

## **Broken Spindles**

# **"The Distance Is Nearsighted"**

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I've only been away a week  
Ago I left my house  
My hometown is a photograph  
My mouth quits, clicks, no noise  
Pollution outside every airport  
Parking drive around  
A round circles under eyes  
Language class text don't speak

The distance is near-sighted  
And how far away is calculated in days  
And the distances gets nearer-sighted  
Till the far away extends out, expires, and dies.

Softly whispered schedule  
Of movements from a space  
A place mat organizing file folders  
Getting bigger  
Thicker accents start to swell  
Slowly outwards towards the shoreline  
Connecting dots where buildings  
Grow up, fuck, and rot to dust

The distance is near-sighted  
And how far away is calculated in days  
And the distance gets nearer-sighted  
Till the far away extends out, expires, and dies.

A slow hour turns and passes away  
A ways always in the air  
Travel show them proof of  
Miles flown into the waveless sea  
I see the world won't stop moving  
A loop, it's static.  
Still nights vanish,  
Sleep is a dream where

The distance is near-sighted  
And how far away is calculated in days  
And the distance gets nearer-sighted  
Until the far away extends out, expires, and dies.

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