

Waste

by jack *Monday, May 27 2019, 1:31am*

international / poetry / post

why waste ur time with that (poetry)
I nearly clocked u for that remark --
do bears shit in the woods?

waste my time? is my life a waste by implication?
I am a poet it was not a decision it was and simply is
what I am

sometimes it rains and pours other times
squeezing juice from a rock but it flows
not by choice, but by some other demand

u have so much to give

really? do u see the red arterial rivers that flow,
hear the sound of deafening silence in a quiet brain
or understand what only poets understand,
that we simply are reflectors, polished mirrors
of what needs to be said,
communicated

giving what no eye sees or ear hears
award me a posthumous medal for woven seasons
blankets of fire and molten lead to smother
ur senses, insensitive to the harp strings of paradise

drink with me that intoxicating reverie
that separates poets from the drear --
waste my time! waste, for fuck's sake

before me a reed so hollow it hisses

I will write my next poem on ur forehead
and brand u for life tho only poets
would see the scar

as for u and ur ilk
show me ur life with which to compare
my waste

but I see beyond the seen, before ur thoughts coalesce
into, let's get married and have kids --

give me and urself a break

I am off to shit in the woods,
do u feel it burning?

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