distance

I want to live

where parallel lines meet and the sky fades

to see it is to wish for it:

to go to that place

where all compacts

the black hole of perception

where there is only life and not-life

i am large

a monster in black and white

godzilla of dreams

this is a hallucination

we are not here: there is no here

but small circles rolling larger and larger

turning with the rumbling of heavy machines

there is a door too small to pass through

yet open, a falsehood

this is too easy says i, just

a flicker

a cinema on the backs of your eyelids

exactly where i told you it would be