

## tangibility

I forgot to close the curtains when the room grew dark. I didn't eat all day because my stomach never growled to remind me. That's a lie, I consumed ink splattered pages; splatters that formed open verse stanzas, sonnets about how to write a sonnet, and what filled me up most of all was a pantoum. You know repetition makes me grow silent in complacency.

I indulged myself in lines spoken from dead men's lips and lines written to damn them to hell. I shed a few drops of blood while my hand masturbated on the page. Moans escaped at the ends of lines that worked, broke my heart, or reminded me of who I wanted to be before the world came to this. I am in a dark room with looming buildings that block the moonlight, making love to a page with strained eyes.

*What does that make me?*

*—Amber Alexander*