

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 react to the things said.
But I hold my memories dear.
And I trace how my emotions flow.
I will try to remember you.

Where you came from.

Where you go.

Thank you for sharing with me.

Because in this poem,

You already are.

So then, what again exists, or not?

And when is it time for recess?

Almost, not quite.

As you sow, so shall you reap.

And I do not expect you to believe me.

I expect you to be a scientist and discover this for yourself.