

The blank page.

No assignment. No goal.

No guidance. No rules.

No teachers. No judge.

I've been handed a blank page.

What do I do now?

I'll take any suggestions.

Any advice.

Anything.

Please,

tell me what to do with this blank page.

Shall I sit here and stare at it?

Shall I hold it in my hands?

Shall I contemplate its origin?

Shall I put it on the stands?

Shall I write a little message?

Shall I write a big question?

Shall I scribble a passage?

Shall I tear it into fractions?

Shall I make a paper plane?

Shall I tarnish it with a stain?

Shall I provide it with a cane?

Shall I give it a new name?

Shall I send it off to Egypt?

Shall I write a movie script?

Shall I print a page onto it?

Shall I simply leave it plain?

Give me something to do here.

Anything will do.

I must know what you want from me.

That is what I want from you.

That is what I need from you.

You who taught me to wait for the rules.

You who taught me not to act unless given an action.

You who taught me...

Who taught

me

to be not

Me.

Now I look at a blank page

with nothing clear to do.

I realize it's up to me now

but I can't pick one or two.

Maybe I'll pick three,

or four, or five, or six.

Or even ninety-seven.

Just cause it rhymes with eleven.

This doesn't make any sense.

How do I decide for myself?

In this world that made decisions for me

I'm crying out for help.

Take away this blank sheet of paper.

Replace it with that poster of rules.

“Hold your questions until later”

and “follow all the rules”.

Give me something to do here.

I can't decide for myself.

You said you'd lend me an ear

whenever I need help.

But where are you now?

Where is your desk?

Where are your adult scissors

that cut my mind in half?

Groomed me to perfection.

So I can't make my own decisions.

There is a blank sheet in front of me.

And I don't know what to do.

...

I sat and stared.

I held it in my hands.

I contemplated its origin.

I put it on the stands.

I wrote a little message.

I wrote a big question.

I scribbled a passage.

I tore it into fractions.

I made a paper plane.

I tarnished it with a stain.

I provided it with a cane.

I gave it a new name.

I sent it off to Egypt.

I wrote a movie script.

I printed a page onto it.

But in reality,

I left it plain.

I left it as it is.

I've filled the need to do something
by doing nothing.

I don't want to be confined to a single blank page.
I don't want to be confined to any number of pages.

The page itself was an assignment, a goal.
A piece of guidance, a rule.
A thing for teachers to judge.

Now I make my own rules.
Now I decide for myself.
And while I've broken free of the 2D page of thought.

I'm still confined
by an undefined
six-sided
box

.
.
.
.
.
.
.