

...august 17, 2011...

i watched you squeezing shadows in your sleep -
and then today i came in from the sunshine
to find you squeezing shadows when awake -
you said that you were cleaning wooden pipes

but i could only see the murky shadows
struggling between your fingertips
as if imploding into other realms
like bursting thunderclouds in full escape -

as i watched - each shadow grew and spread -
extending from your skin and finger tips
expanding and then turning inside out
and vanishing into that somewhere else -

like entryways into reflected worlds
where others study shadows that are us.

