

## Blank Page, Empty Verse

Why do you remind me of a hearse?  
Are you dead – or is it me?  
Let me nail you to a tree.

Tell me, Page, if you can,  
What's all this about –  
being man?

Where is the center?  
(And are you there?)  
Why should I care about what I wear?

Just set the margins down!  
Seventy times seven times,  
You forgive my stilted rhymes.

And still I forget  
(here comes the hearse),  
how to empty a Page –  
of blank verse.