

<chapbook>

<title>Meta</title>

<subtitle>Poems about Poems,
Poets, and the Writing
of Poetry</subtitle>

<author>Vinnie Kinsella</author>

<about these poems>All poems in this collection follow the *Four and Twenty* format of four lines or fewer, twenty words or fewer (for more information about this format, visit 4and20poetry.com). Most poems in this collection appeared at some point on the author's website (vinniekinsella.com), though not necessarily in their present incarnations. A few poems in this collection were written exclusively for this chapbook. No poems in this collection have been nominated for awards (how sad).</about these poems>

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One-Way Mirror

Dear reader unseen, observing me
Towel-clad, preening my words.
What crosses your mind
When I make these funny faces?

The Truest Poems are Prayers

Not the ones we fill with *ought-to* sayings,
But the ones we speak uncensored,
Believing that God is Truth.

The Creative Process I

Ask an idea to dance. Lock eyes. Move about.
Continue till your motions are synchronous —
Even if the music stops.

Scrawled in My Notebook

These relinquished words:

Making self-accusations.

A fractured haiku.

Artificial Inspiration

Solitude and rainfall, winter's fertile muses,
Grow barren this sunny day.

I take another shower,
Exploring the drain for words.

De-composing

In the compost bin:

A half dozen half-baked sonnets.

A Poet's Confession

I've questioned (on multiple occasions,
Without any good reason) the significance of *hope*
Living one typo away from *hype*.

I Don't Have Time for Poems, for Love

Yet here my fingers are,
Caressing Qwerty's skin,
Ignoring the work to be done.

She Broke Him

And from his body
Flowed raw emotion.
Enough for four, maybe five,
Tragic ballads.

One Long Road Trip, One Bored Poet

Summarize

SUMMER-eyes

Some-ARE-eyes

SOME-arise ...

The Creative Process II

The heaviest words sink.
Once the shallow end is mined,
We must deflate our rafts, abandon our securities,
And dive.

Monday

Groggy synapses prevent connecting

The clever wordplay

Popular to contrary thought

To a poem of any real meaning.

Poetry Blog:

A journal left open,
Tempting me to fabricate
The life I wish to lead.

The Practice of an Online Poet

Discipline writes a poem a day.
Principle clicks Publish.
(Even when words read
As uninspired as these.)

A Steady Pace

Long-distance typing releases
Endorphinated words,
Bestowing writer's high.

The Creative Process III

Step into the ring where critics
Give (g)loveless blows. Widen your stance.
Tomorrow, bruised and fatigued, write defiantly—
Subordinating pain.

No Recipe to Follow

Emotions unswallowed, savored
To identify spice. Flavors extracted,
Added to fresh vocabulary. I'll later decide
What the dish is called.

Monopoems¹

¹After settling on a title for his collection of one-word poems, the author lost interest in the project.

In My Bloodstream

Words are dammed.
I pedal my bike. The current races.
Poems break the barrier,
Flood the banks of my mind.

Short Form Poetry Has its Benefits

Open mic night:
Three poem limit.
Off the stage
In under a minute.

Staring at This Blank Screen

I remember snow-covered mornings,
Pristine, untrodden, unmucked,
And hesitate to type.

Poem:

A fragmented picture: A puzzle of words.

No — not a puzzle!

A collage of words: A picture fragmented.

Growing Up

Despondency became white noise.
I was ready then to write about the ocean,
To let my words set sail.

When I Fall Apart

Gather the crumbled words that composed me
Loosely — in one hand.
Scatter the letters off Page's End.
Pocket any remains.

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