Daisies, Around 10/2/23

Ryn Acker

How do I write a poem about something that is already poetry?
When the inadequacy knots up my thoughts:
You speak in colors
I speak in black, accented only to write “omit”
In a red
Duller than the darkest part of you
Who are opening
While I close my book whenever someone walks by,
And I feel my stomach twisting
From bitterness, crumpling like paper, folding in
As you stand taller
Weathering the breeze that makes me shiver
And run inside.

How do I write a poem about something that is already poetry?
When the word itself is enough to send shudders:
The flower, the song,
And why do I write when I feel the world beats me
At every turn
Reminding me soft and sweet, with the taste of a peach:
You Could Never
Make Anything Better Than The Wind Which Draws Smoke Through The Daisies
Singing All Along
~you’ve got to walk, you’ve got to walk, you’ve got to walk there by yourself~
With the sublime whisper
Of spirits calling.

How do I write a poem about something that is already poetry?
When I can’t even see the fire that gets the smoke in my eyes,
I just feel the tears welling up,
See the hazy flowers distorted in water, unrelenting,
If bothered at all,
In their blooming.