

THE ESSENTIALS OF OTHERS ARE KILLING MY ARTISTIC HEART

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My name is Caitlin Cherniak. I graduated from Rollins College in 2018 as an English Major, Theater minor. I write novels by hobby trade, but I also like to write short fiction and poetry in my spare time. I have published work in Brushing and the Independent previously and for Down in the Dirt's online magazine.

Dull this world of its colors.
Take creativity apart.

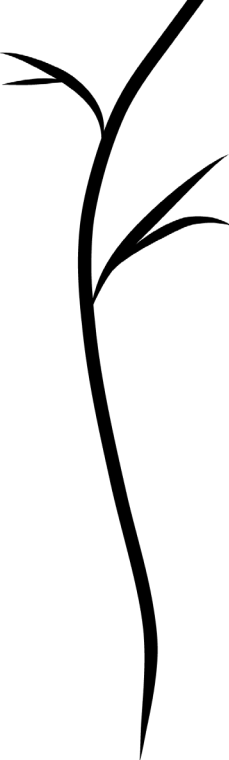
My way with words falters,
replaced by language commonplace.
All emotion of joy flows
away, left me without grace.

“Art is for those who live poor,”
Speaks the rumor people spread.
“Art is a maid at the door.
Pay her and she’ll leave you dead.

Money sustains pleasures long.
Money buys you an easy life.
The lark does not have a song.
Stab imagination with strife.

Art confuses the logic
for those who work for potential.
The death of art, indeed tragic,
gives birth to the ways essential.”

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What about those who are
wealthy by artistic virtue?
Their happiness seems to far
exceed those logical and true.

“But have you watched the news, pet?
Have you seen them die from the stress?
You are too young to go yet.
There are more crucial things to press.

Consider the family
you have yet to form and father.
Consider the underling
who will look to their mother or father.

They need your intelligence.
They need your spoils and fortune.
Why misguide in gentleness,
throw their dreams without caution?

Shame you will bring, an artist.
Shame you will bring, a young dream.
This world is better artless.
Kill your darlings, you redeemer.”

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