Why I Write

you are a demanding siren.

i will lie you down in fields of verse

my pen the core of my body

and you the tabula rasa

upon which i will scrawl my indelible desire.

before i allow you to rise

the flag of my world

i will press you between my thighs,

my skin the carven letters of Gutenberg's will

you will echo me, and ring through time

proof, if any is needed

that you are who i say you are