

something created

something is, just is;
and then someone sees it,
and it's born;
takes shape and form--
even if they're wrong,
even if it's just a gust of smoke, or wind,
or breath;
as long as someone sees it, it's real.

but still, if it simply teeters on the brink,
is it really there?

not if someone hadn't seen it, then
heard its hum, its buzz, its bang,
the ghost of what it may become;
something like a whisper, saying "yes, oh yes"
to someone's eyes;

someone waiting to conceive it
exactly as it is: high and fine and see-through
as a cube of ice in a water-glass; or jam-packed solid,
as dense as earth; knows it,
wants it to succeed the nothingness,
the somethingness it bears.

someone wants it, and it is fulfilled.
someone reads its thoughts, and sees the dark of it.
someone craves it, and it rears its ugly head,
screaming for attention; with an ax, a tongue,
an evil thought....

intelligence tells us all of this, of course,
but it's important to include an eye.....