Apology from the Mind of the Uncreative

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I suppose by now you’ve heard that my trash poetry is only good enough for spoken word. Seriously. I wrote four sonnets and that’s the best I could create. Can you believe that? At this rate I’ll stay unpublished forever. Well “never say never” and all that jazz but my creative consistency changes with Carolina’s weather and I need some structure in my life.

I need inspiration you know, that creative sensation? To branch out from limericks Drop all the gimmicks write something worth celebration.

I could drop the rhyme such as in a bad haiku I find that too crass-

The simplest form is the couplet I simply take rhyme and double it.

Iambic stifles the creative mind I never know if I’m doing it right. My “dumb” simple lines are much too unkind for the seasoned ear and the struggling sight. I do not blame you. I cannot see it. And so where it is hidden I’ll leave it. My “potential” they call it, as if it’s true, that I can rise above, equal to you.

The best way to end? Perhaps the epigram The easy way out is most often a sham.