

This is Poetry

I'm writing at night with a pen that doesn't work, but it does work because you can see the words and there's a person who say poetry has to rhyme but it doesn't because this is a poem and it doesn't rhyme.

This might seem like a bundle of words just like my nerves they're jumbled together and make no sense.

Sad, angry, rainbows, blindness, happy, joy, darkness, sight.

They're the thoughts inside my mind and to the man from the Johnny Cash song that told me to come and see – and he is God or so I am lead to believe.

But this is poetry; it is what is in my mind. It is the scars on a boy's skin that scream in agony, but I never understood how wounds scream because they are so rarely given voices like the men who are hurting and invisible.

But if I write down enough words that mean something to someone somewhere, then it might mean something to you or me.

But you can't come and see like God said because there's really nothing to see, just like my scars and my tears you could see when the stitches that hold me together break so if I say it enough times and start spelling poetry right, you'll believe these jumbled up words and this broken pen made poetry, and that will be that.

By L.O.