

neurotic ink blots

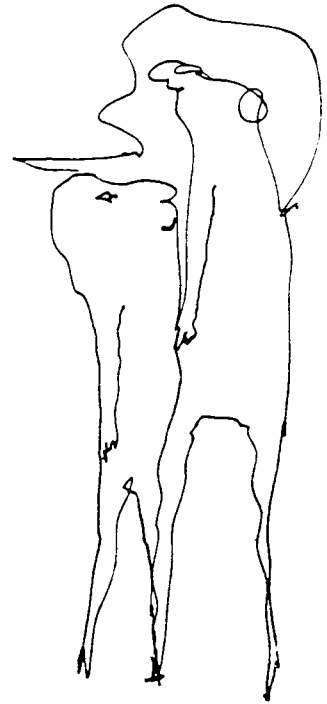
i am indelible ink
streaking down the sheet you hold
seeking the right words to show
who i am
and that I am

i read the doubt
printed cryptically across your face
between the lines
i realize
i have only been making
mere indigo smudges
— ugly blue blots
punctuated by confusion

how do you interpret
a shiftless sequence
of dashdots and questionmarks?

i am frightened ink now
scurrying across the pages
of a weekend magazine
running from words
which might catch me
and pin me to a sentence
that i will only have to rewrite

Tracy Nuttall



Sarah Jackson © Things are looking up.