

every poem, an attempt

I hit at the edges
with a blunted axe
and the best that I've got.

Like Michelangelo, I am
looking
for an angel.

Trying to reveal
without slicing their wings.
An archaeological dig:

the effort of uncovering bones.

Dirtskin
sun-baked warm dry;
saving the fillings
to recreate the hole,

to re-be.
Grasping at shadow
in Plato's cave.

What dark does feeling cast?

What light touches
its edges, how

do I feel all around
something i can't
fit tween fingers? Flits

a ways away from
grasp of dust motes, sun

hitting that which
usually can't be seen.