

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