

I wish I were an idea

I wish I was an idea.
I wish I were an idea.

I wish I were an idea, a concept.

Something out in the distance that people are reminded of, hear about.
Some can comprehend, but it's not for all.
You think of it when you look out onto the ocean or when you think of running away.

I'm between the lines in a coveted book,
the unsaid dialogue in your favorite film.

The mysterious latch that is locked most of the time.

I'm in the bind of a photo album,
the fade of an old shirt.

The steam that rises from your favorite meal
and the build up to its last bite.

I'm not right or wrong nor true or false.
No definitive summary can contain the nuances of my infinite wonder.

The breath you see on a cold night – tonight and in two hundred years.

A castle you can only imagine, then fail to draw.
A road with no signs.
An endless poem.

I'm behind the sunglasses of a stranger.
An untraceable voice.

I wish I were an idea,
prolonging the sleep of humans.
Stirring within them,
contemplating me.

Somewhere between the blank stare and the thoughtful gaze.

Like time, I wish I were a theory to be unconsciously followed.

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But instead, I am full of skin and bones and blood and will inevitably have to pick out a shirt tomorrow morning.

Instead I am twenty seven and my back hurts if I stand up for too long.
Or if I sit for too long.
I do not have health insurance.

But instead I will have to explain how my weekend went
and perhaps lie about how much fun I had
and how many friends I hung out with.

I will be expected to verbally explain what I meant when I wrote the words above. To concisely summarize an idea about an idea for all to nod shrug or frown at.

What is this,
Is this black or is this white.
Is this a poem, or a story or what.
I did not know you wrote poems.
What kind of poem is this anyways.
Your stanzas are all wrong.
Will you be writing more poems.
Will they all be this sad.
Will your next poem be about something.
Was this one about you.
When you write "I" I am assuming you as the narrator, is that fair.

But instead, the L train is running every twenty minutes.
It has been eighteen
and I see no light.