**Not One of Us is Free From the Erasure**

“Poetry… emotion recalled in tranquility.”

Hogwash. Emotion recollected in rage, in grief,

in loneliness, in erasures, the frustration

of memories lost—the final content of our poetry.

Erasures of body parts that no longer work—

the hidden control of the bladder and bowels,

fingers no longer holding tight, knees no longer

lifting us, taste buds making everything taste bland.

Erasures put together—treasured moments—

a life in passing, hearing the details that cause laughter,

seeing the fine-tuned expression on a loved-one’s face,

to hear that wail—the soul of the Blues, a throbbing boogie beat,

but not having the balance to dance and move to the beat.

No transportation to beloved activities—

concerts, jazz festivals, debates, ballets.

No end to shrinking telomeres, non-functioning synapses.

Erasures of attention—things you want to learn and know

turn to daydreams and drifting memories—

the poet’s view of words, the fast-moving loss of them

steals names of persons, things and places.

If an erasure is erasing parts of myself to create

something new and original, then God is picking

through my after-life. Plagiarism is not far behind.

If this is a new form of poetry, it will not be mine.

**Jacqueline Williams April, 2015 24 lines**

**About This Poem**

Our teacher used a handout from Writer’s Digest by Robert Lee Brewer about the poetic form named Erasure. You erase the parts of the poem that inspire you and make a new poem of them. In researching this further, I found the flip side of this is a “Blackout” poem. Here you leave the original piece of work that you want and blackout the rest. You must observe the 50% rule and name the source.

I used this form, instead, as an extended metaphor for what happens in old age. While depressing, if you live long enough, it is the truth.

One could instead, use all of those erased parts and write a wonderful Eulogy. In either case, it is not plagiarism.