

A
Fraying Net
To Catch Light

What I see and you see
Overlap as Reality
But there are so many eyes
And so many I's

That the mutual perception
Necessarily shrinks
Like the panes
dropping out
Of stained
Glass

Until a skeleton of solder
Warping and porous
Is all that remains

Then I say
I saw differently
You insist you did too

We are sure apprehension
Never took this corrupted form
Not originally, not before

But it's beautiful this way
Is what I see what you see
If we all look at once

A fraying net
To catch
light