

Ink on Paper

by gerard varni

This white page, flecked with pulp, scarcely sustained by
Memories of forest birds who once lived in the branches
Of its tree, trembles,
Awaiting the pen and suffusion of black ink.
The signature is love pressed against a faint substance.

A keen throbbing resonates in my heart
As my hand quivers like a Thrush
Uncertain of the distance between shadow
And space. Like a pure young woman, the
Page accepts the promise of a singular heart.
Light falls like dry leaves, tenacious in their
Will to survive.

What possibility there is in the mingling
Of these two — ink on paper — endowed
With the raucous joy of revelation, of love.
Yet the moment they cease to cling
Together, the light flickers, consumed by the sea.

Waves like lovers gather and crest, crash into
White uncertainty. And there is the paper,
The covenant of boundless union,
Floating on the spent foam like a sigh.
Resting for a beat on the beckoning shore,
It slips timorously back into the cold green
Ocean, vanishing till death.
Confused about territories, I love the
Tenacity that still circulates in my heart.

