

2021

Ars Poetica: For When the Smoke Clears

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Recommended Citation

Cordle, Amanda (2021) "Ars Poetica: For When the Smoke Clears," *The Echo*: Vol. 2021 , Article 30.
Available at: <https://scholarexchange.furman.edu/echo/vol2021/iss2021/30>

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Ars Poetica: For When the Smoke Clears

Amanda Cordle

Poetry is a language
I know best when I lose myself
when I am nothing but a mirage
of who I could have
should have been
before I choked on the ash of perfection and
burnt myself to the ground

Some nights, the words flow easily across the page
like stars against the ink-black sky
reminding me that tragically beautiful
is simply a poet's term for desolation
That the stars we wonder at
are dying, burning to nothing. That
poetry is both a solace and a cage

Despondency has a way of making itself a muse

For I have loved the words so much
that they've absorbed me
made me a slave to the ebbs and flows
of sadness for the sake of an
art I will always run home to

I have forgotten to write of beauty
have forgotten to write of wild lilacs
in the forest, and the orange streaked sky
at sunset. I have forgotten the balance of nature--
her seasons
her decay
her bloom