

Miscarriage

by skip *Monday, Feb 24 2014, 12:27pm*

international / poetry / post

i was ready
to induce another
poem onto the page
(i haven't written on paper for decades)

i watched as all the component parts
of a poem began their dance --
heart, mind, spine
and cock were also involved.

syntax,
clever word games
and hefty philosophical
thrusts all spun in my being
arranging themselves into
a familiar form and genre
but the poem failed to materialise

it wasn't for the lack of
inspiration -- something happened
to me a decade past
similar to the people
that suffer a blow to the head
and emerge from their coma
clairvoyant --
i emerged from my coma
a poet, a syntax weaving fool
though i'm not really sure
i have fully emerged as
dreams are corporeal in a dreamworld

my pregnant muse (tragically)
aborted
the entire piece fell apart
dis-integrated
before i could glue it all together
-- it seemed to take a wrong turn
somewhere.

robbed of another
production,
possibly a prize winner -- though

i never enter competitions,
i can't think of anything more antipathetic
to poetry than a poetry competition --
soon they will invent a new genre,
capitalist poetry

poems do not compete
as each is unique with its own specific
character and direction
so i was happy to let this one go,
i'm a sporting poet --
but the truth is i had no choice,
i suspect the poem was female
and recognised me as a bad
prospect

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-479.html>