

PORTRAIT OF YOU AS AN ISOLATED CIRCLE

Meg Buzzi

Enough of you is visible, that is,
circumference appears and disappears
as that form of space tightening,
(pursed lips or common
eyes) critically rendered.

Here, the net or frame
passes over your head,
through a hole or plane which
misses you entirely.

Here, a Venn diagram
sets you, lonely, into an old,
blank and silent space.

There is enough visible
deposited below the camber
like sound, the one
provision of your sentences.

Charge of the nameless mathematics,
searching the cloud of your unhinged body
with a teleologist's comb—

Keep yourself together, claim
heat, at least, claim to have
produced such movements—

Grids hover like empty
doorframes or glass boxes with no breath.
How did this happen to you,
space passing over your head?