

SLIP

D. OMAPHAGUS

We are pieces.
Together, mosaics.
Harsh white permeating through the cracks
of broken stained glass.

We are a mirage in the desert,
quietly slipping in and out of masks.
Cherub – Maiden – Wife – Mother
So many cloaks, so many scattered pieces.

On clear nights we watch
as god holds his glass prism
to the glaring moon, suddenly

I felt the genome of the universe refracting, unravelling

red orange yellow green blue violet

protruding from the sky, scattered rays
of polyester and tulle
gently, dancing like wildflowers in a wild grove.

Together, we weaved the strands of light into a tapestry
and wore it like Achilles' cloak as he strides toward Hector

as we reveled in pride
at how we finally separated the harsh, throbbing white
of heaven's storm clouds, "the world is a mosaic –
not just us", I proclaimed and
traced my fingers along the edges of the universe,

Piece by piece,
Shard by shard.

