

Freddie Moller

How and Why I Should Have Looked You in the Eyes:

Focus is the hinge
Between experience and reality that you dangle me from.

Frozen winches and stays—
I never earnestly looked at you
(only out of you
(*Like a window*));
My pride clings like
The pixillating condensation
Bolting blind the top-floor library—
Like a vitreous slogan of a monument,
Reading.
Pride was a shiver.

I float in the blur of your
Shallow depth of field
Like a spirit waiting for its clay;
Because the abstractions of experience
Make the metaphor of photography literal,
Purgatory lenses your beauty.

Glacial. Tangled in cables.
Spirit, they've vanished!