**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.