

**Blank Page**

White and blinding.

It stares at him with no eyes.

I feel the smoothness and listen to the crisp snap-

With nothing to say, he puts it down.

Then he starts to scribble-

So many things to say

Ink, starts to smell

Like the flavor on the label.

Cherry

He flips it over but

The wind from the hole in the wall

Blows it away-

Through the spaces in the bars.

It folds as it falls into a puddle on

The ground and the red ink

Turns into a pool of blood.

He gets up, light cracks through

Illuminating “Smith” on his chest

Now the words read, “To: I’m sorr.”

Reminiscent of a mistake that

he can’t take back.