

If You Can Get This Down

Melanie Herring

I'm sitting here to write.
To give the world something to chew on,
Like wartime rice and bread rations.

But this pen is not flowing
The way I had imagined.

These words are not growing;
They're slowing
And showing
That I really have nothing to say.

I fear you'll never hear my words
Or even care to see my face.

Confused and stumbling for purpose,
This ink is slapped on a piece of paper.
In the end, that's all it is.

You're now searching for the reason,
The feeling
And I'm still scraping for a topic.
We're wasting all our time
On lost causes
Sans logic.

These words yearn to send a message
About life
And mankind.

They could sauté gourmet dishes
From earth's golden sand.

But the world will finish its gnawing
Of starchy words feigning thick,
Not realizing that its mind
Just needed a quick fix.

And that the conclusion is blunt,
Sending sharp pains to its sides.

If only the world hadn't tried
To eat all these empty words alive.