

Writing Poems

by Mark Waldrop

We bring words together and set them up on blind
dates. Watch them build a history together, get married
and fight together. Make offspring syllables cradled
warm in cribs of punctuation.
Phonemes squeezed into existence by two parenthesis.
Words that steal a car
(for a good time) but later put it all in the past and
teach paragraphs the truth about lies.

Words that know secrets about each other and
can't afford to get too mad at one another;
and sometimes they whisper lies in metaphors to whole stanzas
that listen and drink symbolism like chocolate milk.

Then at the end we tie it all together contained
within itself with nothing left to say and no way
to say it because all the words are overworked,
salty and tired, each one pulling rope to hold
the net together, with trapped visions
struggling to escape.

