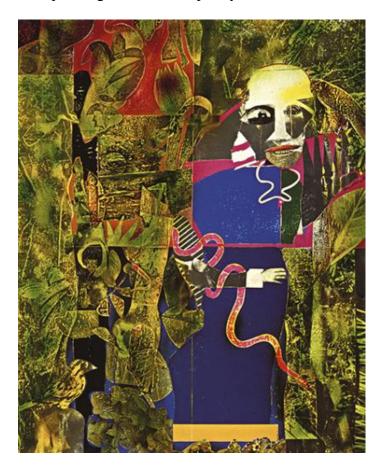
Why I am not a poet On the piece *Conjur Woman* by Romare Bearden Incorporating a coalition of poetry



This woman seems to know what I mean when I say the world is too fucking loud.

She has watched A Poor Old Woman eat plums that taste good to her they taste good to her they taste good to her.

She knows what is to stand in the rain in a long line and mistake the nearest sight of hope for her brother. Yes, she knows What Work Is.

And she is quite aware that in Facing It, one must accept reality, and yet acknowledge the past, must wander the world a lost spirit.

About Sufferingshe knew that Icarus, Daedalus, the ignorant people,
and the water, were all our muses.
She has seen that painting
and decided for herself that they
are all wrong. That she
was the one who was drowning.
And though the fall
she took was not from a tree,
she too thought "so this is dying."

And like the Veteran In A New Field attempting to mow his way into the colors of summer, no matter how hard she tries, there is only one way of looking at a blackbird.

As she hears the commotion of typewriter keys, "hey"

"it's me"

"over here" and feels the ship embarking on a journey, she relates more to the man wishing a safe passage, then the young girl: inspired.

And though they have told her no one picked in the fields on election day, and that the children sang songs like it was Sunday, and that their sounds keep coming out of the flowers, that this is the county of innumerable nowheres, a place where the sun invades your ears, and the mothers live in a part of life that doesn't get its picture taken, she cannot see to move.

And as she wishes she could conjure herself a new life, or cure their eyes before they see the blues, so many things she traffics in without knowing, and before Sweet Jesus himself could figure out what else to do in the world but weep, she felt her life with both her hands, to see if it were there-

and decided that it was all too loud.