

Another Mass Shooting and I Write Another Poem

I reload lead in the chamber
of my mechanical pencil
and aim it at the page. Trying
to target this familiar funny feeling.
Hoping to discharge this foul brew
of fury and sorrow. To maybe light
a fire in callous and cold, dead
hearts. But the scope of the task
feels tragically out of range. My hand
cramps from gripping. Tears
erase early drafts and I wonder
how I'm any better than a politician.

For what is a poem,
but a bundle of thoughts
and a prayer.