We, the Creators

We, the Creators, conceive
Without the need
Of egg, sperm or genes
Our most precocious children
Are spawned from love, hate, anger, grief…
Are borne from white sheets and bright screens
Where they began, as eager seeds
Joining force in orgies of thought
Connecting at source
In the intercourse
Of vision and invention.

Words line up;
And stand to attention
Links of helix chains
Are forged as
Drafts are drawn
With tapped keys
And gripped sticks

One is a hit –
Shoots from the hip
Races off pages
Blazing on stages
Volleying verses at walls and floors -
Raising the roof as it lifts off the ceiling
Speaking phrases that
Rattle cages,
Whipping up waves
Of sound and feeling –
Surging and swelling
It peaks -
Breaks -
Then crashes down;
Swallowing spaces –
Filling hollow ground
And hallowed places
With bars of solid spit

We, the Creators
Are proud of it

Another, the inkling
Unlike its sibling
Crawls around dribbling
Babbling gibberish
Drawling and scribbling
Reams of nonsense

It clings to its sheets
Spineless and weak
Barely conscious
Shrinking and shrinking
Until it has no words to speak.

We, the Creators, review our technique

With powers of gods, we decide
What survives, when it dies
And why
What to keep, where to cut
And how to draw the line
If poems were real babies,
We'd be behind bars!
We are judges, juries
Executioners and voyeurs
We are guardians, parents -
And ruthless destroyers
Asserting our divine right
To slay,
Save, edit
Erase or abort
We *don't* need the say-so of lawyers
To own* our own bodies of thought**

Poetry is sport –
Every word's a ploy
A sentence of death
Is a scribble, a strike
A scrunch, a swipe,
A delete
In life, as in wordplay
Love is tough
Pride is bittersweet -
And Triumph is the brother or the sister of Defeat.

* For information about copyright, please contact the writer of this poem.
**Although in the USA, where women have just lost the right to own their own bodies (again), this is likely to be a topic of debate.