

# Not The Ones You Wrote

by Sarah Brown Weitzman

The theory goes  
that the toll  
of experience you dipped into  
twice – first as it happened  
worse when you put it down  
on a page –  
made it a killing art.

Life was too hard  
a word for you to use  
in your poetry.  
Instead it was your wont  
to turn it over  
like a rock  
to have the other side exposed  
and what would crawl out.

But there were times  
when you found honey  
in your hive  
mind, like the kind  
you sucked through your teeth  
near the end  
on the BBC  
then dredged up again for the shock  
and sting  
and finally forced  
into the rhythms  
of your breathing  
last.

Yet I think  
not the ones you wrote  
but those you never dared  
to broach  
uncontrolled  
became a murder to me.