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Untitled

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WRITER'S BLOCK

Abigail Hitt

I never understood the appeal of poetry
Until I watched you dance around that dimly lit cave
A bottle of cheap wine between your fingertips
And strawberry dripping from your lips
Like a promise.

When you shouted at the dirt staining the walls
Words of those past,
Reciting Whitman and Ginsberg,
I had never seen anything more beautiful.
It felt like awakening from a lifetime of slumber
When you wrote haikus across my spine

In gentle cursive
Script, which flows through your whispers
And falls into place

Now when I look at my notes
I see a dozen lines of meter
Scratched out, replaced with nothingness
Because that's all you left,
Darkness and broken scribbled prose in a margin.

Never was I a better writer than with you
Or a better version of myself, fearless.
And I never cared much about the voices of the dead
Until yours became one of them.



UNTITLED Alfred Long