What happens when we look away?

Take as your focus a cloud in the distance, unknowably large and far away, and try to understand that you contain it. Know that large as the sky is, you are larger still; revel in the distance to your own horizon. Now take as your focus your hand, and try to understand it as a construct of sense and memory, a projection of mind on mind. Know the claustrophobic brush of reality, always indirect, always through this world-sheet. Now close your eyes and feel how these perturbations disappear. Ask: where does it all go? What happens to those wind-whips on the surface of our ponds? Are they simply gone as soon as we avert our gaze?

Maybe, I decide, if we’re lucky. Maybe sometimes, and sometimes not.

Sometimes it’s a mirror.

Sometimes it’s a pane of glass.

And sometimes, it’s an open door.