

## One Transition

This is gauze  
& it goes about the face  
& it is slowly unwound.

There's a slight wind,  
& little lights shining  
As if the wind carries them.

Breath from curtains-----  
The unveiled skin-----  
Intimate, hyper-real.

Eyes open as headlights.  
Dream the beams on.

Dream the beams  
We are becoming-----

Hands pulling gauze back  
For the night, the lips

Which part