

Empty Turret
by Dolores Coutts

I wish i could get me updated.
All my words just seem to come out in rhyme.
I guess I should be more creative,
But, right now, I just don't have the time.

I have read in an old autobiography,
And some of the other books, *too*,
That the real art comes out of a stormy,
Panicked past that has searched for what's true.

But my life is all hopelessly cherries,
And anxieties do not rape my brain.
There's no burning that can simply carry
Me into realms where only Freud could remain.

So I stare at my own mediocrity,
As I sit all alone in my room,
And I want to scream out to Lord Byron, "Pray,"
"Just once let me feel that sense of doom!"

But between the blue lines it's still empty,
Though the wind at my door shrieks its pain,
So, for now I'll just pour myself more hot tea,
And I'll read through my old books again.

