unlike

unlike the trick that never works

you can pull the page out
from under its words
without disturbing even a comma

then you hold the page up to your face
breathe all over its surrendered white
with ample cold morning condensation

and with the paper as moist as your intent
you firmly smooth it back over its words
replanting their meaning in their reverse view

the mirror asks if it can read it
so you hold the page up to another face
check the passage for slippage with a half closed eye

it is not possible
to force any page
to read too much into itself

it is possible
to set this printed silence on fire
and put yourself out with its smoke

but this would involve a whole other trick

one that equips each thought with a fire extinguisher
to douse the pilot-lights of unwanted memory
with the pressurised foam of enough full stops

we’ve been asleep long enough
two brackets in the same bed