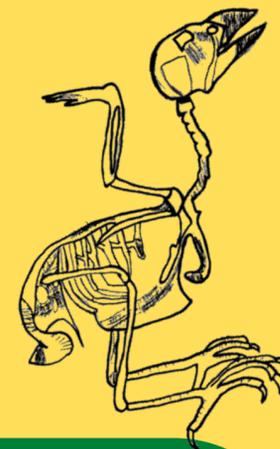


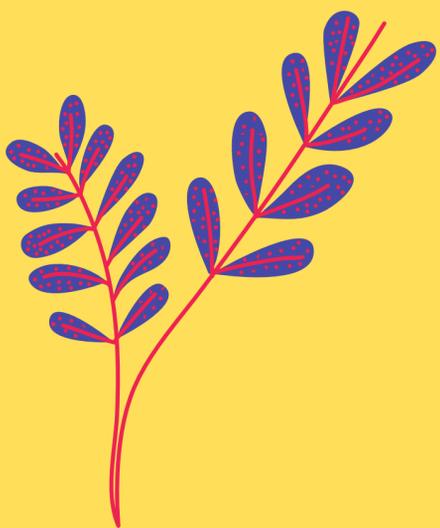
question: why poems?



answer:

a response poem to "Ars Poetica" by José Olivarez

b/c i want my people to be seen. b/c i crave "me too" moments: me too, i migrated & dislocated. b/c language chains thoughts: a poem speaks beyond language. b/c i can't write in my native tongue: it was burned by america's toxicity, by america's serial killer culture: wall street is a graveyard, then & now. b/c loneliness & not belonging can't be told, they must be tasted. b/c the taste of water varies by region, but only if you're a poet. b/c i need honesty. b/c sometimes it's easier to breathe without lungs. b/c sentences have twins & double meanings. b/c i don't have anywhere to call home, except for the space between these lines. b/c when i walk into the home of poetry, someone greets me with lemonade & cookies. b/c self-expression attaches itself to my vertebrae. b/c you have a story to tell & so do i: even if neither of us quite believes it. b/c my goal is to know myself so deeply: my blood cells will write a poem. b/c you can find poetry anywhere: on crumbling brick walls, engraved in bathroom mirrors, in jail cells. b/c not all stories can be told in prose. b/c trauma is not linear: it's a fog, or a frog jumping from then & now, or a pendulum swinging, always returning, until you write its string out of existence. b/c if you can't write poetry, you can't write spells. b/c poems don't need titles just the rhythmic throb of your heart. b/c metaphors for suicide can guide the hand away from a bottle of pills or a loaded gun. b/c grief is the dead sea. b/c all we can do is float. b/c i'm obsessed with bird imagery. b/c i want to dream of flying. b/c i need to believe in freedom, even if it doesn't exist. b/c i crave survival.



Karo Ska