

wRitIngPoetry

one sad poem stands alone
as a lonely, mad poet stumbles,
in a daze, through a maze
of jumbled verses,
fumbles and curses
the lone pen at hand,
then tumbles in a blind rage
over the jagged lines that cover a ragged page,
hurdled by words into an absurd
waste(paper)land . . .

*“down
again
as I
begin to
rise
again

high
again
as I
begin to
fall
again

why
again ?
as I
begin to
try
again

and
again
as I
begin to
end
again”*

. . . and then, when
bound beyond bounds
beforeverafterwords,
very suddenly, he
utters a sigh, stutters,
and mutters a last cry,

“alas, once past . . .”

utterly lost as he
mumbles and grumbles,
still lying still
across the floor.

“. . . forever never ever more”