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Ars Poetica

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ARS POETICA
by Morgan Eklund

There was a fountain in Iowa City
That my mother says
She used to take my brother to
So they could play in a free dance
While I nested in her mind
And waited to be granted life
or more so death again.

Nothing is like a fountain
Except an old desk where you lose yourself
Like city kids who lose a little of themselves
On the concrete sown by a working man
Where they taunt the spouts of water to touch them
And make them feel.

As if asking why do I create from memory
Or pass the day playing in water—
Dirty water, but still good water
Good for taking away the stick,
And knots in the hands
Good for leaving wet clothes outside the front door
For the neighbors to question
Where have you been?
What world have you been existing in?