

Fall 2011

I am Your Youngest Poet, and Fill Your Bed with Ink

Wendy Xu

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation

Xu, Wendy (2011) "I am Your Youngest Poet, and Fill Your Bed with Ink," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 75 , Article 64.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss75/64>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in CutBank by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.

I AM YOUR YOUNGEST POET, AND FILL YOUR
BED WITH INK

No more trying to summon the spirit animal which only leads to nights staring at the Brooklyn Bridge, palms upturned reluctantly. We were all wolves in a past life, and have forgotten our pack animal ways. No more telephone calls to a disconnected telephone; if I set out with an incorrect map it's because I've already built the ship, like you, I'm afraid someone will come to my door and explain the facts of my life. I don't want to hear it. Last night on the television two ghost hunters in Missouri tracked an animal demon to an abandoned warehouse and laid a trap. It burst through the ceiling like a flaming planet and crushed them. Some things don't want to be found. Some things are like the lame wolf: injured and dying it becomes human. Now it wears a bowtie. Now it moves to New York and opens an Italian restaurant, never phones home. If the wolves enter the dream, let them. Kyle says it's only a matter of time. Before I push you through ink and digit. Before another episode where the demon moves on, and the desires that wake me at night won't anymore. No more wolves dying on the page. No more taking inventory of what is lost. The car sitting in the driveway covered in snow will be just that.