

I can't write poetry right now
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The silence of my mind is infuriating
With so many words in my language
I can't even come up with a simple supple fragment;
words I could carry bareback onto paper
Pour out onto a canvas like oils and color.
Right now they're only coming through like
An ungodly display of dissonant thrashing;
writhing like wrathful resentful animals
willful and sentient, fighting and barking,
scratching at my fingers.
It would really just seem that,
I can't write poetry right now.

It's not that I'm lacking for any particular thing
I'm full on expressions, gorged on prose
Stuck listening to the latest news, and radio...
The hateful stories of today.
So much subject material--
Ideas that the poets of the past
would fall over themselves for like fools!
Things to romanticize, to realize, things to criticize
and compromise with. And yet.
I can't write poetry right now.

There's a sour pit in my stomach and I'm
As angry as those words that tear up my insides
Whether to keep themselves down or force themselves out
I wish I knew, but I don't.
I can't control the overflow;
they're just words and they're there,
like wisps of smoke in the air.
Not affecting me enough to be meaningful,
just enough to be spiteful.
Just enough to keep me from writing. A poem.

Maybe I'm tired about writing big "important" things
issues that sink into the flesh of the mind like
Barbed wire and don't rest until they're heard.
Poems that deal with serious subjects and are found to be
"Innovative" and "world-altering" and
"Cool."
And I wish I could write one
right here in this moment, I really do! But I, really,

just cannot write poetry right now.

This mess right here;
this jumble, this metaphorical wordy stumble
of letters into words
Would be seen in a classroom as more of a
ramble than a poem.
It has no structure, no meter, no verse;
it's not dressed up to converse with the
Queen or the pope or even the man on the
sidewalk lifting his sign up pleading for money
or work. I wonder if he could write poetry right now?

Perhaps,
I'm done with being artful.
The very thought just seems so pretentious and
Frankly laughable. The idea of writing just to seem intellectual and
with it.
Why does one have to be deep to sew words together;
Even the clumsiest string of phrases can evoke something,
Why not write until you get it. Right?
That's what I'm doing.
But then again, like I said,
I can't write poetry right now.

At the very least,
I've tried.