

Annex

This chiascuro is only
smoke against glass,
is that flat cloud
pressed to this skylight
or, no, that cloud is fat,
& I, the thin one
pressed, a franc
in a book, the diary
of an attic
yet breathing jet streams
which have nothing to do with
ack ack beyond black outs,
no, nothing to do with this
mole life at the top
of some suburban
underground house,
subversive because
it's safe enough just
to let shadows imagine light

shafts.....past.....cracks