

JACQUELINE LUCAS HOOVER

Perspective

I am farther out
than in a while:
faltering;
sidestepping real things;
gray hazes.
It isn't only morning:
night is as predictable;
and sighing;
and wondering why I'm cold.
Maybe it is
because I know
how hairy the sand is
when I put my cheek
into a curve
left by a clam.