

I HATE WRITING POETRY...

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I hate writing poetry because when I write I'm forced to make love to the page

and I tend to reveal too much of me.

When pen embraces paper

and emotions are seduced by verbs

and inner thoughts are thrust upon the innocence of quick strokes

and dreams climax with that very last dot. .

somewhere in there is where all of my insecurities lay;

somewhere between those innocent looking subjects and predicates are the things that I rather stay locked away.

I hate writing poetry because in those moments me is forced to deal with I,

myself is forced to get along with me

and in all of that I'm still unsure if I can be all the me that I want to be.

It just takes one stroke of the pen before my cup runneth over...

all those things that I wanted to forget

all the things that I don't want to remember come spilling onto the page.

Every hurt is described as a moment when the curtain is opened and clarity is shown.

Hope is shown as a sunlight path to serendipity.

Love is written as a field of endless possibilities,
with a small hole of insecurities,
filled with the tears of God,
and the walls of fear that surround this has a backdoor that is wide open.

Every love lost is eulogized as a moment when that backdoor is closed and become a little harder to open.

You see I hate writing poetry because the mask I wear is removed and the me that I don't want you to see is left unguarded... ..

the me that can be hurt

the me that feels pain

the me that wants to love

the me that wants to be loved

the me that is not always happy

the me that gets lonely

the me that gets scared

the me that is vulnerable to your criticisms and snide remarks,

and fake friendships,
and bullying,
and your standoffish behavior,
and your inability to commit,
and your lying,
and your cheating,
and your unintentional moments of stupidity.

You see, when I write all of me is put onto that page and I lose all ability to protect me from you.

Some of the most important actions in my life have happened between “In the beginning” and “the end,”

and in those moments of prose is where I can be hurt,
and in those valleys and crescendo,

in those adverbs, Shakespearian dialogues, and dramatic pauses... ..

is where the thick of me lay untouched by foreign hands, unjudged, and comfortable.

So I guess the real reason I hate writing poetry is not what I will think of me...

but what you will think of me.

I hate writing poetry.