

*Why do I write poetry?*

What is the link that propels me back into the poetry like stuff?

I think about the waves of heavy clouds borne aloft on an ocean of darkness and,

at the same time, about

a woman's body in situations that tend to look as prose as they really are.

I think about the train of words that imagine & then play about with a poem and,

at the same time, about

a charcoal flower without any fire buried deep inside.

I think about the parameters of listlessness and,

at the same time, about

the silver river called "perhaps it ends always like this".

What is it that makes me think about a rapt closing note and, at the same time,

about Tamir Rice-trompe l'oeil?