

Starving



Artist

before I begin,
let it be known that these
are the words of a starving artist,
whose hunger to be seen, understood,
and everything in-between
is greater than the dust settled on the words perched up
in devastating volumes on the mahogany shelf.
I've spent countless nights,
restless yet resting in the confines of my mind,
putting pen to paper until the ink ran dry,
sticking the tip into my veins as a substitute,
all so I could continue my
description of events most acute.
I've written enough to fill the night sky,
shared enough until I could no longer lie,
as every part of me that has
ever existed has been put on display,
but does any of that really matter?
I'm surrounded by so many who
proclaim to have my best interests at heart
and yet,
they turn a blind eye to my poetic undertakings,
dancing in false glee when they hear
of what I do in isolation,
taking me for a fool and nothing further.

but alas,
I take another breath for the fourth time,
marking past revelations as practice
and telling myself that this time will be different;
I'll be seen, heard and recognised
for my words that range from
a light touch to a punch in the gut,
and this piece here is a punch to my gut,
all so I might lose the appetite to embed
my tales in the minds of those close and now far.
what a shame it is that my plate is empty
when I hold the finest of cutlery,
gold tools that I use to dig into the archives and current
times to find pieces of me that I can stitch together as a
single piece that I'll throw out into the wild like a lifeline.
what a shame it is my love for both
my old and new sculptures means little,
when those who claim to hold me dear
know nothing of either,
but I'll face this reality boldly this time
with an appetite to ingrain my words
in the front and the back of their eyes.

and so as I end,
let it be known that these
are the words of a starving artist,
whose hunger to be seen, understood,
and everything in-between
will force him to create worlds for an audience
that exists by fantasy and nothing more,
all the while he lingers in the foreground
like a burning shadow.