How Can Thirteen Year Old Boys Write Love Poems?

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Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter
-Keats

We can't write that

holding the controller
we feel most worthy
pushing buttons
on the projection of ourselves

gameboy hero

shining armor
confident in virtuality
the most real
TV courage—

but game over.

Somewhere deep
is an un-person
unlocated in-between
the green of innocence
and the promise
between we can't
and her

today unfeeling
tomorrow afraid
afraid of what
love gives back

We can't write that.

I am a stranger
Unknown to my friends
Unknown to myself

She is my reputation
She is about me
And I am afraid of myself

We can’t write that.

we fear our lack
we fear pleasure
afraid of what
it gives back
not ready even to ask

afraid of what
expectations lie
in wait, hiding
in tension
like a spring coiled
we expect the snap back
to be injured and wounded
where it hurts most
under the facade

We can't write that.

I am a stranger
Unknown to my friends
Unknown to myself

She is my reputation
She is about me
And I am afraid of myself
Who sits in this matrix
wears our shoes
even with feet too large
ready to chop off our toes
to save us from [   ]

No
Give back the controller
back to our game
as long as tomorrow
comes an upgrade
another level or edition
then we remain

Gameboy hero

where we matter most
wearing the uniform
carrying the weapons
of potential
future hope

sure still in the straitjacket of today’s
emotions illegitimate feelings
unadopted in reality
but who cares
accepted here

Can I write that?

game over

I am not sure
Jon Stamp