



on poeticism

Meg Thomas

fuck the theorists—
i am the theory
the theorised // theoriser // i am just theorising
i am the ~~hybrid~~ hybrid // overlaying overlapping identities
playing out the frailties of *human*²

human is the uncanniest of the uncanny³

in our little chairs at our little desks // hiding
from the world and the truth whilst in desperate pursuit of it // what does it mean
to be ~~alive~~ a writer, these days, anyways? // our pages interrogating
the world // our lives // desperate for meaning // what is it? if not a plea for purpose⁴
i am pleading for ~~attention~~ purpose // my nihilism cannot fulfil the need for approval //
creation is rarely comfortable

sometimes, i think maybe i'm getting the hang of it
sometimes, i think i'm better
at describing feelings than feeling them
intellectualising or processing?
i *am* the process // the process and the product⁵ // construction and construct
i am construct // constructed // ~~of by~~ through this // everything
about this is under construction
paper is protection, most times // helps me ~~create~~ confess
things i couldn't say to you, otherwise

² *this* human, in particular, but perhaps don't admit it // *distance* // your ~~narrative~~ voice is so honest, don't let it touch you

³ ffytche, 2012, p.69-70¹

⁴ to find or fulfil it // perhaps, to prove its existence at all // perhaps, we just need the attention

⁵ though never *productive* // staring down an empty ~~page~~ screen brain numb nothing done // *fuck* this and *fuck* me

look // it's schrödinger's writer // dead inside
but you wouldn't know it // a writer
that rarely writes (how novel) // i am
contradiction // my affliction is contrariness // caught
between one thing and another //
between *girl* and other // one shade of queer and
another // lived 'girlhood' and refusal of 'womanhood'
i suppose they/them looks different on me // fuck
shoving me in categories
butler, are you proud of me?

liminal // i live in the pauses // of
grown and *grown up* // write
between poet and *something* // write myself
into existence⁹ // illusory separations
between art and life // work and self¹⁰ //
between everything and nothing
what is there, outside of this? // autotheory or auto-pilot?
i always come back to this

i don't know what to call this

study me // i don't know what to call myself //
so, where do you think you're going with this?
name this // so i can justify it to you // it's theory
because i haven't written it yet

i sit with myself // in my fragments // in my frustration
and wait for the muse

the muse and i are in couples counselling

⁹ and sometimes out of it // on the darker days // on the days i'm not supposed to write about // on the days i
always write about

¹⁰ Fournier, 2021, p. 10

i don't know who i am, without this⁶

conflict(ed) // i'm supposed to be a ~~writer poet~~ creative(?) // but

i'm not sure what that means yet

i'm not sure what *i* mean yet⁷

i have such a lot to say but i can't

find the words // or the audience // or, perhaps, the nerve

this is the only way i know how to talk to myself

i am reflecting on the reflexivity of my reflex to reflect on everything

i've ever thought // or said // or done // or written // or been // i am but the unfulfilled potential

of a 'real' ~~creative student~~ human

confronting themselves in the mirror and ~~reflecting~~ reflexing

all over their reflection

is this the sort of thing you had in mind?

this is how i get it all out of my mind // *i* am out of my fucking mind⁸

this is how i find it // this is how i brave

the attic of my head // surrounded by boxes

unpack // all the things i can't bear to look at // decorate

the room with them // paint the page in pain and revel

in discomfort // look here // at the things i can't keep

inside of me // come here

and validate me

take me in // hang me on the wall

and call me lovely

⁶ *what i am, without this // you are nothing without this*

⁷ *i'm not sure i'll ever find out but // nhs waitlists are unending and poverty doesn't lend itself to private provisions so // this is all i have, now // this is how we figure it out, because*

⁸ *where is my mind* (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OJ62RzJkYUo>)

on an uncomfortable imaginary sofa // i ask why
she always stands me up // she asks why
i shit-talk her to our friends // when she always only arrives
when i need her most // she says
you're too co-dependent, darling, get off my back // she says
this is what you signed up for, darling
(get on with it)

i am the muse
and i don't know what that says about me // i'm learning to share
what all of this says about me // i'm learning to trust myself //
show up for myself // i'm learning to rip up the pages
of everything i've ever learnt before // dance
in the confetti // celebrate the chaos of creating
something that doesn't really fit in

i have never fit in // (re)create me

i'm making a nest of the manu-scrap
of conventionality // make a home of the unhomely // like always
i am collecting the pieces of myself // paste them together
like patchwork // make something they've never seen before

make something you've only dreamed before