

# Inky Bloaters

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Look and they  
can't be found  
Playing their  
presence down  
Listen they make  
no sound  
Look and they go  
to ground

You may wake  
to find  
Your coffee cup  
is empty  
And the tray  
you left  
Is not bedside  
the door  
You are sure you  
had another  
hidden carton  
When you look  
for it It's not there  
anymore

Inky bloaters!

They're a  
consequence of  
never being sure

Look and they  
can't be found  
Playing their  
presence down  
Listen they make  
no sound  
Look and they go  
to ground

And the pencil  
that you had  
Has now gone  
missing  
You could swear  
you had it  
Just the other day  
All the things  
that make your  
little life  
Run smoothly  
When you search  
They've all just  
gone away

Inky bloaters!

They're a

consequence of  
never being sure