

## Notes On An Unwritten Smile

by Jé Maverick

1.

An hour is eternity. If  
paper is scratched with the wrong meaning  
blood is drawn.  
Why must it be so delicate?  
The nib makes uncertain gestures over  
winsome, or dusky, or sultry -  
yet can't commit.  
This is the horrid nature of specifics.  
Still, one can't desecrate.  
Those are not your smiles.  
Your smile is the language  
of forbidden consolations.

2.

Eternities pass.  
The sheet lies like  
a heavy drift of snow  
upon the desk.  
Words sink there.  
So do men.

3.

When we were sacred, we carried small,  
inviolable kingdoms of hope  
around like children.  
You smiled, *then*.  
I can't see it.  
I can't see it anymore.  
This is urgent.

4.

At 3 am I stir coffee  
for longer than necessary.  
Just to do *something*.  
Just to do *anything*.  
I still can't forget  
that I don't remember  
your smile.  
The new moon is a crescent.  
A cheshire, mocking.

5.

At dawn, the neighbour's children  
rise with a song that isn't yet broken.  
How long will it be for them?  
How long until they know  
nights can pass without memories?  
And just like that, the day will *break*.  
With that, the day will break me.

© **Jé Maverick 2010**