

Poems as Miniature Worlds

don't have to be
precious and spherical. They can be partial
and clouded, like a cataract, if thereby I see what you see

or what you mean.
They can be Pyrrhic or pyramidal: can pitch
toward or away, can confuse tour guides into far corners,

can lay all wares
out on a blanket on an anonymous day.
The prices can be marked or we may have to haggle. You

may inadvertently
sell me the yard. That may be welcome
because I may already be living in it. This and other poems

are not precisely
artifice. They are kin of what space holds—
anything and everything we reach—between grope and grip.