**The Blank Page**

Jen Gayda Gupta

wants me to open my face,

wants to reach down

the dark hole of my neck and twirl

the bile in my stomach

just for fun, wants to tug

at the threads of my veins,

till I squirm. Wants to find

the one bruised lump

in my memory, push till

it seeps stories.

Wants to become a painting,

wants to become a book,

wants to become a newspaper

advertisement, just wants

to become something to look at,

stared at till it earns a sepia shine.

Wants me to slit

my journals by the spine,

spill the names

of every boy they ever sheltered.

Wants to make me villain

of my own mind, wants me

to forgive the things I refuse

to remember.

Wants so much more than I know

how to give, doesn’t know

I’m just a writer desperate

to be a good one.

Wants to build a fire

of my bills, snatch my nights and my days,

throw them in a pot and watch it all bubble,

let it overflow, saturate the dining table,

drench the bed,

till the mixture rises, till I drown.