

*Writer's Block*

When they speak with invisible ink  
code messages into knots  
unravel amorphous watercolor yarn.

Born as intangible feelings that  
overflow as scrambled ramblings.  
Tadpoles, toddlers, witless wanderers  
stuck in the stomach in stopped up bottles  
They boil, they bubble, they rot.  
Backlog of syllables, a traffic jam, frantically crammed  
into the throat.

Sometimes they sit on the tongue just to weigh it down  
lost on their way to the pen, they cannot escape the mouth  
the final defense against sincerity  
against truth.

Writer's block in my hand, my mind, my tongue  
spreading like frost  
slowing the blood  
blank white pages  
blood cells in  
a t r o p h y

The words always come too late  
taking shape as I walk away  
in brutal post mortems and car rides home.