



## Ode to the Blank Page

by Rosalind May

The blank page, an expression of possibility.

Holds such promise.

Hidden treasures lay beneath the white.

Waiting patiently for a time to be revealed.

Like the snowdrops whose bowed heads piece the ruins  
of winter. They bestow beauty upon the world.

This is the boldness.

From the bloodied keys they begin to appear.

And gradually the space is filled.

With magic, and power, and genius.