

Negatives

we danced, alone
sometimes together

we joined the stream
in crowded empty rooms

we were no more
than flames, blue
wicks swaying in darkness

frames of light, photons
photographed in infrared

we lived through hours, years, decades

behind the face that looked so real,
there was no one

we were this side of dreams
this side of things

*that chimerical museum
of shifting shapes*

blue note shadows
leaning against city walls
in moonlight, silhouettes

we were no more than this
no more than words
in a never ending chain

we danced
we lived

we were everything and nothing
all at once

life's shorthand for eternity

By Josie Di Sciascio-Andrews
<https://poetryimages.weebly.com/>

*line from Borges' poem *Cambridge*

