

i will be undisciplined

By Helen Johnson and the Undisciplined Methods Delegates, May 2017

I heard a sound,
a fascinating, everyday sound
the kind I normally overlook,
like let-out steam,
enjoying the dripping of rain,
hope embracing possibility.

How can we push our boundaries skyward,
making it for the people?
Fully embrace despair?
Or look at things differently,
in first breath?
How do we define context?

Trying to be undisciplined brings its own pressures.
I want to feel right
when bending the rules,
test them to breaking point,
as though there is no hope,
then use the pieces to make kaleidoscopes.

Bowed by the gravity of orbit,
but free from it,
light fragments fracture.
Who cares about disciplines?
Where is the breaking point?
Where are the boundaries?

I have decided to be honest.
I will talk,
and wonder how the context influences us,
our other selves,
our lost selves,
our hidden selves,
our censored selves.
What can we be except ourselves?
I will be undisciplined in all of them,
a wrong that wraps itself tight into right.