

## 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

there cannot be I  
without you such skins

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