

Ars Poetica

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Crinkled and knotted,
Your mind pushes far beyond the last
Fluid dimension of thought.
Words and images
Sucked out, crossed out, and beaten.
Their meaning disentangled
From the syllables they're bound to.
Stretched,
Pulled,
Prodded,
Poked,
Rolled,
And Torn open.
Mile by mile, down a endless road,
Making no explicable progress.
Broken and battered,
Words, attempting equilibrium,
Burn off energy enough to care.
The unthinkable dread of empty canvas
Impedes on the black and white tile
That clangs too loudly
For reason to be heard.
Inspiration becomes an
Agonizing, ever-twisting labyrinth.
The climactic moment drawn out too far,
Centuries too far,
Tortures and torments you,
Tears you to pieces
Until, at last, you
Are undistinguishable from
The pain you've offered,
The discomfort you've endured,
The itch you've tolerated.
And the balance finally restores itself.
Rights you just at the point of ultimate collision,
Lets you steal a breath,
Before the next thought starts to pull.