

Introducing the Poet

My name is Lincoln Bergman
From Herstory I come
I bathed in primal oceans
'Twas in the year of None

My name is Lincoln Bergman
From History I come
I crawled the rock of ages
'Twas in the year of One

I crawled the rock of ages
To wish my dreams come true
To harvest all my crops
'Twas in the year of Two

To harvest all my crops
I loved and danced so free
Wheat and rice and corn
'Twas in the year of Three

I loved and sometimes learned
I marched against the war
I wrote a thousand poems
'Twas in the year of Four

I spoke a thousand poems
Made broadcasts taped and live
For freedom and for peace
'Twas in the year of Five

I played a thousand games
And laughed at all the tricks
Of darling daughters two
'Twas in the year of Six

I worked and worked and worked
But rarely did bread leaven
The money slipped right through
'Twas in the year of Seven.

Sad story of my life
Too little and too late
Confronted by mortality
'Twas in the year of Eight.

Yet days when we make love
Create a world so fine
Conjoining energies
'Twas in the year of Nine.

And so my story goes
From now till way back when
My heart is in my hands
For 'tis the year of Ten.