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## Solitude

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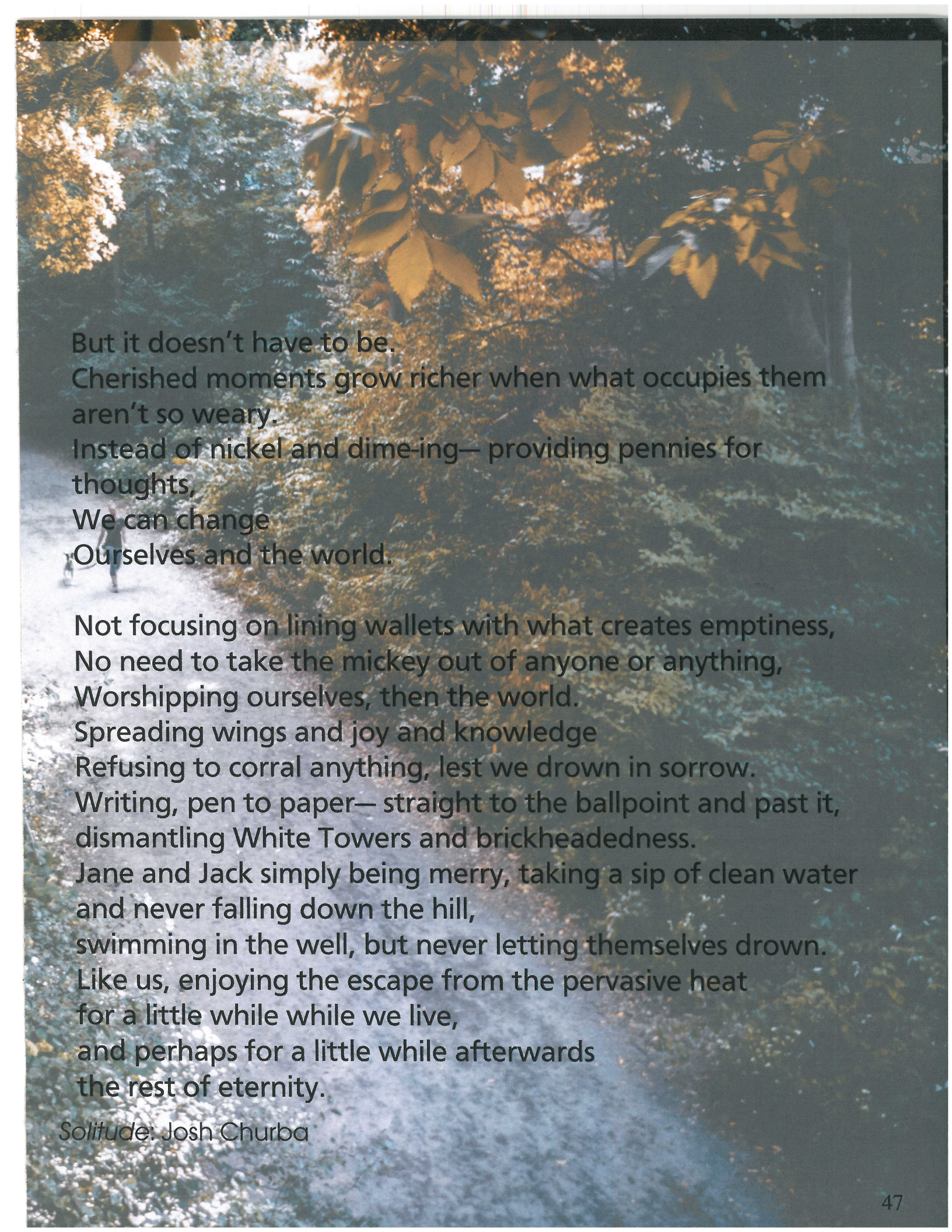


# Depressing Poetry Is Only Depressing If It Doesn't Have An Uplifting Message

Anonymous

We line up at a broken Disney World ride,  
never realizing that hearts full of hope,  
can never upset an empty wallet.  
Existing under a guise of not even family,  
we shout "Bird, bird, bird is the word,"  
Extolling the praises of a box full of fake life,  
our feathers clipped,  
we fall out of the sky and into a cage,  
where we can never sing anything but torn up notes,  
unsent letters to John—  
anything but dear,  
for we are deers in headlights that shine light on the  
small,  
shedding darkness on what paints the big picture,  
brushing past the important,  
forgoing a canvas for an Etch-a-Sketch,  
feeling more sorrow in an earthquake for our lost lines  
than lost lineages.  
we never know what to say, or when.  
Transience liberates, for time traps us—giving us no second  
seconds.  
Wasting time, drunk on fake power  
our livers aren't all that's failing  
it's all a farce.



A photograph of a forest path with sunlight filtering through the trees. The path is covered in fallen leaves and dappled sunlight. The trees are tall and their leaves are a mix of green and yellow, suggesting autumn. The overall mood is peaceful and contemplative.

But it doesn't have to be.  
Cherished moments grow richer when what occupies them  
aren't so weary.  
Instead of nickel and dime-ing— providing pennies for  
thoughts,  
We can change  
Ourselves and the world.

Not focusing on lining wallets with what creates emptiness,  
No need to take the mickey out of anyone or anything,  
Worshipping ourselves, then the world.  
Spreading wings and joy and knowledge  
Refusing to corral anything, lest we drown in sorrow.  
Writing, pen to paper— straight to the ballpoint and past it,  
dismantling White Towers and brickheadedness.  
Jane and Jack simply being merry, taking a sip of clean water  
and never falling down the hill,  
swimming in the well, but never letting themselves drown.  
Like us, enjoying the escape from the pervasive heat  
for a little while while we live,  
and perhaps for a little while afterwards  
the rest of eternity.

*Solitude:* Josh Churba