

a poem on poetry by Richard Sean Gross

Poetry is where internal rage hits the blank page

A boat to float sorrow to a world of tomorrow

Conduit for angst, frustration

Soapbox for ideas, opinions

Illuminate hidden truths

Say less, mean more

Obscure the obvious, ubiquitous

Invent new words

Carefully poke at the powers that be

Venom veiled thinly, Barbs behind curtains

Safe distance from political speech

Protected pages of personal expression, neither narrative nor editorial

Like soviet bloc poet dissidents, prisoners write in the belly of the beast

Mailing missives to fellow travellers outside the wall

Connecting to people: Remaining relevant inside