

COVID 19 CHRONICLES: THE WORK (SO THERE PLATO)

1.

Floods of glorious inspiration
wash over you she says it ain't
always it's mostly hard work
she says & I get the runs
when I'm working on a good piece
she says it's worth it the struggle
to get to the word because the Word
started the world & never
forget that when you're looking
to make words she says & always
never forget to say remember
you will find every thing that's lost
including words to tell stories
*what's a poet some thing that can't
go to bed without making a song*
lots of songs lots of beds
lonely & unforgiving with clean sheets
covering a secret mattress that holds
histories unworDED maybe forever

2.

Poets spend endless days & nights
chasing down the word some stash
their work Emily Dickenson-style & let
it out secretly for the rest of us to
find later without her voice clearing
our heads some poets can't wait
to tell at 2 a.m. a new poem

has just been made

look out world here it is through
mail through telephone through
internet (for those in the loop) in books
of startling glory new & in the hand
bearing witness to the word bearing
witness to the Word bearing witness
to the world it made

3.

Book in week's mail is handed to her
along with piece of birthday cake
white with truffle quality frosting
she looks at book & cake
nibbles at poems & sweets
sweets & poems until her head aches
with rich sounds rich beyond jewels &
fur capes beyond brandy & 4-poster beds
richness that makes her own the word
& others' word as the magic it is
a magic that makes rabbits & hats
 worthy of applause

Spicer said poets were radio receivers
pulling in the word from afar
Dylan said he reached up with his
pencil & pulled the word down
 from above
each poet each direction always
from out there outside
the outer banks of reason
makes poets laugh & cry scream
& grunt & push breathe push
breathe another poem into being

15 July 21