

Apologize for Something or Everything

The title is the prompt

Under One Small Star

My apologies to chance for calling it necessity.
My apologies to necessity if I'm mistaken, after all.
Please, don't be angry, happiness, that I take you as my due.
May my head be patient with the way my memories fade.
My apologies to time for all the world I overlook each second.
My apologies to past loves for thinking that the latest is the first.
Forgive me, distant wars, for bringing flowers home.
Forgive me, open wounds, for pricking my finger.
I apologize for my record of minuets to those who cry from the depths.
I apologize to those who wait in railway stations for being asleep today at five
a.m.

Pardon me, hounded hope, for laughing from time to time.
Pardon me, deserts, that I don't rush to you bearing a spoonful of water.
And you, falcon, unchanging year after year, always in the same cage,
your gaze always fixed on the same point in space,
forgive me, even if it turns out you were stuffed.
My apologies to the felled tree for the table's four legs.
My apologies to great questions for small answers.
Truth, please don't pay me much attention.
Dignity, please be magnanimous.

Bear with me, O mystery of existence, as I pluck the occasional thread from your
train.

Soul, don't take offense that I've only got you now and then.
My apologies to everything that I can't be everywhere at once.
My apologies to everyone that I can't be each woman and each man.
I know I won't be justified as long as I live,
since I myself stand in my own way.
Don't bear me ill will, speech, that I borrow weighty words,
then labor heavily so that they may seem light.

Wisława Szymborska
(*Poems New and Collected*)

An Apology for Writing Poetry and Wasting Paper and Ink
(Written in a bad mood and hoping to do better)

They mutter utter nonsense
on the bridges of my brain.
They dance the hoopaloopa
in the sun and in the rain.
They'll strip me and they'll rip me
and they're full of limping lies,
and they're blind to all that matters-
each one just gnars and natters-
not one can seize the blinding star
that blinks up in the skies,
and that, my friends, is what so far
my ill-begotten poems are.
Period.

Steffi Fletcher

Apology
for E.Q.

I thought you were
born to privilege,
some inherited advantage —
like an estate framed
in privet hedge,
or a better-feathered
shuttlecock for badinage,
or other French pretensions.
I never thought you knew about
exhaustion—
how we have to leap up in the
morning
as early as high as possible.
We are so fastened, we are so dutiful.

Kay Ryan
in *The Best of It*