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## How Can Thirteen Year Old Boys Write Love Poems?

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*Jon Stamp*

*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*



*Jon Stamp*