

*Peter Porter*

## SIGN ME IN

The private truth I kept within  
Grew as a cancer undisclosed,  
My books were bound in my dead skin,  
My patent brilliances opposed  
The ordinariness of life: I said  
I'll show up brighter when I'm dead.

But now, as signs and flushes show,  
The warnings and the feral fright,  
This is as far as I can go,  
The West not East is growing bright  
And what I traced as stigmata  
In this great light is only scar.