

Personations: 7

Palpable light hung between presence & dissolve.
Nothing defines here.
Save this transitory field.

My tongue searching out a mouth or an ear
Makes certain impulsive visions both sensual & deprived.
A tongue, makes only more or less so.

Saying an observer always interferes with the observed
Brings to a place where everything seems in quotes.
A view, let's say, that refines through repetition.

The reason one mask is as good as another.
Masks. For this (or looking deeper), *bent*,
Each object puts on its ugly face.

Whether I appear or not depends upon the means.
An arriving (of sorts), of form. Like, *here*, in this light,
I star. I flicker.

Insist (always), on the verb.

Stan Rogal