Presence III

we knit this poem
like two long needles

a line’s wave threads

I am the absence
of you vice versa

warp and woof hid
from either’s notice till

we’ve sides to regard

a spun coin’s sphere
we make a tragicomic

Janus laughing to tears

demark us like shores
embroider a fractal lace

ink seeping into grain

as poem stitches through
us like bone buttons
blood threads its veins

dear reader I’m trapped
beating on the other

page’s side as likewise
are you words say

this much nothing more

trace the labyrinth wall
circle to the entrance

spiraling in and back

there is no outside
nor within only sides

thin worn bare threads
all paring to transparency

a fabric of non-fabric

a figment’s segments fray
into the knitted brow

a dreamer upon waking
rises through a mirrored
depth to surface breach

non-breadth chase the line
reader writer please find

me between these words