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Where one thing ends
and the other begins
is the no-man's land

where we imagine beings
and objects delineating space.
Today you're not

in the room with me as
this jug of roses
makes the colour-beginning

illuminating the dark interior
with their brilliant insistence, forming
an eidolon of love and loss:

nothing is there, always, until something is
made of it, *nothing more abstract,*
more unreal than what we actually see

as those who made the paintings
knew, who filled the imagination
with recreations of what they saw

being the ones we see, and yet
what we imagine to be,
as if we didn't know.

pictures
of
pictures
of

running bodies

