

Why You Stopped Writing Poems

Casey Fuller

Casey Fuller is an English PhD student in his first year at UND. He grew up in the cloudiest city in the United States: Olympia, Washington.

They got in the way. They felt like little speed bumps in the life you were leading. You got tired of conjuring a whole world in the few words you were overhearing. Your neighbors with their high fence seemed less fearful than you first believed. The gravel crack of car tires seemed less like being crushed and more like pulling into the driveway at home. Natural things occurred. Your parents became flesh and blood people who needed help reaching dishes off the top shelf and less like metaphors in a darkly plotted drama trying to sleep with you. Jung seemed wrong. Marx became foolish. Whitman seemed sad and full of what you now see as terrible longing. You lost sense of the line. You gave up referring to ideas and movements and began to forage in the forest all alone. Big screen crystalline TVs were there for you, of course. And all the internet forever. And at night the bright blue light from your iPhone washed over you like you were first being born. Quiet things happened. In ways you could no longer explain. So you stopped trying. Then one day you were just typing instead of writing.

