

The Price of a Poetic Mind

Words: write them down before they are lost
Carry a notebook at all costs and
answer your husband in monosyllables
Only take notice when he looks at you strangely
because he's asked you what's for lunch
and you've a hunch that you've answered *yes dear*
and you know full well that you didn't really hear

Stop people in the middle of conversations
and ignore their remarks as you scribble
Understand that they do not
Stare into space often but beware of people in your eye-line,
they can become uncomfortable,
so avoid confrontation by alighting at the next station
or getting off the bus before they make a fuss
Carry an umbrella, always

Silence people if they try to speak to you in mid-scribe
Learn the art of succinct hand signals
Be prepared to leap out of the shower
and, totally naked, run into the next room
*because you simply must write something down
which came to you in a torrent of words because water
is a conduit for electronic signals to the brain*
Be aware if there are visitors in the house,
they might think you insane
Remember your towel

Scowl at anyone who breaks your chain of thought
Do not break inanimate objects
Tantrums do not help your Karma
Stay calm
Daydream at the most inopportune moments

and maintain utter silence in the car on a 300 mile journey
Ignore the driver and allow your thoughts to flow
even though he has missed the junction
and doesn't know where to go,
Buy a Sat-Nav

Consign housework to the bottom of your 'to do' list
Only Hoover if you're wading through dust
Ironing is banned and if you've planned a meal
I feel it is only right to expound on the health benefits
of baked beans
Gardening is allowed,
Green is good and fresh air is there to feed the soul
and refresh the mind
and if your husband can find you...
your garden is not big enough
If you haven't a place to hide, find one.
Keep a chair in the cupboard under the stairs

Midnight is a good time to write
Thoughts tumble through your head
and you fumble out of bed, grasping the nettle,
because your mind refuses to settle
until you pour your ideas into the notebook
that you keep in the bedside drawer,
Ignoring snores of protest
as at last, your thoughts are vented,
your brain is emptied
and you lie back to rest, to sleep, to dream

Scream, pace the floor and climb the wall,
as you try to decipher the scrawl written the night before
Tear out the page, throw it away and later
in the light of day, regret your actions
Ransack the cupboards because you've had an epiphany

and, needing to write at night, you hunt for a torch,
redundant since the last power cut
and somebody has put it away 'somewhere safe'
Buy batteries

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