

Incompatible

by ryall *Saturday, Mar 9 2019, 8:55pm*

international / poetry / post

fixed to the screen, don't interrupt
or i'll lose it, typing frantically weaving coloured silk threads
into fabric

it's no good, who gives a fuck about shopping lists
when i am seized by a poem that demands expression
it's no good, it's lost now, gone to that mysterious repository for
another poet
to channel

fuck, fuck, fark! have u no sensibility or sensitivity,
what do i care for food that feeds bodies? i feed souls
dying of malnutrition

stick with ur dreary mundane affairs,
eggs and flour can wait they are always available
but inspiration is fleeting and fragile like frozen
flowers burning in a desert

lost -- i must recapture it
the poem chose me to express itself and ur fuckin' mundane eggs
crucified it

i knew i should have partnered with an artist -- one more time and
i'm
outa' here