A PULSE OF BLANK PAPER
By Ethan Fox

I could feel my brain moving
and it was going too fast
When I reached for a pen
My thoughts just collapsed
And I fell in a page
That was coated in white
And I heard the words coming
But I was trying too hard
To hear their sung message
Written in black.
I stopped in my tracks
And waited to hear
And the chant started rumbling
And changed to a song.
The song carried forward
Continued its pulse
Turning into an anthem
And the anthem was death.
But I stopped for a moment
And waited to hear
The confirmation that this was to be
When my mind opened up
Just to give me a glance
Of the future I'd written
And the future was this:
Throw death on the tyrants,
The wall-builders, and then:
Show death tot he people
Who turned a blind eye
We're headed to war
On the streets of the press.
And then everything quieted
Down to a dream;
I turned off the TV
and started to sweat
As I lay down into
An ocean of tones
And the beat started slowing
Into a pulse.
And my pulse was the song,

The chant, and the anthem.
I woke up inside me
But I had no control
Of the sea of absurdists
And the storm of white gold
That raged on inside me
Growing too close
While I wait on this sea bench
Drawn deep to its lull.
And I thought of what happened
When I start to wake:
It grew close too loudly
And sounded too quick
For a dream that was moving
And going fast.
And I'll wake up out here
IN the heat of the forest
And have to head back
To my room filled with words
And the throne of white slivers
Coated in black
And I'll sit down once more
To retell this song
Of a mind that sang loudly
And caused us to crash
And out of that crash
We all had each other
To build and to save
Rather than 'scape out to mars
Where we'd have dug our graves.
And it taught us a song
Of love and rebuilding
So my voice carried on
At the end of this song
And it pulses in you
If you give it a chance
You'll have to run quickly
To pick up the tune
But you'll carry the anthem of love.