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That Metaphor Bullshit

All my classmates write important things
to their ex-best friend, Jesus; they all seem
deep and important, their nibs all too coagulated
with ink to actually say what they're talking about,
as if something inside ourselves is too horrific to digest,
so we coat it in waxy ambergris, terribly poignant,
hyper-extended metaphor, something like,
"I am a square peg in a round hole,"

when what you really mean is

I LOVE THE SENSATION OF ANAL INTERCOURSE
AND AS A MAN, I QUESTION WHAT THAT MEANS
FOR MY SEXUALITY, OR DARE I SAY,
WHAT WILL MY MOM THINK?

You write about her eyes as if they were the most intricate star scape, when what you really mean is
THERE ARE NO WORDS
to explain the observable destiny nestled in the spidery spokes of her irises.
You have to love her first, then see it for yourself.
You write about the sound of your heartbeat resounding loudest in your skull when what you really mean is
YOU ARE TERRIFIED OF BEING ALONE WITH YOURSELF.
Perhaps the solid tangle of copper wire is not spool-able, which is what I scribble casually in some hollow margin when what I really mean is
I AM TOO TONGUE-TIED, MY BRAIN IS TOO FRIED
to eloquently convey my fractured being.

So it is ironic, I think, that because poets cannot find the words, they browse garage sales and flea markets for other words to staple together in hope that someone will understand the parts of themselves that need shading in.
You can't describe Paris until you see it.
You can't describe a heartbeat until you feel it, but that never stopped anyone with a pencil and something to write on.