2001

Untitled

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2001/iss3/9
You never understood
Why I retreat into words
Or how poetry can tell a story—
My story of my life in my writing in my books
But you see...
Behind diction lurks feeling
Beneath letters cowards love
Punctuation ciphers tears
Covets nerves
Conceals fears
All you view is paper with graphite smudges
Secret codes that you don’t want to solve
But if you felt each pulp fiber you’d find...
Ink stain bruises
Perforated smiles
Alphabet thoughts hard to sing
Permanence through the art of print
Is threatening, alarming, desired
You’re afraid of what you will discover
Buried underneath the alliteration, analogies
And those damn metaphors
‘Cause you know that
My hand doesn’t lie