

A hand holding a black pen is writing on a spiral-bound notebook. The background is a soft, out-of-focus image of the notebook and the hand. The text is centered and bold.

MY POEMS, YOUR POEMS.

by

Camincha Benvenuto

There is no new writing.

Any writing, by the time is brought forth.

Prodded out of you is old.

**It has existed in the depths of your
closed eyelids during your night dreams
and nightmares, and your daydreams
through the open channels of your veins
and nerves and saturated in the
extracts of your sweat and perspiration,
with cold drops of your fears
and the hot tingly ones of
your desires.**

There is no new writing,

