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Around Midnight on the 10th of January

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College of DuPage

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Why Did I Not Write
Ida Kotyuk

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

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.

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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