

# Poetry, Perceived

By E.C. Ramsey

Give up the ghost, I say to myself  
That holy spirit entralling your fingers to put down onto paper  
What no human concepts grasp  
Give from yourself unto the masses what you can feel  
Reveal the magic show.

I look to the skies, in askance  
What gives my body its love and light?  
The thing that makes me weak at the knees,  
Sense power in my calves,  
And finally...  
Infinity at my feet.

I think about poetics I've yet to read  
Neither have I said it  
All the wonder I've felt flows through me  
My head feels like the atmosphere below the stars  
All air has swirled out of me

Performing it is worse  
The words blur in front of my face and  
I quickly become the Tower of Pisa

Still I come back to it  
Even after the countless bends  
I am more pliable than before  
A glowstick in the dark

This is how I want to feel  
When I'm not filled with passion  
This is how I want to feel  
In the purest kind of love  
In this world I am a queen, divine, and absolute  
A cloud crowns me where a head should be

What is this magic that hypnotizes me so?  
Its trance cleanses my skin, purifies my soul,  
Turns cataracts into blankets  
Pulled away by the summer day

Enveloped in its romance, I am at peace  
Serenity in silver lining  
My tongue finds its bed and my lips close the curtains  
On the finest play I've ever written.  
In tomorrow's dawn that will change  
The ever-whirling world spins past me again and  
I have a second chance to create perfection once more.