

isible Ink

but then
halfway through my poem
I realized I was writing
with invisible ink
and that the first few verses
had disappeared
while the next half dozen
were beginning to fade
so I started writing faster
as if to stem the vanishing tide
yet the swifter my hand flew
the quicker the letters flickered out
and then a whole stanza just *went*
like the slats of a venetian blind

flipping shut so I reached
for another pen but there were none
and I prayed to the muse
asking what supposed candleflame
would warm the page and restore
the text that once had crossed it
and how could I ever