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THE PENS OF WHEN

I
To speak for those who have no voice;
Poetry or prose, to express us through another.
For me—and those alike—there is no choice.
To speak for those who have no voice;
We write to raise our experience above the noise.
Words for a grinder, in which most don't bother!
To speak for those who have no voice;
Poetry or prose, to express us through another.

II
Into those depths we've delved;
But why take us/or any, at our word?
Perhaps it's the mirror to ourselves—
Into those depths we've delved,
Pondering the Inferno shelved.
Walking alongside Dante's herd,
Into those depths we've delved;
But why take us/or any, at our word?



Dostoyevsky in St. Petersburg

* "The Pens of When" is excerpted from "No Air"
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