The reason I'm not writing

Dana Sweeney

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.georgiasouthern.edu/write-place
The Reason I’m Not Writing
By Dana Sweeney

Silver husks of cellophane skin stretched thin—
buried deep some kind of Styrofoam soul,
carried throughout whispers for blood,
prayers for cells,
one photograph heart to one photograph brain.
Always black and white.

Standing.
High or low up on spaghetti string scaffolding
dry and brittle, just add water,
And a sun turned to oceans churning at
the center of the sound.
8 minutes to downpour.

Voice like a leaky faucet,
always in need of fixing, never fixed,
drip, drip, drip
go words and worlds
spilling out one piece at a time.

Together, an avalanche.
To all strung up in time’s lace watching, snowflakes.
To all beyond the known universe within my bones,
drops and only drops.
So all.

The universe within my bones known,
but unexplored, uncharted, undiscovered.
My little boat sailing from hip to elbow
pushing against the current in the marrow
here, there, and everywhere.
Each joint a checkpoint
in discovery.

I’m sailing through my bones,
spitting up hurricanes,
falling in the rain,
and sifting through my skin.
This is who I am.

But I don’t feel that yet.