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.