

BLANCA BAQUERO

The Written Word

Instead of thinking,
I would be a thought
and drift and dream
somewhere between
the winds of heaven and earth
until some poet
putting pen to paper
finds me,
claims me,
and writes me on a page.

And there I would lie
in crystalline clarity
transmitting
chaos or triumph,
treason or truth,
all the while remaining
peaceful and serene
as the Muses sing my joy,
for I would finally be
the written word.