

# fleeting ink

Blank pages dare me to create.  
They want to be despoiled and marked,  
ruined by ink in my changing scrawl.  
They want words -- and never mind  
that I have none to offer.  
They will take any, drinking the ink  
like my very heart's blood.

I give all I am to words.  
Sometimes I feel words take all  
from me, all that I am and --  
no. Not all that I could be.

Words are longer lasting than breath,  
but they are fleeting enough,  
as are the memories they hold.  
My words will pass and so will theirs.  
Theirs will pass.  
Their words will pass and I will wonder  
why ever they bothered me so,  
why I wrote an angry poem,  
masked behind false optimism  
and observations of creativity  
that is fuelled by abstract yearning  
just to make  
*something,*  
so strong that perhaps it does not matter  
what.

Their words will pass and I  
will be stronger and wise and,  
just perhaps, a little clearer on  
what exactly it is that I believe.  
For you see, faith is not what I  
am willing to follow  
but what I am willing to lose friends  
to defend.

My support is not given lightly,  
and when I have pinned my colours  
to the mast, they will fly boldly  
and I will not let myself  
feel regret.

*Miriam Joy*