

## Anna Tsuchiya

### "The Moment"

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Late april  
Late evening  
Powder blue sky  
Cools and fades  
To a neutral tone of grey  
No hue  
No reflections

Silhouettes  
- skeletons of steel  
Take shape  
On the horizon  
Iron takes the places of air  
Each breath tasting bitter warm  
Like blood

Night descending  
In phosphorous little drops  
Into my eyes  
Sharper than the moment  
My stomach tightens  
As in acceleration cars  
Or at the certainly of sex  
And doesn't pass

This is where the day has led me  
This is as far as I have come

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