

lines

"lines," I said, "dividing this & that.
 These lines which position off
 the things we want to keep,
 shut in, hold back —
 a walking-stick, a bundle hat;
 a boundary line; then another sleep.
 The things we want to lose
 and those we want to keep.

A line of sight, a even pencil line,
 wavy, weak; yet terrible & strong.
 These boundaries which draw the line
 Twixt right & wrong,
 Sorrow & joy.

These walls that else us in the
 like cliff on Tents,
 translucent & transparent
 yet as black as the rock
 that holds together the members,
 then crumbles to decay,
 yet doing so it holds a power —
 the strength of lines & walls
 that keeps us in our corner,
 Tethers between us & walls!