The Poem, When You Think You Have Nothing to Say

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THE POEM, WHEN YOU THINK YOU HAVE NOTHING TO SAY

When it begins, the words rise up
like the notes of a piano
filling a quiet room to its dark corners. When it begins, you cannot stop it:
it’s like trying to stop the ocean tide from
massaging the sand, the red glow of sunrise
from igniting the eyelid of the morning.
When it begins, you’re not sure where
it’s taking you. You might as well be
driving through the desert during a dust storm.
It doesn’t matter if you close your eyes,
or let go the wheel.
You’ll still get to where you need to be—
That place where the sky brightens with blue music again,
where you finally slow down,
and, in the middle of the highway, you’ll see
that one wrinkled piece of paper,
that one poem you lost years ago, those
few words, still singing.

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