



## BLURRED VISION

By Wayne Visser

It was just a glimpse at first  
But enough to look twice  
Enough to spark intrigue  
To prick my senses  
Burst my bubble  
An intruder  
Alert

She floated in the distance  
A figure out of focus  
Blurred at the edges  
Defying definition  
A form in flow  
A chimera  
Alive

It's not that she was perfect  
And I never saw her face  
But she fit the moment  
Echoed my longing  
Spinning in sync  
A coincidence  
Aware

She passed without knowing  
That I wanted to reach out  
From fantasy into reality  
To touch her knee  
Kiss her neck  
A butterfly  
Alight

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