**ADD**

My gaze shifts

Down the page,

Word after word after word.

They draw me on,

Pulling me through them,

Lines of lines, pages of pages.

And

yet,

there

are

too

many.

They

pull

from

everywhere,

and

my

eyes

can

not

be

everywhere,

And so I try to block them out.

They They

But the words just fuzz around the edges.

Are Are

They bob and move,

Just Just

Twist and flow with my eyes,

Words Distractions

Rolling down the page,

A car

rolls

through

a

puddle

outside;

I am

now

out there

with

it,

on the street,

hearing everything

the

shoes

as

they

clomp

along

the

sidewalk,

the birds

as

they

chirp overhead,

the

saxophone

player, busking

in

the

parking lot.

Then I bounce my knee,

and I am back

inside my room, where my body

never really left.

I sigh,

pop my knuckles,

tap my fingers

against the table,

staring

down at the sea of words:

just as distracted as before.