

Uninspired Writing

Kyrstin Delagardelle

Uninspired writing
does not
drip like a leaky faucet
uninhibited and free from
restraint dropping playfully. it falls with a
thud, clogging the drain as I stand shivering, my frenzied
inner voice paces itself painfully slow to
reveal a dramatic work of art from
somewhere inside the crevice
that before I started
was my heart.

Morning

Kyrstin Delagardelle

I stretch inside the warmth
of the cocoon, fingers
loop the blanket, receding
warmth where you should have
been. Water shouts loudly
across the hall. For a second I
imagine surprising you, dripping
wet, as I slip in to join you
under the torrent.

little prickles on my cheek-
my wake up call. Fluttering eyelids
to find your chin, my lips
connect in sleepy stupor,
I mumble words that make no
sense. Things I won't remember-
long after the innocence of sleep
is gone- like the imprint
I made in the pillow where my
head rested.