

NATURE OF WRITES

by Sean C. Bowen

in my notebook

i

never write on the pages in order
just flip open to any blank space at all
and allow the words to unfold freely

i

descend again into the lines on the page
giving my pen the run of the place
it's definitely the alpha here
might even write something obscene or vulgar
but wait
remember

even in nature - the wolf kills
and isn't that part of the beauty of it all?
so it's like this-

a troublesome pack of words might slowly and deliberately
stalk and attack like rituals for survival
hunting with precision because there are young ones to feed
ensuring indeed a strong new generation
while the weak slip away in silence
it IS nature i tell you.
-yesk

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sometimes it seems ..or at least at this second that -
words appear to me much like
a "strip-o-gram" knocking at my door
and i am left to stand there
awkward and with a faking smile
inside though, i am turned on
and so i write
write like i fuck
fuck words with my pen
it's so dirty my pleasure
it was such a secret
now yours to measure
and by the way...
i hate rhyming
-yesk