

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.