

# 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