

breath fogs the glass  
against which I am contorted  
behind I feel the stagnant stolid stirless gloom  
with homely hands I am supported  
back from currents to and fro  
twines and tendrils weave between  
those outside  
this opaque dome

dank moth'd veil of glass or  
gauzy past  
uncrossed gullies dark and vast  
I'll meet you there  
dip one, try two  
then murky gloams do call me back  
from tethered presence  
feigned and lacked