

This is a poem

Yesterday I bought a triple pack of frozen pizza
Apparently I have lost control over my life
The pizza is a symbol
But you already know that
This is a poem

Lately I've been looking for faces willingly hiding
I want to make sure that I don't look like an idiot
Wearing my own mask
Which is not an elaborate metaphor for my public image
It is not that kind of poem

Often I feel nostalgic for the past
And in doing so find myself quite ridiculous
I am way too rational to buy into such a frail concept
Also I am not that old
Tick nostalgia off the poetry cliché list

Constantly I am thinking about this phrase, empathy economy
I guess it helps me understand my aching emotions
There is so much that needs caring about
Ironically my heart brakes a little whenever I think about it
This poem can be serious at times

Right now I'm pondering the essence of poetry
What does it look like, do my thoughts belong?
I don't know much about sonnets or romanticism or metre
But I enjoy putting my mind into words
This might actually be a poem