

His hand being soft and slender,
always slipping out of his jacket
in order to shake your hand.

The man and woman now walk down the street, so simply.
It reminds the poet of flying, this sense of moral ambiguity,
floating over his own scene, seeing what God must see
and realizing why God chooses to stay outside the margins,
not having to explain his reasons. Why should the poet?

The readers watch, no one the wiser,
but the man on the page hesitates
at the woman's hand in his, slender,
but lacking rough skin and sweaty palms
that would clench at the man's hand
as if they were grabbing for air.

A stranger pokes his head out,
from a dark deep alleyway
sneaking onto the page,
a derelict sentence fragment.

Poetry isn't life the poet claims,
but an explosion of life; the aftermath
when all the pieces have separated
leaving behind a poet rummaging
through the ashes.

It's a matter of convenience, he screams.

An invisible death between the lines
and he is gone.

So simple.