

## Apertura

At moments like any other  
behind my left eye  
below the pupil where focus  
is next to impossible,  
an opening seems to appear,  
a shimmering surrounded  
with brilliant flickering  
reds and blues and white  
in rectilinear shapes  
cascading down to the left  
and glittering quicksilver  
spilling around the edges  
with nothing at the center  
that wasn't there already  
but luminous now,  
framed in technicolor,  
the celluloid itself  
lit from within whether  
the lids are open or shut.