

## Wilderness House Literary Review 9/3

*Jason Wright*

### **Start Strong\_ Finish Strong**

It's about starting strong  
And finishing strong  
That's the life line.  
The main train I write on.

Moves on, and my music is gone.  
So I let the day wash over my shoulders,  
And let the night fuel me for tomorrow  
And with warning,  
The train stops and soon I am walking

And I see the trees with the green leaves

I see a man waving peace.

I see three children in the streets,  
And they are playing like they should be.

I see a future for all of us  
And it makes me feel good.

I see paintings on the walls at my soul less shop  
Where the only bright spot is the poets and the harlots

I see a weakening wind, as it rushes back into my lungs.

I see a world with no guns.  
But though that's not a reality, I see people flying free.

Being the people, the individual they should be.

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I see the waves of water, ebbing back and forth  
I see a world listening to each other's every word  
I see no barriers between us  
I see fireworks, lighting in the distance  
If I look hard enough I can even see me even in it.

I see no blank stares, no acts performed  
No violence, just writers and dancers,  
Jumping in puddles, in rain storms

I see music being made in the cellular form  
I see a world that isn't blind  
Isn't cold but not warm  
Something between a babies first step  
And a blind man's vision

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I see a single cell organism,  
making something out of nothing  
I see God's warm hand, and I see a purple flower  
I see dreams of subways, bridges and concrete,  
I see an ivory tower  
I see castles in the distance  
Is this what heaven is?  
I see a world finally excepting me,  
And seeing truth in illness.  
I see a poet's brilliance, a beautiful rainbow  
An undertow that's resilient, watching the ebb and flow  
And me receding back to the train  
the idiot job, and the reasons why I am writing  
and I'm back on the train, alone again  
with people who don't know me  
and this is just a dream  
a steam powered brain,  
on a slow moving train.  
Finishing to stop the thoughts,  
And then again the pen stops.  
I put a signature and a 3 on the page,  
And it all goes back, and nothing  
No beautiful beach  
Just a world like a leech  
And people who don't know me  
Watching the freak  
Write his poetry.