

Apparatus

On my bicycle the world looks
trapezoidal. Or telephoto.

Behind the bank
you step down like you're
ten feet tall.

My bicycle buckles.
I lift my head, and look around.
People are concerned.

I seem to be okay.
You seem to be.

Apparatus

Existence grows between us.
Thorns and roses grow from it.

I work to keep its appearance,
yet no one will look out of fear
they might see themselves.

Truthfully, I can only see the flowers
before you. Other vantages only show
darkness. Try and move your glance.

See?

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