

A Blank Page

by Dawn Hutchison

A page should be left blank. No
use filling it with old cliches.
Dirty ink that turns fingers black.
It all sounds like mush anyway.
Better to leave the page blank.
No struggles, no oceans, no lovers.
Ink reduces all to nothing. Worthless
words of silly slop. The page
should just be left blank. A white
page, unscarred by used ideas.
Nothing to melt thoughts. Words
run run run down the page
like wax and smother.