

# Ink

*by* Ivan Reyes

A time traveler  
Told me  
The future is bright  
He said to look back  
To the past  
Towards the great historians,  
Xenophon  
Plutarch  
Herodotus,  
Their ink stained  
More than pages  
Like sperm  
Upon the ovum of time  
And birthed tyrants and heroes  
Then the time traveler kissed me  
This is how we do,  
In the future,  
He said  
He said he knew the day he died  
And set himself toward then  
Somewhere in the tenth dimension

