

ANTHONY IACOBUCCI

Can You Taste This Ink?

Can you taste this ink, paper? Is it bitter, like salt drip,
or strange-sweet, like little threads of black licorice?

Where is your heart? Up there in the corner,
hiding in the shad of the page-break,
or did it roll off your back?

If flies make holes, or my pen stabs through you,
does it sting that thin, chalk dust skin?

Or is the pain drawn out by the words I write,
or the ones I neglect to write, leaving you incomplete,
clamping the jaw down
before the out with the yawn?

I think you're a mirror,
but there must be a fog between us,
or else I've started to dissolve
into brittle black lines.

I could just walk away from this desk,
let dust and years lay heavy on your back
and turn you to yellow-brown onion skin.

Time would lick its paws and stretch,
but we wouldn't sleep.
We need this movement of a pen between us.

And know that everything you feel
is just a reflection of me.

So let's go, let's grow,
bitter and sweet, wounds and all,
far as this pen and I can take us.