

## Intro

Poetry is not dead, no  
it is the life,  
the breath that makes  
every thing living  
it is the story your wrist  
tells with your paintbrush  
the painting of the voice  
some of us just speak our pain  
in colors  
it is the composition of your song  
without melody  
without the heartbeat  
some of us just have the ability  
to belch the harmony of heaven's tunes  
it is in the message you telegraph through pointed toes  
sprouting from  
pliés  
into  
relevés  
some of us just deliver our words better in movement  
poetry is captured in portraits  
of faces  
or to  
accentuate the beauty  
in all of earth's landscapes  
some of us just see the beauty of the world  
captured in photographs  
poetry is written in  
instrumentalist's music sheets  
some of us just spill our stories better  
in melodies  
or some of us just relinquish our vulnerability  
in spoken form  
from spoken tongues  
spit, sweat, and blood  
poetry lives...  
and for it, I too.