



2024

## Reading a Poem Written in Invisible Ink

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### Recommended Citation

Meissner, Bill (2024) "Reading a Poem Written in Invisible Ink," *New Jersey English Journal*: Vol. 13, Article 19.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.montclair.edu/nj-english-journal/vol13/iss2024/19>

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## Trying to Read a Poem Written in Invisible Ink

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The page is blank, and you can't see any  
words, but you try to imagine them.

If you could only read them, for a moment  
you might see the mountains of Nepal,  
or the curved shorelines of distant oceans.  
You might actually taste  
the rare, cool air, or embrace the sand between your toes.

If you could only read them,  
you know the words would  
draw you in. Perhaps they'd describe  
a face, the touch of a hand, an embrace pulling you closer.  
Words so intense they will make you  
inhale a quick breath, or make you  
stop breathing for a moment.

If only you could read them, you might imagine  
drifting on a boat made of flowers, staring at  
the scarlet horizon at the solstice, or that you have  
a whole azure ocean inside you. The words buoy you;  
swim in them as long as you can.

The poem's final words beckon you even more,  
so you lean so close  
that your lips almost touch them.  
You can feel the page about to give you a

a paper cut, or a kiss.

You finally understand that the poem loves you,  
and you love the poem.

And if you hold the blank paper over a flame,  
the way you would hold your first love letter,  
you will finally know it by heart.