

# When I Write Poetry

By Nolan Manteufel | 30JUL2023 | 06AUG2023 | 07AUG2023 | 09AUG2023 | 10AUG2023

When I write poetry,  
I reach inside myself,  
And I feel what can be felt.

If only for a moment ignoring,  
That my experience is generated by me.

Trusting as if future moments,  
Where the pen will fail to have ink,  
Will always be within arm's reach of another pen,  
I just feel.

But I begin to remember how I felt,  
The moment ago when I began writing.

And really the poem becomes a place to me.  
Where I find a version of myself,  
That I was pleased to share.

As I go on,  
To learn and describe my learning,  
The story grows,  
And the telling becomes less complete.

It may be cliché,

But the poem, again  
Changes.  
To a path,  
Through a space,  
Containing perspective frames,  
Like you and me.

And the poem grows with emotion,  
Becoming a tree of knowledge.  
Perhaps capable of bearing fruit,  
Wherever processors compute.

With artistic inspiration,  
I ask my friends to share,  
What do you experience when you write poetry?  
It may only be me, but I care.

But not me the artist I.  
The other me.  
The one that's still growing.  
Through a linear experience of life, and death,  
And poetic collections of words.

Please forgive me, my friends,  
After I read your words,  
I may not know how to react to the things said.  
But I will hold my memories dear.  
And I will trace how my emotions flow.

Where you came from.

Where you go.

So then, what again exists, or not?

And when is it time for recess?

Almost, not quite.

As I sow, so shall I reap.

But who controls memory?

Who controls the definition of a seed?

Where does responsibility begin?

Knowledge space rests on the idea that things can be learned, described, and taught.

Cults are groups where the culture is controlled by a head.

Control can sometimes only be detected by going silent and listening, but sometimes not.

What then, right?

Is there such a thing as justice for the largest registers?

Where is the jury of peers?

And if, as I hope luck would have it,

We have time left to share a beer, and enjoy a story.

I would love to compare poems.

To know your deepest hopes and fears.

To feel your farthest transit.

To observe your most distant memory

To follow your longest transient.

To reach your last tangent.

Register your most powerful thought.

And find a new moment.

On a new line.

In a new poem.

Together.

Because why not.