

## Apparent

by chrissy *Friday, Aug 3 2018, 7:35am*

international / poetry / post

sometimes it shimmers  
like the wings of a dragonfly  
other times it flickers like the  
refracted light of hummingbird feathers  
and icy stars in a clear night sky,  
but more often than not it accommodates  
the perceiver

oozing for me like thick oil in the sea  
splashing foam onto the unshures of existence

i care not for control as all attempts fail  
in the end,  
i happily allow it to assume any manner  
or shape it chooses, sometimes this,  
at other times that; it shapes reality  
like we dream our desires  
or should i say, it shapes its dream which is reality for us,  
actors, in a dream within a dream within ... ad infinitum

confronted again by my choices/directions, some in tune  
others clanging like worn, discordant cymbals  
i do not fret over illusions, i belong to no culture  
of blind believers/dreamers?

again it approaches, do you feel it,  
it's unmistakable?  
this time it assumes the shape  
and allusions of this poem

who am i to resist it?