

Meshes

Virginia Wing

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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