

*When the Title Took Its Life*

My saddest lines  
wish to know how they left  
this pen

and why I imprison them  
in corridors  
along margins. Abbreviated

but exhausted from labor.

Tonight, they wreak revenge  
on my mortal hand —

*Erase me.*

Write, “I don’t know  
why I am sad.  
Night is long. Like an empty house  
with annexes of silence.”

Or bar with a slash  
words like “bleeding,”  
“persecution,” “exile,” and “loneliness.”

Like a blind judge, these lines  
doubt my sincerity.  
*Here is not life.*

The sickle moon looks down.

What does it know? The storm  
I heard when I meant  
to be writing.