

## *Why I Write*

Sometimes poems are weapons that awaken.  
Armaments to lift my fraudulent thoughts,  
and sink them. Spears, poisoned with beauty  
and sorrow, plunging deep into tough currents  
to break new ground beneath the encrusted floor.  
Special forces, more minuscule than sound,  
packed for action inside these syllables,  
burn through the body to cleanse the senses,  
tuning and lightening their intensities  
until the baroque fortress of memory gives up  
its deeper contents, and my colorful history  
desaturates, and the firings of remorse,  
engagements inescapable, are surrounded  
by the unconquerable, sobering ecstasies of truth.