

What Is Poetry?

By Christian Anieke

When words freeze into snowballs of profound meanings, it's poetry.

When words twist their waists like beaded dancers, it's poetry.

When words drum like frenzied drummers in village squares, it's poetry.

When words sing in surreal or rattling voices, it's poetry.

When words echo the war tunes of ecstatic flutists, it's poetry.

When words spread their petals to shelter and beautify humans, it's poetry.

When words whisper and reveal primordial human wisdom, it's poetry.

When words replace banal leaves with budding fresh leaves of mythic language, it's poetry.

When words whistle like pines along the River Danube, it's poetry.

When words shuffle their feet like untutored village boys and girls, it's still poetry.

When words mew, coo, sizzle, hiss, quack, cackle, rattle, croak, squeak, it's poetry.

When words intoxicate, arouse, bite, shock, sadden, provoke or infuriate, it's poetry.

When words show the natural world in pictures made with mere words, it's poetry.

When words imprison thoughts to give wings to ideas, it's poetry.

When words get bonded in lines and stanzas by their natural beauty and meaning, it's poetry.

When words turn honey into Swedish-bitter and make the two one and the same, it's poetry.

When words wrap their bitter, naked bodies with leaves of honeyed expressions, it's poetry

When words become sweet songs, it's poetry.

And when words become so delicious that you want to gobble them, it's poetry!