

Between The Lines

by Jé Maverick

Don't look here
on the days when your voice
is lost as a mumble, or a slur,
or a broken song:
I will be scattered;
intangible; a pepper
of smaller traces.

I am the faint event -
the finger of a lost need that hooks
your eyes to the passage of words:
I am the beyond in the writing;
a mirror reflecting your own god.
The thing you wish to behold
isn't me - it is yourself -
hold yourself
in the cup of your hands
and gaze in wonder.

Gaze in wonder,
for you are the sigh.
You are the season and the sun.
Your love
is the sum of love.
Your crisis
is the world's.
I am not here.
You are the poem.

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