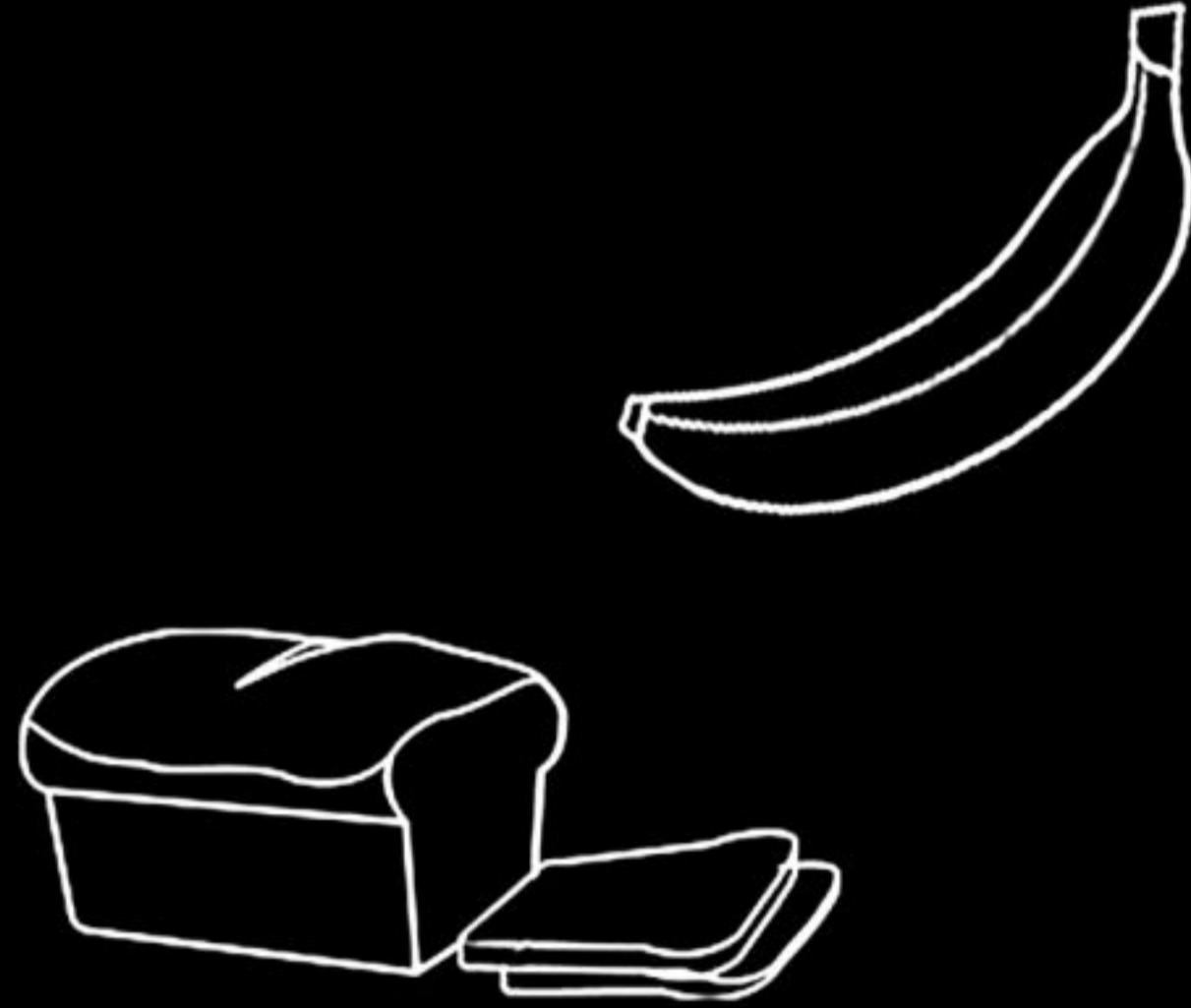


kola and ruti

farah masud



this article
comes in four parts.

the hurting

it began with an itch
at the back of my neck
subtle,
tolerable.
but with every passing day
i began to find it
harder
to ignore.

dear rupi kaur
i know i'm not the first
one to say it
and i won't be the last.

i've tried to keep it shut
every time someone mentioned
you or
your work
i smiled and nodded
but what i really wanted to
ask them was
"is that... poetry?"

the loving

your complete disregard for
sentence case
is commendable.
lack of punctuations
other than full stops
and occasional commas
great.
i appreciate the
rebelliousness of it.
it reminds me of street
art.

a lot of the thoughts in
your poems are nothing
short of beautiful
they're bold, raw and
even empowering at times.

the breaking
is this getting difficult
to read yet?

good
you're starting to understand
my pain.

there is a lot to love
i wont deny that.
your
messages are important
but the way you've
put them down on
paper
sound all too familiar
they're nothing
i have not heard before
they do not sound musical
when read out loud
most of the pieces
are repetitive, clichéd and
no different
from the thousand
other tumblr posts.

but what has broken
me the most
is the merciless
hammering of the Enter key
over
and
over
and
over again
until -
perfectly complete sentences
have been broken down
and placed in separate lines
stripped off of their impact
until -
all life has been
sucked out of them.

the healing

if there's one thing i've
learned from you
it is
that the best way to heal is to
make art
and this
is my
form of catharsis.

it is difficult for me to digest
but i think i'm
ready to
accept that
if
Duchamp's bicycle wheel
can be considered revolutionary,
and memes are
equivalent to art,
your work
can very well
be called poetry
and a good one at that
cause
there are tons of people
unlike me
who admire your work
and find solace in it.
i can surely appreciate that.

but even so
i'd say this rant
has better line breaks than
most of *milk and honey*.

Disclaimer: The writer only speaks for herself. Works of art are subject to criticism, and this is hers. If you hate her views, write a poem about it.