

SIGNIFICANCE

(Musings on the Meaning of my Poetry)

There must be some significance to these pages,
To having 100 of them,
Three-holed in a binder,
Alphabetized, organized, a table of contents,
Some with reading times beside their titles,
Or a number of voices,
 as if to be read
 By other than that
 impersonal,
 distant,
 dispassionate
 “one”
 dubbed the author ... or poet ...
 an appellation
 only he would use
 when feeling particularly good about any one piece or another.

Little enough of that occurred!

Some of the pages go back decades.
You've kept them,
On wrinkled, yellow paper, some,
Typewritten,
Originally hand-scrawled notes to self
About times long gone,
Or about earlier,
 Gentler,
 More loving,
 More innocent,
 Hungrier versions
Of the same creatures who inhabit your lives yet today.

What might it be? That significance?

No one but you reads them.
Is it proof you lived?
Some sort of affirmation?
Some need to chronicle the banal,
 day-to-day inhalation and exhalation of life's warm breath
 before it cools,
 slows,
 and finally ceases to be at all?