

2024

## All for Nothing

Marina K. Leyba

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### Recommended Citation

Leyba, Marina K., "All for Nothing" (2024). *Writing Beyond the Prison*. 30.  
<https://commons.library.stonybrook.edu/writingbeyondtheprison/30>

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Marino K. Leyba, "All for Nothing"

My emotional intelligence is way too advanced,  
as I dance around the plants, the ants, and  
their rants.

I'm mystified by what lives inside.

My vulnerability is my weakness, my  
uniqueness.

I use a specific technique, as a matter  
of fact, I have not slept in a few weeks, I  
need a few winks, I mean a few weeks.

The pinnacle of the universe is where I peak,  
yet I feel too weak to complete who I must meet.  
I must sleep!

How am I advancing?  
The sky is falling, the shooting stars are  
passing; the beginning of the end, I'm outlasting!  
Classy, I'm walking across the glass sea.

Authentic, every word I've ever said, "I've meant  
it!" Every letter I've ever written you, "I've sent it!"

Undefined, a mystery in every line.  
Tears and crying from every loved one who  
has ever died!  
I bind my time.

So incomplete, the rain, the snow, the sleet!  
I can feel the cold, the sun, the snow, the heat!  
All for nothing, incomplete...

Genre: Poetry  
Tags: Self-realization