

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.