

Reflecting

One of my biggest creative struggles is writing poems.
Why can I only write poems when I'm sad?
Why can I put pain, not happiness, into words?

It's as if all words start to evaporate when I'm happy
but they all come rushing back as soon as I feel that
strange knot in my throat,
those tears pooling in my eyes and
my heart tightening.

I can describe pain, physical or emotional,
with a thousand words and
hundreds of analogies but
happy is always happy or content or okay.

Have I taught myself to only speak up when something's wrong?
Do we only talk about emotions when everything's not okay and
we feel like we're sinking?

Is that the only time that it all matters?