

I Write Worlds

By Jenny Crakes

I write lines of fortune for newborns' unmarked palms.
I write the drama of Civil War hardtack in a museum display case.
I write books that get stepped on by cats and dropped into steaming bathwater.
I write up streetlamps I catch dancing on sidewalks at night.
I write cheap thrills.
I write letters defended by Pony Express riders.
I write fluorescent emails in a 4am fog.
I write emotional train wrecks.
I write radio dramas that crackle through the dark to a listener huddled on the stairs.
I write to get to know the blank page.
I write for border guards who ask "Anything to declare?"
I write because I cannot time-travel.
I write from the pocket of grief.
I write cursive when the moon surfs indigo clouds.
I write with the urgency of an ambulance siren.
I write stories that don leather jackets and race motorcycles.
I write right.
I write wrong.
I write to right wrongs.
I write messy love notes to neat knots and crisp hospital corners.
I write wayward characters that rebel against straight lines.
I write recipes for pickled okra and piecrust lattices, nightmares and daydreams.
I write till pencil leads dull and ballpoints run out of ink.
I write so I won't disappear.
I write poems in clean blouses and send them to play tug-of-war on muddy lawns.
I write because the flowering bushes are like furry hedgehogs to the touch.
I write because paper can kindle more than flames.
I write thirsty roots that snake down to find water.
I write a love life of bees and fountains clinging onto summer.
I write with the hesitancy of a left-handed child.
I write with a pinch of yeast for leavening.
I write flash rainstorms that pelt the pavement.
I write ruthless line breaks and make my words handle homesickness.
I write the ache of a hitchhiker's hardworking thumb.
I write to please nonagenarians with tremulous voices and origami hands.
I write snowballs and ripe tomatoes, and then throw them with satisfying splats.
I write walks alone after dark in the silent diorama of the city.
I write to live on an edge.
I write for those on the edges.
I write words, which are simply worlds with the "I" overlooked by a careless copyeditor.