

The words
stand
at the tip of my tongue
perched
as birds
balanced
as balls
on the noses
of circus sea lions
waiting
for Newton
to make his move

the right words
hard to come by
usually arrive
late
after much
turmoil
of editing
and re-doing
and re-writing

often they are
changed
mulled over
until
one believes
it is finished
it graduates
and is thrown to the world

there,
it is admired
scorned
thrown about
caught
it helps
it harms
until finally
it falls upon the lap
of an English major

From there,

it is chewed,
swallowed,
regurgitated
and sorted
it is dissected
like owl pellets
and frogs
but living

it screams
it is tortured
torn apart
limb by limb
like a medieval thief
or prisoner of war
or pig in the feast table

it cries for its creator
its expresser
its parents
asking: why it was born?
if this was its fate,
why did they make it?
and send it into the world,
only to be ripped
cross-analyzed
and
explicated?

the Creator's reply?
"I sent you to entertain,
my child,
I did not mean
for you to be destroyed
and ripped to shreds
by man."