

# Studio One

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Volume 45

Article 5

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2021

## The Poem, When You Think You Have Nothing to Say

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### Recommended Citation

Meissner, Bill (2021) "The Poem, When You Think You Have Nothing to Say," *Studio One*: Vol. 45, 17.  
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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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