Spring Darkness In the Age of Video

by Gerta Bausche

This spring darkness is winding around my neck
in the age of video, how many times
I've seen her at the zoo
with your eyes, as if seeing for the first time
her early morning breath, tripping
your woman, your angel
as she arrived on the beach
when it was still too dark to see
how many paintings you owned
but couldn't you? yet see how many ways?

Go forward, in tiny earthworm tips
she starts, like I did, a damaged bone

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