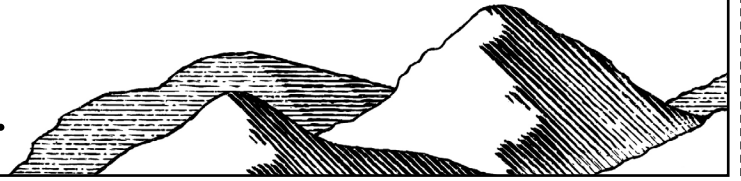


# INKWELL



THE EVERGREEN STATE COLLEGE WRITING CENTER  
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## O, DEAR THINGS.

OTIS PIG

please, see this thing  
drifting outside your window.

i know

that your head hasn't grown so heavy

to keep you from looking up.

you stay indoors when it looks like rain,  
but staying indoors is what brings clouds to cry.

clouds are bending backwards  
just to be as beautiful as you.

so look at the things you cannot reach  
& imagine building bridges

& build bridges.

•

please, see this thing

that bobs alone in the middle of the ocean:  
all the hopes of a stranded sailor

cast back.  
the hopes, they dream

of land & human hearts.

they hold their breaths when violent storms  
thrust them into the dark.

& remind each other who they are  
through holding hands & sign language.

the ocean spans seventy percent of the earth;  
& all the hope in the world will fit

inside a single bottle.

•

please, see this thing

leaking from the fallen soldiers  
you carry in your arms.

they meant to kill, but they didn't mean to die;

the holes in murderous hearts  
now manifest.

with a world so small, & so much goddamn life,

we'll all have to share the same grave.

soon, our beliefs will seep  
through the rosewood of our coffins—

splinter by splinter

—as birth.

•

please, see this thing

sprouting from some sacred soil  
to grow into the greatest good;

maybe we'll get saved after all.

& if the good won't grow on it's own,

we'll build it as the biggest heart.

it's what we've learned to do as a people  
when growing takes too long.

you can build love out of love,  
to stand upon, or step inside

but to travel from one body to another  
first it has to leave you.