

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