

Mere Embossing

We are everything and we are no one [to you]. We are the swimmers and the divers, the mountain climbers and the abominable. Our fingers dance on imaginary piano keys and then our thoughts idle near the lines. We screech, we whisper. We make tears stain the imagination, the page, the keyboard, papercut lips and veiled cheeks. That dip in your cupid's bow, the shape of our thumb, the knot in your throat— you cradle us there. You glance at us and your world dissipates, but you don't really see us there, do you [we feel your glare on every line]? [Listen!] We're right behind you. We're right under your prying fingertips. Flip the dustjacket and take us for a turn: you have all of our secrets now.