

“Jazz is like poetry, either you have it in you or you don’t.”

-Unknown

Creative Writing Workshop Tuesday 4:10 PM

“This is like, I don’t know

So good,”

She said.

My adam’s apple is crawling with sarcasm

“Take a bite of the apple,”

said the Devil, adding

“I need someone to speak for me.”

I

imagine throwing cat’s gut at them.

You don’t have it.

You have words like Soul, Love, Darkness, all over your poem.

You have butterflies in your stomach, for the shiny knights with hearts of gold who will come and save you, a damsel in distress and you will live happily ever after in the land of never ending sunshine.

But I swallow the apple whole.

And the little angel finally crawls up and says, “What *is* working?”

So as I try not to choke on the apple, I say, "I like your lines. It's an unusual
format

that fits the message you are trying to say."

The Devil isn't happy, he spins around and comes so close to my ears and says,

"You know it's not him, it's not them. It's you.

You don't have it.

You will never *get* poetry.

Like how you can't play Jazz,

Like how you somehow always miss the rhythm

just

by

one beat.

You don't have *it*."

His hot steamy breath melting my ear inside out.

Now I am gutted for not knowing

and they all get it.

They circle around my corpse,

grabbing my gut like streamers from the maypole, they sing.

'This is the real poetry,' they sing.

'You just don't have what it takes,' they are

singing.