

World Contact

Virginia Wing

Keeping your sights,
On the answers you had in mind,
The patterns obtuse in movements you use,
The path becomes itself
No objects to guide,
To needle to keep in line,
Your practice is proved
Only when it concludes,
The output left to define
There's something wilful inside you
A convex glass looking inwards
You keep me locked in
Trying to decipher,
I am lost in The cutter's spiral
Now
There's something wilful inside you
A convex glass looking inwards
You keep me locked in
Trying to decipher,
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