

# Book Charmer



ink beckons from off-white or  
cream colored pages. ink dances  
in my dreams, behind my eyelids.

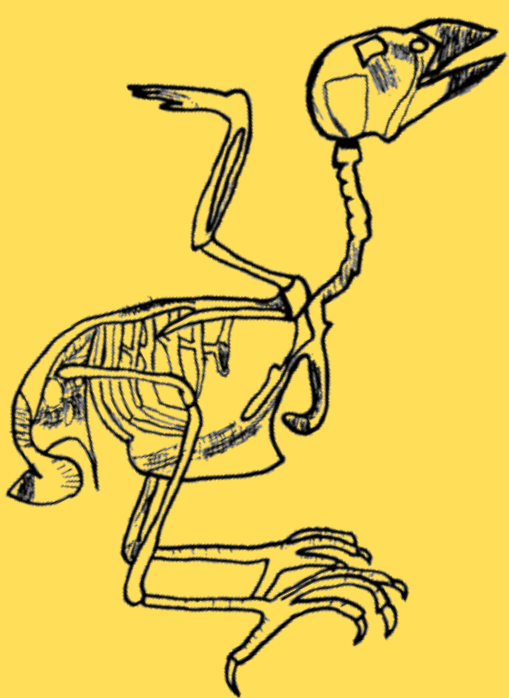
a cobra undulating, writhing  
in a hypnotic trance. i am  
its charmer, coaxing  
it out from in-between covers.

a tongue flits out, a hiss escapes:  
slow & sultry. i can't look  
away. in & out, the tongue goes  
as the sun travels across the sky,  
we lose one another. the charmer  
is the charmed, no escape.

the story races along, as i  
near the end, the hood  
pops open: the climax. i  
don't want to let go.

but the snake tires, its body  
grows limp, drooping. soon  
no more snake, the ink stills,  
its grip loosens & ends.  
bereft, missing its enchantment,

I search  
for a sequel.



Karo Ska