

Ink

by Ivan Reyes

A time traveler
Told me
The future is bright
He said to look back
To the past
Towards the great historians,
Xenophon
Plutarch
Herodotus,
Their ink stained
More than pages
Like sperm
Upon the ovum of time
And birthed tyrants and heroes
Then the time traveler kissed me
This is how we do,
In the future,
He said
He said he knew the day he died
And set himself toward then
Somewhere in the tenth dimension

