

To Jayamaysullyuniversity,

I was given a letter through the mailroom decreeing my poethood.
My artship. I read it twice. A third. Refraining the fourth,
to avoid egocentric, smughood.
All through the holiday(s) I've been lost in the fog(s)
of depression/reality. Disillusionment.
But, this ruling from outside renewed fire definitive.
Now, I sit on this metal chair/desk/kitchenette/ladder to my
top bunk--typing. Typing. Always typing.
This time, however, I write with new vigor; purpose.
Hate/bias/ignorance awash over everything around me,
and blame ... so much blame.
It is through knowledge, with knowledge, that I step above those
accepting such socializations.
Each stanza inked in protest, typed--converted to pixel
--and back to thought, but through another cognitive musing
and perception.
The stigma escaped. The classification deemed faulty.
The poet/artist regarded on common footing, commensurate.
I spent the morning just being, awake inside the illusion.
I spent the afternoon staring at the inequitable environs.
I spend this afternoon typing loudly in equilibrium!
And before I climb the ladder to my top bunk/kitchenette/desk/chair,
I know A Friend Who Loves Beautiful Art.