

This is Not a Poem

The truth is that the truth is an easier pill to swallow when one can embellish it with such a thing as lyricism. It is perhaps a skill too fundamental for excess, and so the lucky few who possess it become poets and artists and singers and politicians – and me – well.

I've renounced it. I never saw the point in not getting to the point, and maybe the reason I'm doing this now is because I don't know how to arrange my words so that they might fit in a stanza, how to say all I have to say without really *saying* anything at all. I never learned how to convey emotion not through words, but through *feeling*, and though I've tried to suppress it, I find that lately my heart yearns for such an absurdity.

The truth – and the pill that's hard to swallow – is that sometimes I wish I could write you a poem. I want to wrap my words around your heart so that you might be inclined to hold them dear. I wish my turns of phrase provided me with the delicacy required to entrance you, and if my life were ever a sonnet, then I would spend my hours calling you the moon and the sun and the stars and a thousand pretty, well-articulated things that I can only think of in terms of the expression on your face.

But doing such a thing would feel almost fraudulent. Because the truth is that I don't care for the sun or the moon or a thousand roses by any other name. I never cared for Shakespeare, and if my life were ever a sonnet, then we would not have lived long enough to write it.

So, I will just say this instead:

Sometimes I wish that I could write you a poem. And with that wish comes the realization that I lack the lyricism to find the poetry in your smile, or to craft a landscape out of debate; to muster the courage or the imagery that illustrates the way you always look at me like what I'm saying is important. I don't know the *poetic* way to tell you that sometimes I question your sanity. And I will definitely never find a way to define how I feel about you, because to do so is like trying to define a poem. It's more connotation than the denotation I so often seek, and to do so is to lock you in a box and to take away your voice.

As we both know, the one thing you hate more than authority is censorship.

I guess that, in some ways, you are a bit like a poem. I can never truly grasp why you are the way you are, but there is a certain delight in uncertainty, and the feeling that I get when I read a poem that I don't really understand but I somehow understand - subconsciously making its message known in terms that I can only describe as the expressions on my face. So I have come to the conclusion that I will leave the poetry and the rhetoric and the lyricism to you – because that's *your* thing – and I will just sit here attempting to write paragraphs and circles around the fact that sometimes I just get the very prosaic urge to say I love you.