

On Shifting

By Christine Bianca Pelliccio

Distracting is easy,
Healing is harder.
Forgetting fakes its claim,
Switching gaze is smarter.

Turning, avoiding,
Left, right, behind, before;
Dwelling in an off-brand land.
Finally, eyes hitting the floor.

Glued in place trembling,
Pupils reviewing planks of hardwood,
Cut from limbs of unsolvability,
And sanded by what be it should.

A reflection hits the board below,
Lids shut, step back and open by accident.
The opposite view meets the eye,
A passing clouded-blue square, sky-lit.

The sight drips like saline,
Wetting the desert corners of opticals.
The light shades the scorching heat,
Being replaced by water sensible.

Back, slightly bent,
Willing to stay.
Shoulders, barely relaxed,
In this enchanting way.

This gap of freshly made air,
This consequence of springtime,
Must transfix mind, heart and soul
To breathe out; "Thou art mine."