

Rushed No More

By Kyle Gerstel

Just as what is or isn't poetry cannot be defined, the way this piece is expressed is completely up to the performer. I look forward to experiencing your unique interpretations of the monologue and hope you enjoy creating them!

I am the boy who runs towards his death
To catch it before it's too late.
Everywhere to be but nowhere to go,
I resort to the forest's gate.

A stream glides across the rocks, smooth as a swan;
Above it, a log I step upon.
The soft bark contracts as I scurry across,
Infested with maggots homed within its soft moss.

The grass smells green, the sun caresses my pores,
All is quiet outside my mind's doors.
I shudder—the tree branch touches my skin,
And before I know it, gravity gives in.

I fall,
Skin my knee,
And am rushed down the stream,
Scraped and scraped like a strange fever dream.
As I ride down the river, I feel a breeze
And see slivers of mountains peek out of the trees,
Critters in crevices, birds soaring above,
From the fearless eagle to the dying dove,
Flapping its wings with painful grace,
Waiting to fall to its falling place.

The flora and fauna previously overlooked,
For then I was too busy, too booked,
But now I've been thrust into my past:
Nature prevails, though we'll fail to last.
The rapids run rapider, trees cave in,
Maybe some god will help me I don't have faith in.
Should I have watched my step, my space
Before I fell to my falling place?

A whiff of oak, the tearing of flesh,
The forest's life begins to mesh.
Thrust side to side by the water's violence,
I hear what the forest intended:
Silence.