

THE GLIMPSE

Richard Moore

There on the breakfast mat,
in brown clouds, coffee stains
beckoned me, where I sat,
and whispered soft refrains.
There I was, looking at
myself, the maker, strains

just there, none of them willed,
happenings out of me,
nothing I'd meant to build.
Be thus in poetry,
poet austere skilled,
there, not there; lost, the key.

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