

After everything I've written
You'd think I'd be okay
Calling myself a poet
But the word still stumbles
janky out of my mouth
I think it has to do with the fact that
I don't write poems like the great poets do
I just spill words out onto the table like
a gash in my stomach and they are
my organs
my blood
my breath
they are my everything
I'm a writer, but never a poet
My hobby is anything but poetry
it's 'writing'
I struggle to share my poems with strangers
My poetry is somehow both catalyst and inhibitor
i believe this fact is slowly killing me
i assume one day
after hiding all my poems forever
i will start choking on them
words will flood my throat and i will
drown
in poetry
but still
i don't think you will write
'poet'
on my gravestone
i don't think i deserve that much
instead i'll be buried
will all these voltas
i was too disgusted with
to share in the first place
and we will rot
together

poetry & poet