

façade

the flesh. my body. your surface.

Imprisoned;

but not unique like an eternity

i see in, through and about you,

over, under and forward—and backward.

this is your surface.

i see this hole,

black and how porous.

i rattle along no less, pinching these cloaked sequins with thoughtful encompassing and somehow forcing a way-fared frustration toward or upon,

for or to,

had been,

had had or here and now,

hic et nuc, hic et nuc

the present, the past and the future catalogue of our little inaccuracies

where have you been?

where are you now?

where are you going?

where are you going?—

the flesh, my body or your surface . . . ?