EVIDENTIARY

The evidence of something, some alarm clock, some fraying, clings.

We cling to it.

Even photoshopped or cropped or some ineptitude's crept in.

Where is it that it stops and something else begins and if the clock falls on its side & it slips & you're at the side of me unless you're not

it's noon in consequence.

The picture I saw was written before the alarm, before even we met & if there's a stereogram of the picturesque where it happened, it's even more so.

All this mere

happenstance mapped onto some arrow headed straight at the future's starlight and halos around and auras

where eyes were glowing or gazed back & riveted the gazers.

Still,

as ice.

it's embarrassing how randomly all is placed as slyly

There's the imposition of some arrangement, some way in which—albeit its changing nature—things seem to have happened for a reason—

something fiercer perhaps from another era or they couldn't help it as we can't ours—

Mozart's opera in its rising crescendo, doors open wide.