

Trying to write a poem for poetry Herself

my thoughts work in snapshots  
black and white newscasts of events  
she touches them in technicolor reminders  
to feel while i think

i'm writing only nonfiction  
while they breathe poetry,  
twist it around themselves in a makeshift  
dress of beauty and emotion  
swirling ideals i can feel but i can't have.

when she speaks it's pretty enough  
that i believe her.

i'm lost in words i don't understand  
grasping at literary allusions  
to pretend anything i write is worthwhile,  
hiding behind authors i trust  
more than myself.

A native and indued ophelia,  
drowning in my love for them,  
incapable of my own emotions.

two girls together,  
i discover the secret of life  
in a sudden line of a poem  
she didn't mean to write

How do I love them?  
i would count the ways  
but i lose my place  
when i try to focus

i, too, would die for beauty.  
like Dickinson we talk between the rooms  
but our names remain uncovered,  
a reminder of ourselves.

a handwritten letter home  
"dear mom and dad,  
i met poetry today,  
Can you believe it?"

they're large  
they contain multitudes  
of concepts i can't even consider  
the tide of her breathing rises,  
the tide falls in an exhale of unwritten poetry

so long lives her and she gives life to me

we're as unlike as Frost's two roads,  
all the difference not yet made,  
together by some miracle  
as to myself i know of nothing else but  
miracles

she's a miracle herself,  
personified poetry in the shape of a girl  
who smiles at me  
when i tell her stories

i'm glad to be her sort of person  
returning from Plath's 9-time dead dears  
to this place and her same face.  
she has done it again  
she hears my heart, free of charge

she goes with me  
her and i  
and i know there will be time  
to read her what little i managed to write  
using poems i have known already  
(known them all)

no, i am not a poet, nor was meant to be  
I wouldn't pass a plagiarism test.  
my ideas are original,  
but without others words  
i think my voice would drown  
what i'm trying to say

Is any of this worth it, after all?  
Is this what I meant, at all?