A Hundred Mondays

This is to say, boredom is a fuel for the connoisseur of anything. (Time is a currency for everything, and though my time is more valuable than any individual paycheck I’ve been handed, here I am still on the take.)

Is poetry just the verbalized banal? Expressions of privilege caught outside the static of endless errands? After all what use is wonder, imagery, prosody, to the most important things you ever write? They are mortgage applications, cover letters, hell, your signature.

But poetry can find its way into a eulogy, a vow, a desperate text or a drunken toast.

So maybe poetry isn’t what you write, but how you write it. And so poetry isn’t so hard to define. A poem, on the other hand, is another animal. Though I know this much: the combination of every poem I’ve ever written is less important than my last rent check or my eventual letter of resignation.

The thing I’ve really been waiting to realize is that no one around me is truly incapable of escaping banality. The second thing is what can happen when banality is on the table. But for now, it feels as though banality is unique to the privileged majority.

We move toward a nation of sleepy readers.