

Ink

Celebrating Literacy Connection's Poetry and Literacy Festival

by Aron Ryan, Elgin Poet Laureate

Poetry

defies modernity,
rerouting
our civilized lies to our wild sides,
words sprouting
through cracks in concrete,
verses like universes,
all those stars smoldering
through putrid smog,
through cities burning so bright
they pollute our skies;
we reignite lost light with the dark spark
of pen on paper.

Poets

are a critically endangered species,
losing our natural habitat
to unnatural predators - profit, progress, productivity,
commodifying our creativity
to survive. We are so adept at camouflaging,
we doubt we are real
writers.

Our words

sometimes get stuck
in the infamous
writer's block, like birds locked
in cages. Us poets
write extensively on ornithology,
yet sometimes forget
how to fly.

Despite our reputation

as solitary creatures, poets appear
less depressed when nesting
with other wordsmiths. Our craft isn't dead.
Our profession isn't pretension.

Imagine ink lifting from the pages
of all the poems ever written,
forming an ocean so infinite, it leaves us
at a loss for words.