

Writing a New Poem

In the course of writing this new poem,
I walk down a flight of stairs
and back to the kitchen
for a drink of water,
and while I'm there,
I change the filter
in the drinking water pitcher,
then climb the stairs,
carrying my water for the night,
write a while,
travel back downstairs
and do 30 pulls on the exercise machine,
then climb back upstairs,
write,
and then downstairs again
for pushups
and crotch-stretching,
leg-stretching exercises
on the rug in the master bedroom
and up again.

I'm not restless
nor a bug for physical condition,
but I prevent sore butt,
stiff legs
and keep my blood circulating.

Writing is always more
than the act of putting words
into order.

If you wish,
picture me
trying to keep
much other stuff,
necessary to live,
moving forward.

My guitar invites me
toward music.
My songs, enstanced,
tell me, sing, whistle,
and my computer says
I should

put a few more works
on my website.
I will. I will. All of that,
but first
some strenuous movement,
first, a poem
about strenuous movement,
about poetic living
about some of what it takes
to write even a simple poem
like this one.