

**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 transperence 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....