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