

## Legion

by rayn *Tuesday, Sep 18 2012, 2:24pm*

international / poetry / post

crowded out  
of my own keyboard  
stolen themes  
meandering plots,  
what manner of displacement  
is this?

i begin to write this  
and end with that,  
no semblance to my  
original idea

a price i must pay  
it seems,  
automatic writing  
is easily hijacked  
by forces whose desire  
to communicate  
are greater than my desire  
to express in verse

i only add  
rhythm and form,  
a medium possessed  
of unquiet spirits  
jostling to steal my  
keys and make manifest  
a heart's desperation  
and unrequited desire

i only ask  
that you wait patiently,  
allow me to complete my draft  
before you intervene

i withdrew in solitude  
to the attic  
away from external distractions  
to find peace,  
to facilitate my art  
and increase production --  
yet at times

my attic is more crowded  
than Main Street

it is disconcerting  
to read a poem i wrote  
that bears no relation  
to my experience,  
who is it that makes use  
of my corporeality?

legion

my 'solitary' attic  
bursts with chatter --  
at times the clamour  
and din is louder than  
grand central  
yet corporeal ears only hear  
the tapping of my keys

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-124.html>

---

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-263.html>