

# Meshes

## Sd Laika

Look at the curtain  
The view it divides  
Habitual image delights  
You find comfort in seeing outside  
Under observation  
You write with intent  
And against the time  
Sometimes words linger, retain  
And you want to put your head  
On the cold window pane  
In pockets phrases are found and forgotten  
Lost are sounds you sang and examined  
I saw the hours expend  
And countless occasions unable to attend  
A dip,  
A dent,  
A triumph or false step  
Frequent forms  
Transposed to make space  
Pale daylight makes  
A new and different aspect  
You seek relief In counting objects  
That possess traits  
You hope to reflect  
Format forgone  
Closed, undone  
Autumn is past  
Spring in a vase  
Format forgone  
Closed, undone

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