



**Poet of Note:**

**Camille Ward**

Check out Camille's blog: <http://blondbondgirl.blogspot.com/>

### **Self-interview**

#### **How did I get into writing?**

I have always felt the inclination to write. I kept a journal when I was 9 that I wrote short stories in, and when I became a teenager my journal turned into an outlet for angst I felt towards my parents, peers, and society as a whole (in brief, what most teenagers write about). I studied literature in college and felt drawn toward the writing of Albert Camus, who has had a great influence on my philosophy and writing style as a whole in terms of his fearless nature. Throughout the years, I have turned to writing as an outlet for emotions, and have recently discovered that poetry is one of the most expressive forms because there exists no established set of rules in the realm of poetry.

**What keeps me writing?**

Life. I think that if I am not writing at some point of the day, I am not living. I feel that writing heightens the experience of life and brings it to another caliber. Whether we experience the emotions brought about by the feeling of being in love, or what it feels like to witness the death of a close friend or family member, or betrayal; whatever the emotional colorwheel; the sensations we feel during these experiences can only be heightened or fully understood through writing and expressing them.

**What makes good poetry?**

The beauty of poetry is that there is not a single set of rules to govern it. This leads it to become a free-flowing art form that is unrestricted. I do not believe that there is a single definition for "good poetry" because all poetry is good in its own stylistic sense. The poetry I most prefer, however, is experimental, playful, and a reminder of what we all may experience in life: emotions. We are all human. This is part of life.



Photo "Phuket" by Camille Ward

**Poems**

## **Canoe Still Life**

The water is soft,  
meaningless fog creeps inside my eyes,  
a cloak of invisibility a shroud to brain speaking and intelligent whispers.  
glup glup glup glub glub blug blug! bubbles away the heavy mixed tonic as it submerges with the lake, one, two  
cloth sticks skin on skin, the dampness of a tropical heat, and pruney toes //  
these are the things that only I know as I – I become a part of this scene  
and underneath it, stuck in mud, a harsh thread cuts open my fingerprints with shattered blood  
disappearing without a trace, I embrace the scent of iron with my whole.

I lick up this locked-up lake with eyes of yearning and misinterpretation,  
A canoe tugs behind me and false, weak stilettos walk across the bottomless base  
Thrashing through the puddle is in fact no effort at all – but is the opposite of effort as in effortless.  
I pull up to the shore where I had seen five – six of you waiting  
Trailed by a piranha and his razor teeth, curly jungle hair like a scary doll which I fear not at all  
I am walking on thin air though not stifled by it,  
Feeling awake, alive enough to crawl through beds, eyeless, faceless, rather than play a tennis game.  
Fame, it is a noble, creeping monster that lurks in the spirit house.

## **the wizard's den**

Night wakes up and day goes to bed, and lights turn on inside the head.  
Welcome to the edge of the universe,  
Hug the atmosphere of colors, embrace it full on  
Walk into the sphere of existence.

A pirate's ship once used looks on from up above, periscope circling in on the bird's eye view of the crew dressed in birthday suits and funky hats (polka dots and such); observer of hearts, minds and souls. The essence of this land of vivid sparks of colors, grassy lawn, is a study of contrasts. There is a bipolarity of steel and wood; the soft and cold; the in and out.

Choose the outside pole and wind up rowing in a long canoe boat surrounded by green smells. Fill up the boat with friendly foods and flavors, drinks to join; friends, too. Or take a trip through foodland via caravan as a wandering gypsy – where by the end of the road, you'll find yourself tipsy.

The swing, a friendly abode for couples or those yet to meet, mixes iron and tree; do we see a symbol here of reality?

From here we view the inside – an extension to the gypsy train and canoe rides through tides of green delights. See inside the mind of a wizard and his fantastic whirlpool blizzard. Here he rides his bicycle on the ceiling; a universe turned upside down – or right side up.

The artists inside are proof of genius, of a master play space filled with tools for creation.

The mind switches on in this dollhouse of toys and we await the morning; in the meantime forgetting time. Morning is for climbing the stairs and selecting from a myriad of purples to blues, to cardinal reds where reside the beds for sleepyheads.

### **speckled man**

It's not so much that you crouch and pummel the tennis balls through the walls that frown me//

A clown of forgiveness, I take in coffee cups as tokens of your coins  
Assuaging the tunnel of wilted guilt//

The frozen slices of grapefruit teardrops that flake off your skin  
Breathe to me madness//

In your hallway proudly stands a headless mannequin  
Ribs, skeleton, I smell the sickness of up north

You continue drifting to the poles  
An iceberg lettuce salad  
Calorie-less, empty as a watery crunch,  
Shards dissipating in heavy clouds.

## **motifs**

### *Gnome*

A crow on the electric line – no, two –  
Blue fairies and their black eyes, button holes,  
Eaten out like worms gnawing at the ground like meaningful moles  
Down below we cannot fathom the expanse of a rich cloud  
Poles open wide, both ends a void  
Evading cantankerous dust

### *Forward dwarf*

A lofty lustful cloud of dust  
The stairs are ring pulls  
- by that I mean we get stuck in the wine cork of this place  
Hidden traps, stick your hand into the void  
You know you won't come out whole  
A day soul swallowed up in the steel bathtub under those stairs  
Where you sit on the toilet and watch black and white television  
It's a dimpled warp in this universe of iron.

## **Lost**

Those I did not ever see again.

I returned to your house on the hill  
it was still there,  
the feeling.

*I had to go there to make sure I didn't lose it.*

I climbed up the hole in the wall  
and lay in your sheets

let the web of unknowing cloak my eyes

Sat at the traffic light, yours next to mine  
*goodbye, and see you next time*

I see that you are crying but I don't see it at all, only the hot water tears.

I write backwards in the hope that poetry will return you to me.