

Ink

by [Philip C. Kolin](#) in the [May 4, 2022](#) issue

We are made of ink and into ink  
we shall perish. Our history survives  
in fire soot and boneblack pigment.

Carbon fingerprints tell our telling  
and dust writes to dust  
as we make our voices heard

on papyrus, vellum, paper.  
Ink gyves our identities in gall  
and gum. Ink gives us life

then consigns to death.  
Church registries say that  
once we were here.

But even as our names fade in ink,  
they will be read in the Lamb's book  
without fear of blot or blur.