

THE POET WRITES NO MATTER WHAT

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A poet in the eye of a super-storm
In total darkness, reading by candle light
Writing near the edge of the roof
With a miners head-light on his forehead
On the side of a boat, with a gas-lamp
Beneath a bridge, next to a bonfire
He makes peace with the hurricanes
He calms the storms in the sea
Seeking the transporence of tigers at midnight
Making mushrooms grow under his pillow
While fungus creeps up and around the wall
A tsunami of meteorite showers in his heart
Clearly confused, with poems in his soul
Even when the sun bites and the cold hurts
When petrified clouds bend the light
Free of words, but a slave to feelings
Setting night birds and lovers on fire
Self-punishment, self-deprecation
The poetry's brew is poisonous at times
Sleep-deprivation, speech-depravation
Can kill with irrational melancholia
Erecting temples of repressed memory
In the solitude, alone in front of death
Torn inside, scribbling imaginary sex
Stenciling slogans on a protester's tent
He remembers verses in the back of an ambulance car
Recording it as if in solitary confinement
Suicide's final draft, in total silence
To die alone and stay immortal
The poet must write no matter what,
Even in death....