

CATARACT

Marni Ludwig

Did you come back
with your terrier intact, inquiring of passerby

(in long black lines) *Am I visibly
wishing?*

To be found a fraud.

To be found convincing,

the hectic birds lifting north
into their inward-hearing sky.

Or:

Gnats at your mouth and water on the floor.

Rehearsing sleep inside the orgy box,
your well-kit got all wet.

I was seeing you through milk.

Separated from instinct, you
ran by in your ashes and shoes.



Photo by Kristine Morfogen