

1. _____

Dear Sketch,

Ask the polka dotting rain
If it has something say
Or otherwise
Why have tens of them
Landed on this page

A distant sketch
Now running and confused
A mouth once pretty and wordless, stained with disuse
Steals their last breath from the artist,
(The inspired one who did not protect their lead features)
To chant protest.

Watch it get wrinkled, tiny then torn
Don't let it surprise you when its place is withdrawn
No longer a page in the portfolio
How dare it talk?
How dare it want?
How dare it ask to be more than the trace of someone who's gone?
Only nominated martyrs get live on

Your protest *will* stop
After we've depicted you
And stripped you
Shipped you
Used your script against you
(leaving spare few letters for the caption of your designated graphic)
Colored you in in what we had left
(only white now, if you'd applied sooner...)

So please dear Sketch,
Return your last breath, to the honorable hand
That handled your last breath.
