

Poet R.M. Drake has become something of a social media phenomenon, and his work is also visible as street art in many cities across America.

At first glance, the language in this untitled poem is quite dark and bleak. Sweep your eye over its short 9 lines and words such as “grim”; “falling apart”; “broken”; “brutally”; “collapsing”; “rioting”; “haunting” and “dark” will jump out at you.

How depressing!
... Or maybe not ...

Here is a poem that in fact celebrates one woman’s determination, and her willingness to push through life’s struggles. Yes, we may sometimes fall apart. Yes, we may have to “brutally” struggle to piece ourselves back together. But even a star that “collapses” in on itself will transform into a new entity and will be “reborn”.

***This week’s poem is dedicated to Ms. Gavin,
and is also a belated nod to International Women’s Day!***

(Stars that have been pushed to the limits of pressure can collapse in on themselves to become other entities such as white dwarfs or neutron stars. *I looked that up on the NASA site—how sad am !!*)

she did not find the grim
in falling apart. for
every time she found herself
to be broken, she knew
she was brutally remaking
herself, and collapsing
to be reborn like a
rioting star; haunting the
dark sky.

r.m. drake