The Artist

The Art has always engulfed me without permission.
Attacked me.
It took my pain and warped me into this tortured soul
who had to write at its demand.
At the end of my work it manipulated me into feeling accomplished.
“Look what good work you’ve done.
Look how talented you are.”
Finally it became a part of me,
this artistic Beast.
It destroyed who I had been.
I learned to let the creativity flow through my finger tips
to a keyboard
onto a page.
I learned that my words were a force.
That my work was an armor.
My poems a breastplate
guarding my heart.
My stories my greave
guiding my steps.
I was impenetrable to anything but misery
allowed in only to produce words.

And then I met you.
You began to engulf me.
You began to destroy me.
You began to flow through me.
And with your every kiss I feel my creativity flee.
Your unconditional, heavy, monstrous love
Making me happier
And stealing my craft.

I distanced myself from you
Until I could fall safely back into the painful arms of art.
But your memory kept calling me back.

I could not write.

I don’t know where this idea came from.
The notion that you must be miserable to make poetry.
You must be sad to be creative.
You must be depressed to be able to write.
But maybe this isn’t so.
Maybe

Maybe
Your selfless love and encouragement
Your constant support
Your building me up
Your interest in every word I write
Your critiques and honesty
Your patience as I lock myself in our room for days at a time
The times you’ve slept on the couch
And kept your mouth shut
The times you are alone
The times you’ve poured me more wine
The times you’ve let me play my music you hate
The times you brought me tissues
and didn’t know why I was crying over a keyboard.
Maybe

Maybe
You are making me better.
Maybe I get past that drug-induced foolish notion
that creativity is bread of pain, not intelligence.
That I get past the drunken stupor of needing alcohol to
gree my thoughts.
That I learn that I can write because of who I am
and how I think.
That you have created this environment
that I let my Thoughts fly about our living room.
Catching one at a moment’s notice
Putting it to paper
While you gently pet the other ones,
Let them fly free
Let them know they are safe.

Maybe you are enabling me

To be the writer I was meant to be.