

a poem by

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First published:
Bareknuckle Poet Anthology
ISSN: 2205-7218 Vol.2 2016
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An Anvil + Punch-Line

i. *Anvil*

How I should ever stop feeling regret for the great poem commenced + never finished. That's the price I pay for entering into an agreement with a page + not really committing to my end of the bargain. There doesn't necessarily need to be a happy ending for every composition, but an unfinished + abandoned page contains the saddest conclusion of them all...

I hammer, I hammer, I hammer myself raw...

ii. *Punch-line*

Sometimes it hurts more than having a broken heart by someone I truly love because an unfinished poem hasn't been mused over or appreciated by a raw audience, + knowing what I know: what we could have had, could have shared in creative affinity. There are life-long sentences that refuse to audibly speak back to me...but sometimes as I flick through a journal they tend to make idle threats...

If you don't finish me...I shall have to finish you!

...

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