

Secret Machines, Now Here Is Nowhere

Aging eyesore
nearly nowhere
found
unearthed a moment burst with
all of us
reflected dust in the almost high
almost high
as morning light blared
over gloss white
burned out daylight
plain
and just as I turned it thrust its
softly warm
the newly born in the hardly there
hardly there

who rests
in dust
who moves in

her eyes erased
eyes erased
eyes eyes eyes

pull in nowhere
breathe
last
don't you see
all this time
all this space
all these words