

Kate Houston

Writing to explore

When I write a line I wonder
Just exactly where it came from
And if it'll happen again.
If half-formed thoughts will drip
From the lips of this voice
Like saliva onto the paper.

The words and ink slowly
Seep deeper into the page, my skin,
Until they settle together
Nestled in a form I had not meant
Bringing a message I had not planned
Screaming in my mind for release.

Until I cry for things I never had
And laugh at memories I never made.
I can be a leader, a fighter,
A voice of reason, an echo
Of some thought you once had,
But couldn't hold.

Yet, when I stare into reality
I see a blank white sheet, and withdraw,
Back to my drooling muse, because
When I write a poem, I can be
Just exactly who I mean to be
And then some.