

The Writer

When the stars wink in the cold night
They come dripping from the pen
Black ribbons
Supple curves and stiff lines
Slivers, splinters
Fragments wavering in a sleep
A word floating until it drifts up into consciousness
Indigo, lavender, then the apricot sky
And the steam of the French roast
Coaxing the thought
That falls on the page when the morning is still
Wet ink drying as the thought unfolds
A note on the parchment, then another
A melody, faint and soft on a breeze
Attracting a harmony that compels a smile
A memory, an idea, a dream
The story dawns
And grows warmer, bold and fierce, and vivid blue
It spills from the pen in a torrent, landing in place, moving time
forward
Until shadows grow long and longer
Then left for sleep
When the stars wink in the cold night