

A New Thing

by Emily Sparkles

I have decided to try writing poetry.
I am consumed with consuming it.

I am reading more poems now than I ever did in college,
maybe finally making those lit professors proud.

(I sold out for so long, you see.
Working in TV and then radio.

Working for the endless stream
of the John of the writer: Web Content!)

I am playing with stanzas,
but still ignoring forms and meter.

I am trying very hard to rhyme,
and trying very hard not to.

I am recklessly publishing in a public forum,
crazed for feedback on this fresh, new endeavor.

I am plunging into the depths of emotion,
and purging the results for all to see.

