

John Wheatley

Secrets in Ink

My signature in black ink
Its color masks what I feel
My heart feels nothing that's real
It disguises what I think

My alter writes his name in white
Feeling all emotions at once
Ink tells of none concerned in months
My want shone in apparent light

My mind a compendium of dates
Each day writes new entries in the book
Only my alter and I may look
They must read this before it's too late

My secret want written in verse
Nothing spoken this is my curse