

joesmith

VERSIONS TO THE WORLD

I question the reach of your eyes in front
Of the man who shaped no lean sliver of who
You are across from me now looking past me
In your wriggled chair and as for an answer
You put the tumbler hard down to the table
Almost slam it really slam it at the news
Paper some high-pated president asking you
In that way that faces arrested in mid-act
Ask why intentions wander away long before
Reaching an eventful end to their horizons
On this washed rock of a planet flung out
To spin dry some distance from the initial
Something the universal shudder that single
Odd nothing packed so hard in on itself it
Just had to get away with us on it trying
To pronounce the name of the wee breakaway
Country where the man in the picture lives
Beneath his small bone wall of dug-in skin
And his up-creeping eyebrows smearing down
In the slow wet plateau soaking in away to
Damp but not gone and asking you me that is
Not him to describe in detail maybe even in
Words what we both have watched and to say
Whether or not it can be said to finish it
Self up for us in three dimensions more or
Less in real time yet this evening to make
The chosen movie we each already read about
Before an arguable event hardens to matter
And maps a way into the crooks of our eyes.