

## practice

let's just put  
a pen to a page

to capture  
    a moment of time  
    a thought  
    a thing

take the pressure off -  
simply call them all  
'practice poems'

they may only ever be  
the skeletons of what  
they could have been

they  
of no flesh  
    no fragrance

only a shadowed face

they will hide  
    reluctant still  
in their prison of  
a closed journal's page

they will after  
remain in boxes  
of others  
    the same

until one day  
an older woman will arrive  
see the boxes  
peer into  
    and through

she will smile and nod at you  
and will ask if  
she can have all those boxes  
    of forgotten poems

that woman  
wearing on each finger

thin banded silver rings  
and each of those  
with not gems  
but only solid settings  
    of pressured  
    and almost glittering  
        coal

Bruce Kauffman