

anger, and a choice.

i think i feel angry
i want to be angry
at something
maybe at the unfairness of it all
or perhaps more accurately... the tragedy of it all.
god is dead in my eyes and is therefore absolved,
but if he gave my mother her sickness despite her lifelong faith...
then he is cruel and twisted
and deserves to see his pearly gates burned and his paradise razed.

there is no inherent meaning to the world,
so perhaps this affliction is simply a matter of genetics and biology.
cold objectiveness like that is something i can live with,
for that leaves me to only deal with the part of me
that cries for more time and happiness.

when you do everything you can to avoid misfortune, and yet it still finds you...
what sane man stays calm?
what sane man does not seek retribution and catharsis in some form?
what sane man does not feel
his blood boiling with rage
and freezing with helplessness?

you can kick, scream, curse, and cry to the heavens and think that this is unfair,
but everything in this existence is mired in misery.
and this presents us with a choice.

do we brave the suffering that is inevitably rooted within attachment,
and therefore become "human"?
or do we choose detachment that turns us apathetically inhuman,
and makes "monsters" out of men?

Artist's Statement:

In this free verse poem, I decided to write about my personal feelings regarding a medical situation that involves my sick mother. In this poem I express my feelings of anger and helplessness about her situation, and I also dive into some thoughts that I have on the existential relation that our struggles have with the “grand scheme” of life. This poem also takes from some of my frustrations about the medical system of America, but I don't necessarily use specifics within the poem to criticize the system, rather I just take those frustrations and use it to write lines that I purposefully made to be ambiguous and dripping with the sense of frustration, such as the third stanza, specifically “what sane man does not feel his blood boiling with rage and freezing with helplessness?”. I didn't want to be too on the nose and specifically point out the source of the frustrations and instead make it seem mysterious and make readers wonder what provoked such feelings and at that depth. It also felt unnatural to be specific in a poem that is deliberately written to sound like the angry rant of someone disillusioned with something, because I feel like this is one of those rants that just erupts from someone. I also feel that the rage and disappointment is an occurrence that many people can relate with, and could perhaps increase the audience that aligns itself with my poem, instead of casting a very specific and narrow net that only allows a certain few people to relate. I do this because on some level as an author I want audiences to sympathize with me, to see my feelings without me having to show them, to have my inner turmoil and thoughts be validated in some way by audience reactions. It sounds narcissistic and it probably is, but I feel like this poem is a catharsis for all my hidden feelings and the personal achievements and good action that I gloss over in the name of being selfless towards my mother's situation. I have personally made the decision to become selfless and disregard personal well-being in the name of ensuring my mother's care and comfort, and in

this poem I express some of my feelings about the circumstances that led me to make that sacrifice. I do not lament nor regret making the decision, rather I am simply expressing frustration and anger at the circumstances that are brought about by simple bad luck.