The Room and the Means

> **Creative freedom begins when money, privacy, and time loosen survival’s command.**

When gigs and children’s calls divide your room,
And paid demands can bend the words you say,
Remember: thought needs shelter, time, and room,
For fear makes judgment serve the wage of day.

Fixed income stills fear’s importunate cry,
And lets the mind see things for what they are;
No genius blooms where weary bodies lie,
Nor work can thrive beneath the household’s star.

Keep all the mind wide open, spacious, free,
And judge each thing apart from praise or blame;
Let work and care reveal what they can be,
Nor bend your living voice to flatter fame.

The buried poet rises when we build,
Her room, her means, her time, her will fulfilled.

Generated by rom2k.com