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