

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>