

tilted sestina.

there was a boat in blue waters in a painting,
it was intriguing because the frame had a tilt
as i observed the boat, it was floating in shallow
waters. they were of a certain hue — periwinkle.
i had only ever seen such a color in my garden,
but humans cherry pick memories from moments seen by their eyes.

people see so much minutia, but what do the eyes
remember? do we lock our memories like paint in a painting?
sometimes i think my frozen moments are tainted with a tilt,
but i don't want to be seen as shallow,
as if my hidden soul was masked with a glaze of periwinkle
lost in an unknown and vast garden.

frequently, i lie amongst the flowers in my garden,
i observe the way the bees fly and the mystique of a fly's eyes...
it must be déjà vu, everything is familiar — have i seen them in a painting?
the world looks different, yet feels slanted, my body is in a tilt
so i could see the design of the flower's petal shaming shallow
surfaces, imagining the depth of a hydrangea with hues of periwinkle.

the more i think and *choose* to see, splotches of periwinkle
continue to color my world. in the sea, the sky, and in my garden
i am becoming more conscious in life, my curious eyes
are experiencing their Golden Age, filled with poetry and paintings,
such a slanted sight has been freed from its tilt,
the depth in my vision has made itself known to the shallow.

i look at the boat in blue waters with perspective as it floats in the shallow,
for nothing is as it seems, even the hidden periwinkles
know more than they tell as they rest in the world's garden.
all objects have a point of view, a story, a pair of eyes
to view life's dynamic canvas, for the still life painting
is the most active picture, everyone is an individual — with a slight tilt.

to know the world is to view it independently, this is why we have a tilt!
fish underneath the boat know the depth underneath the shallow,
the gems of my endless yard all see my beloved periwinkle
hydrangeas scattered, but planted firmly in the grass of my garden.
as i lie on my lawn, in the mid-september dawn, the fly eyes
me now, forever remembering me as a memory, a painting.

i embrace my tilt now, for it has freed my eyes
from a shallow sight, an undiscovered garden,
but my soul will forever be a hidden periwinkle in life's painting.