

I Will Write My Poem

I am sick
And though I am sick I will write my poem
I have fallen ill,
Taken a chill
And still I will
Write my poem

"You'll catch your death,"
I thought

In factuality,
I am taking entirely too much poetic license here
In this very moment
At this very moment
I do have a slight headache
I do have a slight sore throat
I do need rest,

However,
Rest assured,

I will write my poem
And it will be on the brink of death!

Though
I need no more than Alka-Seltzer and
Eight hours sleep
So that I may return to my dayjob in the morning -
I will drive the speed limit through fog most of the way
There -

But
I will write my poem,
I will write it now
And it will dance on my fingers
As if it were a twirling whore in Babylon,
Or the Holy breathing
Inside the Holy swollen cabin of the Madonna

Because tonight
My hands are my hands,
My hands are my own

And they will find there way
Because tonight,
I will not sleep until
My poem is written
Because tonight,

I am sick

Yet, there is no fog
No sentry keeping the road safe
Nor manager to collect my hours