

Robin Crag Farrar

The chicken and the egg

I live! Un-ownable, not made: revealed.

Confused and worn, I don't know if I'm here.

My form: beauty induced in smears of paint.

Yet in this well-formed image, I'm confirmed.

Your mind, your hands! You stroked me into light. . .

Eternal concept, crystalline, unknown. . .

But I can't reach or feel your fragile form.

What kind of fool deceives himself like this?