

# Spring Darkness In the Age of Video

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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**

