

Melt Down

From deep in her soul,
A feeling- purely inspired- ascends
That promises magic and purpose.
This girl unfurls her mind
To chronicle rhythms and signs
That quickens her poem's foundation.
But slowly her vision
Grinds down into pieces of memory,
And soon her ideas become fragments.
As deflated thinking
And dehydrated words lose their power,
The left-over verse bubbles over.
This insecure poem
That breeds self-conscious musings
Finally collapses in on itself.
The "wanna be" artist
And make believe mystical prophet
Then sadly returns to her anguish.

By John Frederick Zurn ©April 2020

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