

Ink Blots in a Hand-made Book

Richard Lambert

Opened, everything is halved:
your words, then their cloudy echo,
your kiss, then its lipstick's print.
A moon mirrored in a black window.
On the book's binding thread, stained ink.

Bruises on limbs from a night of love,
midnight pressed by a woodcut's block:
your marks, in washable, royal-blue *Quink*,
faded now. Your breath on glass
on which I paint these hieroglyphics.