

What I Thought I Ought to Have Known

I. Ruminations on writing

In a room full of light its full of reflecting rays of brightness
And it's hard to not get overwhelmed in the beauty
It becomes comparative

But you will sparkle in a way only your life's mosaic can
Spindled sun rays shine through you

You will get in your own way
And it will feel like potential is a set ideal in your head
And creating rules only creates limitations

Limitations are only good for when you are stuck on the vastness

A yellow stuffed bear will say the best way to write poetry is letting it come to you

The words no longer are what's easiest for you
You have opened language to create a world
So don't forget of all the things you've already accomplished

II. Follying with ego

Open the window and you'll see into the soul
A willingness to be vulnerable with self
If no one else you have to allow yourself the grace in making mistakes

You will grow more than you think you will and it will require you to repot yourself into something
that's a little more fitting,

You will see the universe in sandwich made out of scraps from the mini fridge
And truth will show itself as a grease fire

There will be no recognition of when you begin to bloom- it will just happen

Your hair will get better
You'll dress a little funkier
The movement will come from your body

Be out loud forwardly- freely- follying through
Don't let the perception create your reality

Not knowing is the last step to humanness
and there isn't one thing you'll be sure you do know by the end of it

III. Contemplations for others (othered)

As blooming flowers we have to see beauty in the seasonal changes
and the awaiting growth of the next year

And what we ought to have known is that time runs past us like a river
And we'll never have had more time than what we have had together

We have grown beyond our garden of love
Our there is here
And our there is where we find ourselves passionately

And so There there don't cry and let tears fall for spilt milk
It'll all come out dry by tomorrow

Together each piece of this mosaic reflects a world of possibility
As we hold the world's sorrow we hold the world's elation
It all becomes continuous and everflowing- and you can't encapsulate this feeling into one whole

The Rules to Literary Arts.

Rule one

No Whimsy

In a room so serious there is no room for jubility
As we might not have a space like this again
Except maybe we'll sneak a little silly after a reading
A friday funday or a monkey monday
Or like how today, like everyday
is weezer wednesday

Whatever small moments they are ours
And are played out with the musical respite of our choosing

Maybe saying whimsy can't happen is more of a label for outsiders to believe we take ourselves seriously

Rule two

No Non-Newtonion Science

This is a room where the rules have to make sense
Anything hypothetical or purely theoretical can't stand
Especially that which goes against what conventionally thought

When the writers find themselves in a room of words the ideas reshape into their own malleable experiences

It is not an expectation but a hunger for a world that we can claim this voice as ours

Can we articulate for a second
Three hundred and fifty four days eight hours and twenty five seconds
Two years of shared space
Yet no day is tangible enough to tell you what they contain- only atoms of meaning

We are fluid and though it goes against everything we refuse to follow a law of viscosity

We are muddy and ever changing we are created by the experiences we've curated

One moment can act like a book and a chapter you just have to revisit it

We behave according to the pressures of our inertia

And a film of time covers what we think is definite

Rule three

No kindness

What is left is not kind

more than an innate softness or a velvet lined tenderness

Tears may shed and an ouch may be followed by a oops

But sincerity troubles a bunch who think letters are the best form of communication

-We must draft every thought we've had

-Make list of our dreams to create meanings

-And preferentially must lament over every insecurity before our heart can be shared to the world

We soften the blow of earnesty with sarcasm- and it'll all align as honest

But it doesn't make any of it less meaningful

This room is where we create a woven tapestry of memory

Stitched thoughts that blend into the seams

We offer comfortability towards uncertainty

Streams of absurdity

our micro ecosystem of community

And we find ourselves bubbling with poetry