

# Ink Not Blood

Poem: Tied First Place 2014

**Pam Steers**

As I sit, I wonder about my soul.

There isn't much to do for it.  
When I sleep, I scream.  
I'm haunted by spirits.  
I try to surf them away with pretty pictures.  
There is no use.

With a sigh, I sit.  
I'm resigned to my fate.  
I begin and my soul aches.  
My soul is ripped from me.  
There is no blood, only ink.  
At last the spirits leave.  
Behold the latest story.  
My soul won't make it through.

I let the story out in this cruel world.  
Be brave as they pick you apart.  
Stand tall as they critique.  
You are part of my fractured soul.  
Prosper for my haunted sake.

Make them think about you during dinner.  
Worm your way into their brain.  
Have them question your purpose.  
Even as you become an irresistible taboo.  
Do this for my soul.

I sit again to create life.  
My soul hurts once again.  
Few understand my haunted existence.  
Many question me though.  
I have no answers why.  
There is only one thing I know for sure.  
Other worlds require ink not blood to live.