

The return of a beaten and depressed artist

Berlin, July 2019

Cowering and whimpering inside the caves of my soul,
The artist inside me is crying in an ever-growing hole,
The truth, as ugly as can be, is I've been ignoring this crying,
For the longest time now it seems, this artist has been dying.

But now finally, my energy will no longer be sapped,
I feel a longing to come back to, I want my name upon the map,
I see pages when I close my eyes, words drift from nowhere,
My mushy brain is lighting up, protected by my clean washed hair.

It all starts with a sound, sometimes just a whisper,
And each must then decide, whether they are a whisperer or a listener,
I will once more whisper, that is my choice, that is my burden,
I pray for good faith, let each of my whispers be like a fine Bourbon,
And let the listeners come in hoards, queue them up in single file,
When I look upon these crowds, I want to see them stretch for miles,
As I read my final strokes, and stand to greet applause and smiles,
I'll send them home with fuller bellies, rounded up by sweeter lies.

This is something I can do, something I have always done,
Others are good at cooking, some are lightning fast when they run,
But I mould words, I build sentences and tweak emotion,
I try to cause a reaction, I want to twist worlds and cause a commotion,

My name should be shouted, sometimes with anger and sometimes with love,
I want the things I write to be uttered in times of war, and I want them used in retaliation by
the peaceful dove.

It's funny when you are being called, and the calling is not a person or thing,
But it's stronger than any call you could receive, more powerful than words spoken by a king,
You know it's right, even when all else seems wrong,
It's the singular bet you're willing to go long,
Because it's not a bet, when the ringing sounds out in your head,
It's not a bet when there's an invisible string almost visible pulling you to the poet's bed,
My bed, our bed. A bed of words.