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Write, Write, Write

Write, write, write.

Jump up, dance across the rug,
legs wild, arms akimbo,
try to stay nimble.

125 pulls on the rowing machine,
takes too long, but I got to stay strong,
park my glutei maximi,
flexed and exercised,
back in my writing chair,
write, write, write,
jump up and dance wild,
fall down for ten fast pushups,
back to the writing chair.
Serious work calls me there.

Write, write, write.

One essay. 21 pushups,
three minutes dancing,
one short poem, finish this fiction.
One two, bend to my foot.
Three four, out the door
dance on the deck
five six, neighbors might think I'm crazy,
but what the heck
I need this sunshine
like drinking water,
powers my brain, but what the heck
I need this dance, this brief chance
to keep my blood moving
in creative motion of my mind
Creation in my blood,
in rhythmic motion
beating heart, pick up my guitar
I know my songs are different
jar your ear and what you hear

is new to you and new to me.

What does different mean?

Write write write

jump up and dance.

Last chance, sun sinks west,

flaming stone falling home,

sinks,

a turning wheel

beneath this spinning earth

dancing earth

creative earth

last chance for the wild dance

Create epiphany for me, for you.

Dusk.

Dark.

Silence.