

Sitting in My Ear

Sitting on the shadow of the cusp of reality
I sit as a white petal feather
Contemplating on the edge of shadow

Me sitting,
On the edge of my ear, a shadowed
Place that I know only too well.
A white figure, withdrawn,
Forefinger and thumb to chin.

My ear closer to my tongue than ever before
And me closer to my ear
Turning things back on themselves
Slowly I begin to turn things
Back over and on top again
Rolling
Out
Down
Into
Sometimes _ has this kind of effect
On my world.

kelly ann ilseman