erase me

erase me

and i will draw anew the chalk formula of desire

on the dusty slate of my life

and let the thorns and sorrows of this now

become mist and nostalgia, summer and rain,

so may all the peoples and things of my terror

go where have gone the marks of yesterday,

pawned off on the lonely janitor of time.

i will find for you:

the theorem of choice

the axiom of surety

the equation of completion

erase me, my queen, and take no notes,

for the test is only love.