

break

I leave blank pages so that my days
are all the same length.

I leave lines
to share a thought more slowly,
to hold you -
you pause, and I watch,
and I hold you until
I can hold you no longer.
I continue
and then

I break again,
white space and ruled lines
with the same pen on the pages
of the same notebook

a month
after starting to write
and now with nothing to say.

Stop!

There, you stopped.
You are listening to me,
I think.
I have you captivated,
spellbound, locked inside
an inexplicable
incomprehensible
longing
just
to

finish

this poem
before I

break
again.

Miriam Joy