

Paul Breslin

THIS DAY

We cannot dwell in it:  
our shadows lengthen though we do not move.

Those shut in prisons long to see it;  
miserable and free, we see it as a prison.

It is a museum of sex  
with halls for all desires.

The mind doubles it, blooded knot  
of synapse and syllogism.

One square inch of its surface masters us.  
We have not spoken of depth.