

READER BEWARE

PETER HUTCHINSON

To the Reader

I have studied you;
You have imposed upon me here
And, all knowledge being personal
We now both take exception.

Odious comparisons
Make suggestive noises.
So let's be silent
Together for years.
The first to speak
Will shatter all that matters
And raise fears.

Trust me! These words
Are not for you
But for some other—
I know not who. For you
I am as quiet as a canon
In eight parts, the illusion
Of movement and meaning only.

I love you so
That I give to you a space
Now quite bereft of writing,
Off in the margins.
Feast your eyes on my emptiness—
It is yours and anyone's.

Pray do not write in the margins!
That interval unites us
With great nothingness.
In that nirvana is our mutual bliss.