

*And So... A Poem*

My eyes play tricks on me.  
They tell me that the lamp  
shifts its light as if it is a swinging  
beacon upon a boat.

A leaf falls from the tree,  
a bat becomes and then ceases.  
They happen or they didn't.  
Schrödinger's floaters.  
The moth effect.

But when the corner of my eye  
rests on the growing pile  
of duvet, that rolls and pulses.  
What becomes of the periphery  
of vision, when it becomes the focus,  
when it reaches out, and pulls itself  
close to me? A chin, a nose, a low  
straight, yawning smile. Digging  
deeply into my shoulder  
and my chest.