turn to the person next to you
if there should be one
at this moment
you know enough about each other in smoke and background
noise

turn to the person next to you and turn on
the one who is there and look
how loud a glance can be
reach and feel me on this warm sea between us
put both eyes into it and i have to
hand it to you
as evening goes cold

turn to the person next to you again
again with glances glasses contacts lashes
these silent crashes with one another
as we look on and listen to what
between words happens in a span
that could be a poem
i reach into you

turn to the person next to you and try
to know these thoughts
that bring expression
as we breathe and feel passing moments
as we take those things which escape
and reveal us

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