

SARAH J. SLOAT

Inksleep

I lean into sleep alphabetically but tonight
I can't follow the *q* or the *g*, only a lapping

that deadens all letters and seeps into margins,
a lapping that drapes a blanket over recto

and verso, over misprint and ardor. Inksleep,
moving with magnetic instep, pulling

the loose pieces to it, the run-ons and fragments.
I wade in, awash in the blotting, hem

gone indigo, knees steeped in the deep blue
that comes not with the terror of typesmear

or error, not with sessions of eyeshut,
no blotch or flub, no fear of omission. Just

ink that spills from its tipped well
that seals the lids with lists

and inscriptions, the inverse of erasure,
the gathering stain I let at last overtake me.