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Treatment for Clarity

Because it's three a.m.,
And there's not exactly anyone trustworthy around,
You've hit a block, an impassable obstacle,
Which is essentially the black bar that
Blinks before you, just a bit to the left,
Just consistent enough to remind you
That it is here, it is waiting,
So hurry up and spit out an idea.

You've got the fuels, you've got the materials,
You've got the energy and talents, but it's all just
Crashing against some unforeseen wall.
Your emotions have festered up, all your
Hate, your love, your angst, your worries,
Jealousy, desire, disgust, relief, confusion,
These are just a few of the feelings that you have
Salvaged from the past day. Shouldn't they be
Enough to compose something,
Anything, anything that you might eventually call
Art.

But, you're stuck, so many topics you could
Write about, but they're not original enough,
They're not interesting enough, but more importantly,
They're not it, they're not what you need. You need
A channel, something where all your built up thoughts
Can be smoothed out onto the page in such a manner
That it might resemble the sight of compost
Being spread over your kitchen counter.

Because, it's no longer about the piece, it's not a
Poem, not a story, not even a written song.
It's you, you're being placed on that page,
And you better be damned well sure that when you're done,
You didn't mess up, you didn't write yourself half-heartedly,
That everything that you can capture was captured,
And everything you needed to expunge was,

(No Stanza Break)

As far as you're aware, transmitted onto the page,
Clearing your mind, returning you to your temporary
Sanity until the next day runs its course.

You're not a poet anymore, you're just looking for that
Way out of here, nothing matters but the clarity of the mind,
A clarity that you won't be able to achieve if you simply write about
Some foreign aspect of life. Beauty, suffering, who cares? They're not
You, and you now realize that. There's a time,
For comedy, there's a time for passion, there's a time to jot down the
Anything that comes your way. But, not now, not this instant,
You're sick, you're ill, you're coming to grips with a reality and a
A feeling that most writers, and most people for that fact, eventually experience,
When all the stresses of the world converge onto your being, when even your
Joys and successes seem to nag you, pressuring you into hopelessness,
And all that's left for you to do is write, write it all down on paper,
You can't afford to leave any of it behind, or it'll boil and fester into a
More unbearable burden later, so let it all free, answer that blinking
Bar, it has seen its fair share of your kind, and it'll do its best to
Ease all your pain, correct all your errors, and set you free from the mind.

Are you done? No, but you could be, you've spilt enough of the threads,
And springs, and bottle caps that have been sounding throughout your head,
But you're not done, you need to flesh all of it out like the carving of a
Pumpkin, but perhaps that's not the right term, because honestly, whatever's
Common, unoriginal, boring, it's not what you need to place on the page,
It's not what you need to clear from your mind, simply because it was never
There to begin with, you'd just be tricking yourself if you pulled that garbage
From some external source and placed it on the paper, on you, because it isn't.

And, whatever happens, whatever arises, whatever may tempt you to give up,
And just submit yourself to whatever you've managed to catch in your
Dreamcatcher, don't stop. You're not done, you'll know when you're done,
And don't fake that feeling. It's a great feeling, but we'll discuss that soon,
Because you can't be finished. You're still dripping the last bits of your humanity onto the page,
You're creating a perimeter around all your built up aspects, traits, emotions, and tonight,
Tonight you're going to get it all. But that's a lie, it's impossible, so let's rephrase that,
Tonight you're going to salvage what you must, and it'll be enough.

You're still not done, so don't stop writing, try and avoid watching that bar for too long.
But, when you are, let me give you a little spoiler, it's like the sight of your bed covers,
After an extended day in the snow, everything has tired you out, all the problems, all the
Burdens of the world are immediately disposed once you reach that nirvana. And, when
You finish placing yourself on that page, you won't need to review what you wrote,
You'll feel it, you'll feel calm, you'll feel relieved, you'll feel as though you could

(No Stanza Break)

Write about any topic thrown your way, your crisis is over, and now you're going
To return back to normal, back to your carefree self. And, it's a beautiful feeling,
That sensation that causes you to recall that there is a way, a way to free the mind,
A way to drain yourself of all your emotions, the good and the bad, and store it onto
Paper for some future recollection. But, know this, when you get that feeling,
Hurry up and close the document, print the paper, and tuck it away into that art folder,
The one that houses all your other forgotten work. You've reached that clarity, but,
It's only for now, and if you stare too long at the document, you may realize, that
You've only managed to fool yourself, you're not all there, it's not exactly you,
And that bar, that bar is still there, it's still waiting, it's still silently watching you,
Because it knows you're not done, it's standing at its ready at the end of the page,
And it's waiting for you, preparing for you, to continue your attempt to write yourself down.