

sid motion gallery

THE DARLING OF REFLECTION

by Leo Bussi

The thickness of paint like
Clotted matter to feeling
How the eye moves
Constantly to keep the
Object from falling
After all this balk I'm
In the moment
Like a spider sewing a
Jagged white-cut-out
In the
Place of his heart
I've always felt a little
Disturbed
By his
Kissing works but
This one
Was
OK
The turning point
Came in the shape of
A dog
And there was also
A kind of puppet theatre
With a
Bishop sleeve
The leader is
This
Frog-eyed girl
I ask for

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A Toy Story touch-up
To change my life
She's all like
By the way the
'Shades'
Behind me are not
For taking
Find another
Englobed life to
Steal from
We trade catty observations
Between us as the soft
Puddle clings to
The picture
And what to
Do with exposure
A forehead a secret
Too plain to cry to
I've been
Hearing from the scene
That we're in for
An updated retelling
Of the dappled night sky
And much to my chagrin
I learned that
Colors are actually
Talking about themselves
When they
Promise to love
And to hold you
Oh, but my
Star-shaped sitter
Free of scratchy backgrounds
And all the

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Real sexy people
The darling of reflection
Is being trimmed in the
Kitchen corner
There was a reason
It felt so illicit
A poem with a
Faint resemblance
To shapes that listen
A couple chairs
Three sittings
Emotion's confetti was
A long non-stop
Into being
There
Are no
Rules but
If there was
There would be one:
The lankier the limbs
The funnier the lump