

## Writing a New Poem

In the course of writing  
this new poem  
I walk down  
a flight of stairs  
to the kitchen  
for water  
While I'm there  
I change  
the drinking water  
pitcher  
filter  
then  
carry my water  
for the night  
up stairs  
write a while  
back downstairs  
do 30 pulls  
on my exercise machine  
climb back upstairs  
write

Downstairs again  
for pushups  
and crotch-stretching  
leg-stretching exercises  
on the rug  
in the master bedroom  
then up again

I'm not restless  
nor a bug  
for physical condition  
but I prevent sore butt  
stiff legs  
shoulders  
keep my blood  
circulating

Writing is more  
than the act  
of putting words

in order

If you wish  
picture me  
trying to keep  
much other stuff  
necessary to live  
moving forward  
lawns mowed  
weeds pulled  
kindling split  
all that stuff

My guitar invites me  
toward music  
My songs  
enstanced  
on white pages  
without sound  
tell me  
in secret whispers  
sing me, whistle me  
make thumping rhythm  
on six strings

My computer says  
I should  
put a few more works  
on my website

I will. I will  
All of that  
but first  
strenuous movement  
first, a poem  
about strenuous movement  
about poetic living  
about some of what it takes  
to write even a simple poem  
like this one