

Poetry Is

Sarah Golden

Poetry is peeling back
Each layer of my wretched soul
And hoping to unearth some wriggling wyrm
Or glitt'ring light
Or nascent spark
Or
Something

(Please, just anything?)

With a single mote of substance
That someone else before has felt
And hasn't dared to say

*(Must it be for someone else?
Can't it be just mine alone?)*

Poetry is scraping at my skin and bones and teeth and eyes
Shunting them
All aside
Looking up into the sockets,
Shining up a little penlight
Excavating soft gray matter
With naught but a smeary nib

Pleading with each meager scoop-full
In-cess-ant-ly

*(Please,
let-there-be?)*

Poetry is something I can't
Grasp no matter what I try
Eating a-way, all-consuming
E-mo-tion reduced to word

*(Wait, this is something!
I have something here!
That's it, keep going!)*

Poetry is crying late at night and finding inspiration
E-lu-sive, ever escaping
Can't-quite-put-your-finger-on-it
Exhausting vocabulary
Using up a well of passion
Second-guessing, more defeated
What else can I say about it?
. . . what else *can* I say about it?

*(Is that all I've got?
Surely I've more to say?
No, maybe it was nothing
After all
. . .)*

Poetry is finding my own way
When I don't see a way through
Poetry is asking questions
Many more have asked before
Poetry is turning over corners of my heart yet unseen
Poetry is staring at a page with hopeful optimism
Poetry is doing my best to express what I am feeling
Poetry is standing up and brushing off
And now I'm thinking

What *else* can I say about it?

Sarah Golden is a senior majoring in accounting as well as working towards a creative writing certificate, with plans to pursue her master's of accountancy and CPA after graduation. When she isn't putting yet another hobby or scheduled event onto her metaphorical plate, she is finding inspiration for poetry in everything, rediscovering her love of reading, and desperately wishing there were more hours in the day to get things done.