



Around Their Ink

words have
draped themselves across our shoulders to better cast their gaze toward
our turning of their pages
turning towards the light to see what bends in us
around their ink

the words only came before
themselves before their own selves only a moment ago before
they came
and they were gone

letters turned up all
of a sudden drawn up
turned a trick upon a far-way purpose distant old imagination

torn up washed up
lost in distant sands of time spent telling long lost tales in long-lost tongues

transformation is their wit
illusion is their gift
to those who can bear their jokes can bear them turn a will into a will-o-the-wisp of a thing, a slip shod
so thin so fragile
so easily easy-torn thing

like their trees
bending back in the wind
soft and bending and fated
fated to decay in the end

a mere happening a
happenstance
that things turned out this way

that trees did grow that way
that human minds did bend that way that they did linger
in that way
at first a moment, then an age
upon what words might be
upon a page
turning round to see
how they've draped themselves across our shoulders turning back to turn the page
turning towards the light to see
how they do it—how they bend us
bend us all
around their ink



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