

I am an eraser.
The sheet is nearly white
but something still nags at me.
It's a smear of graphite.
I think it might be you or something you said.

I am an eraser.
I rewrite and recast
so nothing can haunt the future of my fabulous past.

My baby done told me,
I have been informed,
that nothing would hurt me if I had never been born.
I am an eraser.
My mind is a blank.
I wish i could recall the one I should thank.