Where the Poem Comes From

Cracks, schisms, broken rocks that chafe your hands and make them bleed. The black crevice you keep falling into again and again not because you didn’t see it (as you once claimed) but because it’s there and smells of gutrot and earth shit and you know something alive is still inside, some lost spark from a falling star you must retrieve but more often than not you come back up with a fistful of dead bones.

Light under the door.

Rain against the cabin windows.

Elongated moments you wrap yourself in to deny the outstretched arms of night.

Autumn’s first leaves drenched in gold.

Unfinished conversations.

Arguments with yourself that you never win.

Pain so unbearable you forget to breathe.

Love so unbearable you forget to breathe.

New snow.

Engorged lips grasping the nipple.

Cat’s coughed up furball.

The cow’s eyes on the way to the slaughterhouse.

Groceries left in the rain.

Phone calls from the debt collector you don’t return.

Moonrise after summer thunder dancing on the bedroom floor.

Early morning when you first wake up and don’t know what day it is there’s only light and anything is possible until you spill coffee on your white shirt as you jump back into the fray.

Poets are Odd

A psychiatrist divines that Poets are odd.

All writers, he says, are odd have more emotional and mental problems than other people.

But poets aren’t as bad as some of the others: fewer depressions less unstable

Can it be the healing of metaphor the vistas opened by simile the depths plumbed by the sound of rhythm, or dare I say it, rhyme?

Perhaps poetry puts truth in blinding light allowing no denial but offering solace of comparison.