

I Know I Blur

Looking down at the clouds
through triple-plated reflection
white on blue silhouettes
bloat to distortion
and become someone else.
Faces passing overhead
through the rectangle window
transform from one end
to the other
become something new
and then disappear
past the border.

On the drive home I look out the window.
I know I blur
to street sitting people
and I feel myself expand
and billow in their eyes.
My cloud grows
fills the car
presses against the windows
swells around the wheel
and under the dash
until I brake sharply
and throw my face
through the clouds,
to the sun striking
windows, releasing smog
to the winds.

Resting sideways
on the cool blue steel of the hood
my face shrinks
and glass shards sparkle
distinctly in my hair

Glancing upward
from the corner of my eye
giant white fists
extend long blurred fingers
accusingly
that reflect in my eye
and remain even after
the stranger's small hand
tries to grant me darkness.

--Jim Zeigler