

The Collapse Of The Great Tide Cliffs

The Dear Hunter

I thought that I was framed
front and center.
But I'm distant and your depth
of field is shallow.

Low light
turn to night
and all can be ignored.
Blind eyes
preoccupied
with the surface more than the core.

Though my lens is cracked, right down the center I saw you,
and through shattered light, your beauty remained flawless