

# A Poem For The Disappointed

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Source: Original

For those who worked for years  
for a moment  
a culmination  
that passed and deflated before their eyes  
an alveolus wheezing  
a balloon sputtering  
wailing grossly from its untied belly button  
until an even more frightening  
silence

For when the whole world reached out for a hug  
and the only thing to grasp was thin air

For when the calendar postponed  
but time marched on, sweating in our living rooms

For when we tried to run away from our bodies  
but needed them to get where we were going

for the humility you felt when your plans shook away  
like a simple etch-a-sketch  
(how you thought the lines had looked so permanent)

for when you were too embarrassed to admit,  
while standing over a virtual casket,  
how much that job meant to you

for when you were afraid and hoarding chocolates in your nightstand  
scanning the internet for the local gun store  
pale, trembling, deep inside your lungs,  
considering that your dreams never meant anything  
that nothing ever meant anything  
and understanding in brief, hot flashes  
that you are infinitely, endemically interconnected  
to everything

for when we saw ourselves  
close a chapter we were in the middle of writing  
but still, shaking, held the pen

There was a passionate answer  
a deep knowing  
that this time would come  
a communal winter  
when the greased machine would get arthritis  
when the hot world would exact revenge

A bright stop sign on our road to purpose.

And this is when we reminded each other  
that the conversation we have with loss  
is perennial  
and must be endured  
together  
while solitary

In a confined closet  
accessible by outer space

Like a cosmic cure in your underpants

Like an epiphany that has no alphabet

yet