

## Like a Blotter

The truths of time  
Are so thin, so swift  
It would be like straining wind  
If you could catch them

You can try like a blotter  
To sop them up but  
Life slips through  
And all that's left is residue  
Like a spot on your cuff  
From last month's picnic

But even if you could--  
If they laughed, lived, spoke words  
Or though long dead, still hung  
In vaporous shreds along a mantelpiece  
You couldn't see them  
In the mirror

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