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Around Midnight on the 10th of January

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Ahlert: Around Midnight on the 10th of January

Why did I not write—day by day,
at the beginning?

Why Did I Not Write
Ida Kotyuk

Monotonous uneventful words, written
as it happened, would have made an interesting tale.
Pages no one else could write from memory.

During my endless tomorrows,
I scuttled my talent, my craft.

My passions abused and consumed,
time slipped through my fingers
by entertainments. Detours
against beginners eager to feast on fame.

Now here at my desk I sit
near the River Styx.
Mute.

Around
Midnight on
the 10th of
January
Alyssa Ahlert

I just want to be free.

Free from pain,
free from hate,
free from possibility,
free from myself.

I am chained to these thoughts as a ghost is to his earthly misdeeds,
and this mind of mine so weighs on me,
pulling ever so steadily upon my motivations
until even waking is a chore.
And yet, the sun still shines;
flowers still grow.

The songbird on my windowsill still sings out her praises each dawn.
From my cage of pretense I see the stars,
and through the darkness in this cell, my company is kept;
twinkling, and gently hopeful;
inspiring, yet not blinding
like daylight sometimes seems to be.
And if this heavy fog tires of my quiet agony
and leaves me for a moment,
blessed sleep may yet find me tonight.

The Writer
Gouache
Ida Kotyuk