No Poetry

Assessments, tick-boxes, medications, clinical…

There is no poetry here,

no resting easy with ambiguity,

no living with pain and suffering.

And so the poet reluctantly takes the pen,

opens the file,

and writes against the will

to frame a something into being.

A something that could not be born

but in the liminal interstices

of unknowing and uncertainty

and speak for those who have ears.

David Buck