

Scribbles

Time is a cage.
A bed of scribbles and a tattered blanket.
Consuming blue ink.
Competing with God: "Who's more busy?"

My father says, "I lie awake at night."
My mother says, "Think of me."
Time remains frozen
The blanket remains tattered,
Only scribbles,
Wanting to breathe.

When I look at the tree outside my window
I think that shadows are much more interesting
Than the objects they worship.

--Gil Hizon '00