

Carrots

Charles Henry

Can you just write a poem
about random things,
like a car, or socks, or a vegetable?
Could I write about a carrot?

I mean I guess I could...just try to rhyme it
with carrot
like, parrot or ferret,
but that doesn't seem to have any merit,
at least not inherently.

Perhaps I could be more sentimental and talk about
how a carrot:
with friends,
you can always share it;
but then again,
not unless you're willing to pare it
with a knife.

But who could be so torrid
to murder the hero of the plot
by cutting them in half on a board
or a block.

Not me, I fear. Oh dear, I wouldn't know where at to start.

I guess, then, there's no other way to prepare it;
There's simply no poetry that can be had with a carrot!

Charles Henry is a second semester English MA student at UND, with interests in composition theory, sociolinguistics, and British literature. He received his undergraduate in English and Education at West Liberty University, where he also began his creative writing journey. His writings often deal with exploring the underside of the expected experience of language and examining the shifting forms and conventions of writing. Charles has lived all over the eastern US, originally growing up on a farm in the Ohio valley.