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.