

My sad is fed up, et al {{ feelin' bloo...ooo }}

By Mat Mendonca

WHY I LIKE IT: *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... Mr. Mendonca's entitled 'My sadisfed up' [sad is fed up], I found eye-catching; at a glance, it looked like satisfied which is at utter odds with the contrasting sentiment Mat's expressing: "My mad / is up to do bad / to make it right." I was caused to recall the studies recommending that anger is an entirely necessary, valued emotion, vital to our survival with an alarming number of beneficial assists--(bet you're getting pissed at me right now for being so blasted pedantic). Anger might be described as non-destructive hostility...But as Mat points out, wrath, on the other clenched hand, effects splintering violence and shattering damage. 'A swarm between my ears' is a walk in the woods in which the insects' buzzing thrum is likened to the writer's whirring thoughts, sibilate? Scintillate? hummmmmmmmm (To maintain poet's spacing each poem is on its own page. Please scroll down. Fonts are poet's own. HS)*

My sad is fed up,

and mad.

My mad
is up to do bad
to make it right.

My bad
can be the worst
when looking for a fight.

These feelings of discontent
block all thought except
for ill intent.

I try to grasp
at the quiet argument
that:

*(*Anger is not the sin
or the fall from grace,
but wrath is*)*

Blurry Mimicry

Fish are a slip of a stream's current
Pronghorn are a rising heat wave in the sage
Both become invisible
In the plain sight of movement
In a translucent medium

A swarm between the ears

They are relentless!

Finally,
a swarming biting metaphor
for my running rumination of thoughts:

The mosquitos and deer flies
that chase me through the woods
in the Spring
when the forest
comes back to life

I have to walk faster
than they can keep up
to get any reprieve and
to leave behind
the buzz
and the sting
and the itching mind
And if I stop
to catch my breath...
bzzzzzzzzzzz bzzzzzzzzz bzzzzzzzzz

THE POET SPEAKS: *These poems all came from an abundance of alone time, walking around in the woods for my summer job in forestry. Both “My sad is fed up”, and “A swarm between the ears” are experiencing, and taking notice of, chemical turmoil in the stream of consciousness (aka: raging river of emotional stress response). And in “Blurry Mimicry”, the wild things in wild lands have a wonderful way of distracting me from my self. I’ve watched a million antelope do their thing over the years, and always thought it strange that they aren’t very camouflage. Then one summer day, mid-morning, I watched a buck walk out into the open, among low sage brush, plop down, and disappear into a rising heat wave. That’s amazing.*

Some stylistic influences for me have been George Carlin, Rubén Darío, Kendrick Lamar, and John Trudell.

Poetry that speaks to me, like the right song or a smell, forever imprints on my psyche. When it comes to the importance of certain pieces, once they are in my life, it’s hard to imagine this world without those “important” ones as a reference point.

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