

ON POETRY (INTIMACIES, INTRICACIES, SIGNIFICANCE)

Taylor Ingrassia PROSE

Before I become a poet, I must submerge myself in words. I must be a linguist, a lexicographer, an artist before I can be heard.

I must look up and see words inscribed in the stars; they must linger behind my eyes as I sleep. I must find them through windows, under cracks in doors, in mirrors. They must be tangible, a brewing storm on my skin. They must become the air that encompasses me.

If I am to paint each sky in black figures, I must have thoughts that embody luminosity, craft sentences that cast color. I must learn to see each paper-thin layer of cloud for its shadows of gray against white—depths in the light, breaths in the night. And it is as such with words on paper, for all their layers of thought and connotation, transparencies, translucencies, opacities.

I must sow words like seeds, water sprouting poems daily—kiss their growing leaves, fast and resilient as peppermint or thyme. I must carry within me a pen and a dictionary, ink in new definitions, pick them with care like grapes off the vine, taken on the tongue and taste for wine.

And I must let the words flood my bloodstream in waves. They will become the water that sustains me.

And when I give these words to you, they will pour from my lips like an offering, spilling steadily, a quiet stream out of overgrown forest. The syllables will babble and splash against the rocks of my teeth, pool around our feet.

These words are precious to me.

And when you lean down, hands cupped, allow the words to surge between

them. Lift them to your lips; do so slowly, and with all the intention I have offered them with. When you drink, think of their taste, and of all the particles they contain:

Intimacies, intricacies, significance.



Taylor Ingrassia is an English major, Creative Writing minor, and aspiring editor. She is also an aspiring writer, whose inspirations include nature and poets both unpublished and renowned.

