

# Navigating Iota

*by* Michael Tusa

I never thought that I would be  
here

lost in the static.

Wandering aimlessly

through the noise  
so

hopelessly filled with hope.

Peeking in through windows

having the odd dream  
and

regrettably counting the days.

It isn't real to me yet.

Tomorrow.

And it won't be,  
not at least,  
until it is today.

And even then i can only imagine  
as i am  
so dialed in

the microscopic subject of some everlasting gaze.

