

Weeping Over Words | India Thompson

Poetry is a dying.

The poor guy is mangled,
beaten, and abused.
Words twisted, bleeding
black ink in a cold, dark place.

He is screaming for someone
and although several hear it,
that's not what Poetry wants.

Poetry doesn't just want people to
hear him scream.
He wants to reach those
who will bother to listen
and sympathize with his agony
even if it's too late
to save him.

Too bad those few
are all but gone.

Poetry wants a revolution.
Poetry wants to be born again.
Poetry wants a voice.
Poetry screams for the fallen.
Poetry begs for the broken hearted.
Poetry longs for those pained beyond
belief.

How curious it is,
that writers still exist
in a world where
no one reads.

Why would anyone bother
to be great at something
that no one
cares about?

Why would they pour their hearts out,
 weeping over words they themselves
 scribbled over paper,
 typed into documents,
 painted onto walls,
 only
 for them to be glanced at
 by others and
 dismissed;
 disregarded as some
 unimportant detail?

A writer is like a pianist,
 practicing and practicing,
 fingers dancing over black and white.

This pianist produces
 brilliant scales
 and cadences
 and arpeggios.

He works to be faster and faster,
 studying piece after piece,
 only
 to convey all of his hard work
 to an empty concert hall.

Why does the pianist still practice?
 Why does the writer still write?
 And why does Poetry keep screaming?

Poetry died screaming
 in the alley:
 bloodied,
 tired,
 ragged,
 suffering,
 but thankful for the few
 who bothered
 to listen.

The writers
read
and reread
their work:
erase,
revise,
re-word,
repeat.
Then they write
themselves
to tears again.

The pianist
plays
to the empty
hall
only
to retire
and sit
at his own
piano
and practice
some more
until his fingers
cramp
and ache,
and he knows
every note
by heart.

Poetry's scream still echoes
in the ally
to the poets,
to the musicians,
to the artists,
to the fallen,
to the broken hearted,
to those pained beyond
belief;
to the dreamers
who won't stop dreaming.

I hope they all listen.
I hope they all mourn.

I hope they all see
this new world
without Poetry,

and I hope they scream too.

