2004

Instant Ink

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2004/iss4/4
JENNY STOCKDALE

INSTANT INK

You’re the instant I catch myself collapsing like cheap furniture. At least, you were that instant before I would come to find that, like instant coffee, you’re a makeshift excuse for addiction.

That’s all that kept me awake, for years

You’re the ink I never bothered to scrub off my crooked fingers. At least, you were that ink before I would come to find that, like ink wells, you’re a shallow, glass jar girdling permanence.

It used to keep me awake

But just yesterday, when I orchestrated my own ending, you painted me a mess you sang me a hurricane you kicked me in the memory, and I turned that furniture into firewood.

As for the ink, I used soap this time.