

2019 POETRY OURSELVES RUNNER-UP

Alphabet Soup

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Too many words
But never enough
Meaning in any one
To make a difference

Like a large pot of soup
I chop slice mince words
Sauté with butter
And spice with a few expressive adjectives

I search for the right concoction
Hoping
The right mixture will be found
And it will make me whole

Sweating away at my soup
Starving
The agony of emptiness
Is almost too much to bear

I am no cook
No guide but my amateur tongue
Guessing, tasting, then guessing again

Still I stand zealously at the stove
Stirring away at my composition

I chop slice mince, sauté and spice
Watching letters surface into words
But the words are never quite right