Revelation
Poetry — Savannah Jones

They tell us artists are like moonflowers, only able to bloom in the dark
Society admires their suffering
Because their pain serves a purpose
Because we only want the flowers when they are wilting,
the ocean when it is drowning you,
the love when it is star-crossed.

I used to feel inadequate when I was not miserable
Because it made my poetry boring
My only muse was the blues
Without that I was useless, an abandoned shell
Searching for a new inhabitant

But today I had a picnic with my friends
And the sun was shining down on me
With the warmth of all the people I love
And maybe that is not profound enough for some but for me
It was a revelation.