

5-1-2016

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

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Recommended Citation

Anonymous (2016) "Depressing Poetry Is Only Depressing If It Doesn't Have An Uplifting Message," *Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine*: Vol. 22 , Article 54.

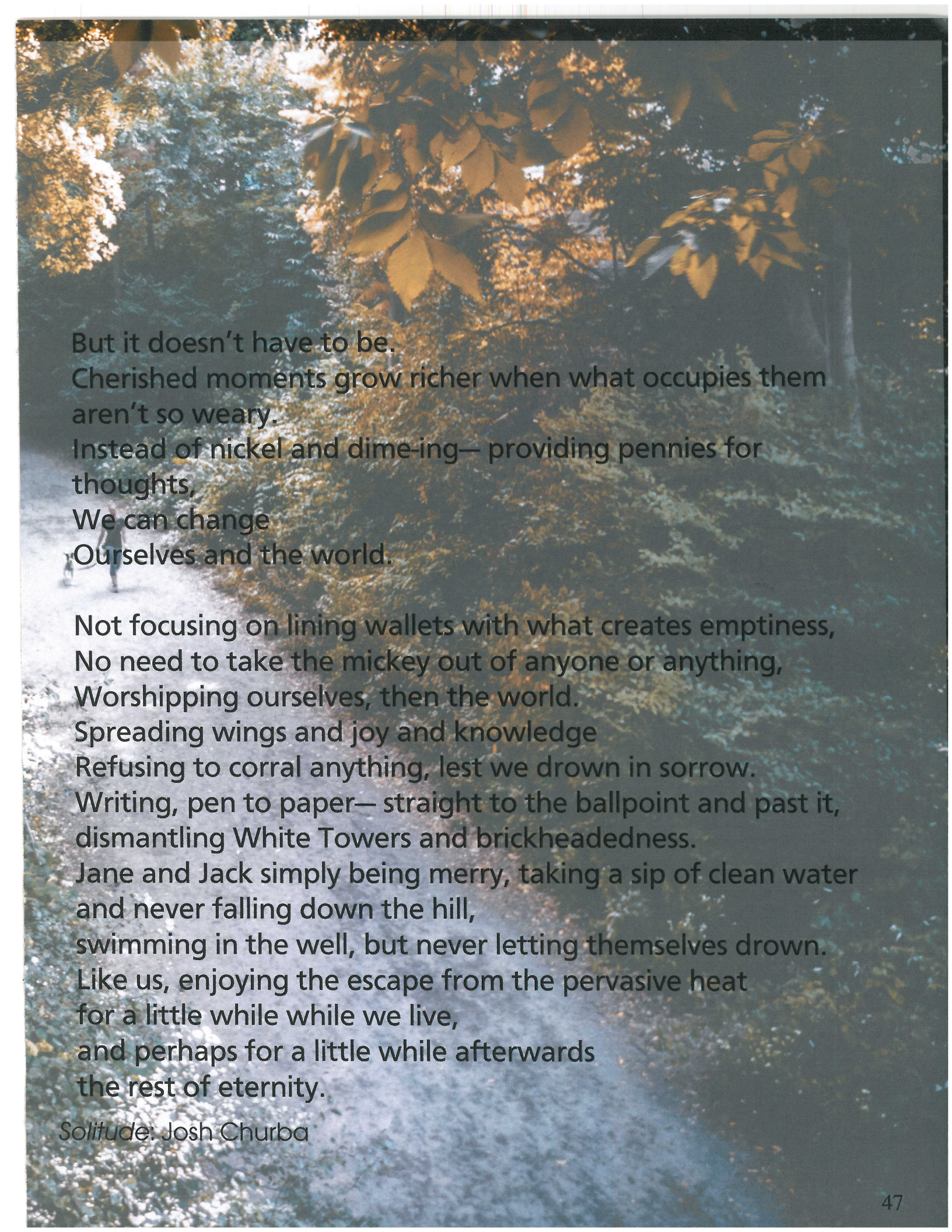
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Depressing Poetry Is Only Depressing If It Doesn't Have An Uplifting Message

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 the trees are tall and dense. The lighting is warm and golden, suggesting late afternoon or early morning. The text is overlaid on the left side of the image.

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