

## THIS SPACE AVAILABLE

You could put an X here.  
You could draw a picture of a horse.  
You could write a tract,  
manifesto—but keep it short.  
You could wail, whine,  
rail or polysyllable celebrate.  
You could fill this space  
with one syllable: praise.  
The only requirement,  
the anti-poet said,  
is to improve upon the blank page,  
which, if you are not made blind  
by ego, is a hard task.  
You could write some numbers here.  
You could write your name, and dates.  
You could leave a thumbprint,  
or paint your lips and kiss the page.  
A hard task—the blank  
so creamy, a cold  
and perfect snowfield upon which  
a human, it's only human,  
wants to leave  
his inky black and awkward marks.