

## The Book

Vader

Liquid, sticky messages  
Stories that meander and trickle  
Communiqués that cruise with no end  
Whispers of slow ooze and drain

Reading takes you inside  
Slow observant attention  
Tracing plots uncovers  
Layers of inner self

A gush is an explosion  
Slow trickle a description  
Pulsing rhythm a sonnet  
Steady rush like a novel

Veins are like lines  
White parchment of the bones  
Vessels of pages that collect  
Meaning and truth and sense

It takes years to perfect  
Comprehension and skill  
Tender touch of the red  
So elusive to capture

Ripped pages, lost meaning  
Words trailing off into void  
Cooling plot with no climax  
No text is forever