

Wrong - Jan. 2, 2017

I don't want to write this stupid poem.

So much easier to
watch television or
check Facebook or
fold laundry or
stare off into space
indulging my despair
about my failures as a writer.

Right now, I have no good ideas.
Nothing comes to mind.
Not rhymes
or lyrics
or poetry.

A sneeze is a welcome distraction.

There's no poetry here
in my cluttered apartment
in the constant rain
and dark, wet branches.
In the cat asleep on my lap,
my legs quietly growing numb
from her weight.

There's no poetry in my hungry tummy
or runny nose
(the sneeze caused it, you see)
or the cold tea forgotten
in the chipped mug.

I don't want to write this stupid poem
because it feels like work,
and if I were any good at it
wouldn't it be easy?

I don't want to write this stupid poem
because it might prove me a failure
a talentless hack who should quit
these delusions
and get a normal job
in an office
in a cube
and just be an adult, already.

I don't want to write this stupid poem
because of what it might teach me

about all the ways
I've been wrong.

- Cyndi Briggs