

## 2020. Who cares.

Ten short syllables get my attention  
An unobtrusive art defines their role  
Repeated hours of careful application  
are required to let each find its soul.  
As ordained each takes its place in order  
No rank or favour, each unique and true,  
each does formal duty as demanded  
each heralding an old as something new.  
This is surely not what you expected  
But, unexpected, might yet still delight  
A notion noted, then applied, reflected  
A poet's whimsy hidden in plain sight.  
Now those syllables depart, no longer needed  
Their essential role fulfilled and truly heeded.