

*"Poetry is an orphan of silence.
The words never quite equal
the experience behind them."*

~ Charles Simac



Poetry Of Dead Things

By Denny and Maya Hoffman

Some think poetry is alive
They're wrong, of course
Poetry is about dead things
Like the flowers that we crush and
Smear upon the clean white pages
Their blood saturating the emptiness.
We try to capture the essence of things
Vivid thoughts that race through our minds
Of living things and human existence
We place them in a cage of words
Take from them their life, their soul
The poet, you see, is a murderer
Killing living things for the pleasure of others
Perhaps it would be better, if
We gave more thought to those things
Which are already dead, like
The ghosts and demons which
Live only in our tortured dreams.
Like the dead leaves which blow

Across the distant fields of our mind
Giving them new life.
Putting flesh upon long dead bones
Forgotten in history's graveyard
And then, perhaps, someday
In the distant future, another poet
Will bring us back to life.

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