I want to be a poet.

More than someone who

Writes arbitrary thoughts

They nickname poetry

In a dark room on the cusp of

Insomnia

While the world is asleep

And they find the thought tender

And bittersweet

I want to be a poet.

A poet who knows how to play

Their own game, not the games of

English teachers and old dead

White men who apparently

Wrote the rules of a medium

And won't let the young dreamers in

I want to be a poet

Who touches hearts as much as

They tarnish them, who believes in

Beauty as much as in horror,

Who dreams in chaos and wreckage

And wants to write sonnets about it,

I want to be a poet

Who makes a stand,

Who says what they mean,

Who loves wholly,

And who shows it.

I want to be a poet

Who takes the language they're given and

Frees it from claustrophobia

And all expectations resting upon it

I want to be a poet

Who explores the world in tongues

And who teaches the world emotion

And makes an impact upon hearts and minds

And who stands the test of time

I want to be a poet

And not just one who makes rhymes

I want to be a poet

Who creates emotion through abstraction

And paints portraits of pain

But also love

And hope and joy

And everything

I want to be a poet

Who demonstrates the complexity

Of what it's like to be alive

And I want to be a poet

Who teaches the often trodden upon

That it's okay to thrive

And I want to be a poet

Who exemplifies the art

Of making art with words.

I want to be a poet.