pay,  
A wealthy poet not desired.

This meant my school was poorly chose,  
I should have saved my dough,  
To learn now selling pays much more,  
It's seldom I compose.

So keep your day job; hide your gift,  
The public values not,  
A Shakespeare sonnet or Haiku,  
For most of us sell naught.

James Brown

