

Meditations of an Amateur

by Marissa Thornberry

Raw lines
have far to find.
They scatter from the light.
Write a pretty poem
in between white lines,
my sad white lines.
“Write until you die,” they said.
But the older I get,
the more I realize
I’m way too young.

These buildings form a fence around me,
guarding from what?
I haven’t ever seen.
All I know is a clean, fresh fountain,
reaching roses, echo of a breeze.
All I know is solitude, one-ness with this world.
All I am is a helicopter in the still, blue sky.
All I am is noise in the silence of color-music.
All I am is paranoid.
All I am is undeserving.
All I am is Yours.

You give me words
that wake up with paper cuts
on every rainbow inch:
a different kind of eccentric.

