This Space Available

Thomas Lux
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You could put an X here.
You could draw a picture of a horse.
You could write a tract,
manifesto—but keep it short.
You could wail, whine,
rail or polysyllable celebrate.
You could fill this space
with one syllable: praise.
The only requirement,
the anti-poet said,
is to improve upon the blank page,
which, if you are not made blind
by ego, is a hard task.
You could write some numbers here.
You could write your name, and dates.
You could leave a thumbprint,
or paint your lips and kiss the page.
A hard task—the blank
so creamy, a cold
and perfect snowfield upon which
a human, it's only human,
wants to leave
his inky black and awkward marks.