

# Poetry Porch: Poetry

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## Rash

By George Kalogeris

How rash was the itch in my adolescent hand for writing  
Poetry? Just rash enough to give me goosebumps—  
Yet never so eruptive it had me spitting up blood.

How rash was bareheaded Keats to hike when it was raining  
Cats and dogs and he went sloshing through the Scottish  
Highlands, ankle-deep in freezing water? Just rash

Enough for me to hear his fatal cough when Joseph  
Brodsky paused to clear his throat. And then he bit off  
The filter-tip of another Camel, and went on talking.

How rash was I to say out loud I'd never regret  
Not having a child? Just rash enough that turning forty  
It should have had me breaking out in hives, but didn't.

Alas, how rash. And all for what—my poems? I had  
To laugh... And yet, such seedless joy in the heedless rush  
Of their conception! But then, again—alas, how rash.