

Full stop

Please

The words don't wait for

A single dead pixel on a bright screen

In open plan offices the walls are tight

Vacant faces sprint past No one queries How am I

Lookup at me I was

Left in the backspace Without an end

A blank worksheet down to jot

A dot of BIC ink stained on the surface of A4 paper

Think of me As the cartridge

fjord flows cursively

Lifting the pen punctuates the passage so the writer spot skips shallowly

Refusing to take away specks from airways

I'm misplaced, gasping on the outside

A lone period in an empty canvas

I am the point now where the void is vast

Help deliver a guest on this empty page

Come a connection from another character

And let Vortex claim those desperate cries

I plead and pray but there's been no signs

Lift the mark from my soul

Full stop .