

## **Ars Poetica: Just a Poem**

**Just:** a prayer

In a room where I feel swallowed, a rain begins to pour  
I grab my bowls from the kitchen and mugs from the sink  
They lie on my floor anticipating an overflow, and I whisper to myself  
“**Just** because the rain has come, doesn't mean that I must go”

**Just:** a word of love

Little beating heart, **just** waiting to be held,  
I am **just** a ring away  
Call me if the rain starts to leak into your house and **just** because I love you,  
I will get there

**Just:** a preliminary

I was **just** about to call you,  
My floor is soaked and it has **just** began to flood  
**Just** tell me what to do, how to be, or where to go  
I will get there

**Just:** a confession

I **just** didn't know how to tell you,  
The furniture is floating, the roof has been leaking for months and I **just** patched the holes again  
The cutlery is in the bathroom, my toothbrush is in the chimney, and I **just** want to get better  
Even the note from the fridge is smeared, the little remnants spell out “I will get there”

**Just:** a word used to hope

I float around for months, **just** waiting for the rain to stop  
It has began to shimmer when the sun comes through, and at night I open the doors and let the  
flood out, **just** hoping someday that it might take me with  
I put the cutlery back in its drawer, my toothbrush back in the cup, and I sing to myself, “I will  
get there”

**Just:** a human

**And I just wait**

I wait for the beat in my heart to slow, for direction and maybe a place I should go,  
And again I **just** wait for the rain to come, for the patches to work  
And while I do, I remember my words from a lifetime ago  
“**Just** because the rain has come, doesn't mean that I must go”