Less
Moving through, we’re finding less.

All the words and commitments, all the affections and detachments keep rumbling, spurring, building, verging until an event is born on the face of a star or the deep or before our feet and we step on it because we cannot bear it or we drown or we’re blinded by it.

It might’ve been an idea or a relation or a work. It might have been, maybe.

Maybe masks for all, until we can’t any longer.

True, our dimensions have been expanded by ancient and beautiful texts sent and given, loved and kept, dangerous and rich but now we find we’re too big for company.

And we feel ashamed for our gluttony. Until we find each other around a table again and a communion feast begins.