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Michelle Hansen, de la serie Reflections of Miami



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Through the green glass window
Looking in
A sun ray
Touches the tall plant dormant yet alive
Indoors
Kelp leaves fade
Three or four glass tears
Beam a refracted echo
Outside
Until the light moves on.

Last night the moon never set

Last night the moon never set.
At dawn it was still there
Waiting.
As i rose and walked to the garden
She seemed to faint
Laying across the western horizon
But never hiding.
This afternoon
I ask myself
Is it true that there is never
Continuity or purpose.

Gladys Triana, de la serie Reflections of shadows

