



THE BLANK NOTEBOOK

*How can I tell what I think
till I see what I say?
--E.M. Forster*

Jaded, lost
Fogotten

Outcast
to the fringe class

of a societal
geode

all teeth--
an abyss

with nothing but
a pen

paper triple priced
with lines wide open

nonDestiny
here to stay

judged with bias
until time's tale

it told--with pen
and ink

on lines unjudged
cast out

for the masses
construed at will