

A few brief moments alone

Close your eyes
to see
that other world
beyond the commonplace
One that swells out
from deep within dormant
folds of grey.
Brilliant points of light,
puncture a vague amorphous
image; expanding, contracting, fading

Cloud filled skies filter
rays of breaking dawn.
An ocean of sand filled
with static waves undulating
across the stark horizon.
Narrow streets, ancient buildings
towers reaching deep into hard blue heavens.
Staying long enough to feel
fixed in one time and place.
Then gone

Always reverting to soft
grainy view, sublimating
revelations of beauty or wonder,
hiding even the partial secret
of why we see each scene.

Carl Russo, Feb. 9 2012