


5-1-2017

## Untitled

Alfred Long  
*Collin College*

Follow this and additional works at: <http://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces>

 Part of the [Ceramic Arts Commons](#), [English Language and Literature Commons](#), [Painting Commons](#), [Photography Commons](#), and the [Sculpture Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Long, Alfred (2017) "Untitled," *Forces*: Vol. 2017 , Article 5.  
Available at: <http://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2017/iss1/5>

This Photograph is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@Collin. It has been accepted for inclusion in Forces by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@Collin. For more information, please contact [mtomlin@collin.edu](mailto:mtomlin@collin.edu).

**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  
Scatched 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