

It's hard to write a poem when the mind refuses to think of a proper topic.

Should there be humour involved?

Should it be emotionally charged?

Is it possible to write an utterly pointless poem?

Perhaps,

Perhaps,

Perhaps.

Answering one's own questions doesn't seem fitting for a poem.

Are they not meant to invoke thought? To be meticulously analyzed?

It would be easy to analyze a poem that gave away its point.

But it would be hard to analyze one that goes nowhere.

If I were to say the point of this poem was that frogs are amazing, and then never bring up frogs once more, that wouldn't truly be the point the poem tries to make.

I could do the same with goats

Or chairs

Or bagels

And it still wouldn't make any of those topics the main focus of the poem, despite explicitly stating that they are!

Pretty strange, isn't it?

Everyone who reads a poem interprets it a different way, yet most are only written with one interpretation in mind.

It's a very versatile form of writing.

Legumes.

If this poem is ever analyzed, I want the reader(s) to try to decipher why I possibly decided to use the word "legumes" there.

There is no reason,

But in saying there's no reason...

Could I be subtly hinting at the fact that there is one?

I could keep going on for a while.

Yet, you'll never know how long this took to write,

Unless you decide to ask me.

Not that I could give a proper answer, only a rough estimate.

Estimate.

That word has always sounded very formal to me.

Not in a regal way though, more in a pretentious one.

That being said, if I were to make a guess (not an estimate) of how many words this poem will end up having, I'd say it'll be around four or five hundred.

Or I could end it here at exactly 326 words.

Unless you don't count "326" as a word,

Then it would be 325 words.

Wanna know something cool?

It's 1:11 PM right now.

Just thought that was worth pointing out.

It's amazing how this mess of random thoughts could be considered "poetry".

Or maybe that's just me and I have a fundamental lack of understanding of what a "poem" is.

I suppose I should be poetic.

Here goes:

*Trees are like gophers.*

Wait,

No.

That was a terrible opening, forgive me.

Hmm...

I have a question floating through my mind right now that I'm itching to ask.

The question in question being:

I wonder how abruptly a poem can be ended?