

- VI You set the gold watch going through the soles of your feet
 this is the time it takes
 to find yourself in a position you never knew existed
 (stuck between two still points)
 she looks for a shape to inhabit
 like a very narrow room
 all of her contorting to its corners
- V She is an endless disarray of limbs
 discarded in drawers and drawn out
 and carelessly scattered across
 the stairs to the attic, where
 children's dreams, worn and forgotten like silly hats
 gather dust in their folds
- IV *Whether ascent or decline,
 the one looking up always sets the perspective
 twists the lense
 and through it everything rapidly shifts meaning
 like limbs switch places in the night*
- III She forgets the edge and tumbles
 or leaps, exchanging gravity for time
 and her cells for empty containers
 touching the threshold
 between the inside / and the strange
- II Look - this is the texture that happened
 when you forgot to keep track of your time
- I Stillness settles into the palms of your hands.