

VERONICA VĂLEANU

Earthscraper

oh, the light is just glitzing up bottomless pits
with its way of brandishing our spirit.
or it might as well be a follow-up
for stuffing it back inside them.
anyway, I can't remain housebound forever.
as soon as I step over the threshold
the place just vanishes.
the others are copies of me,
displayed everywhere to burnish the blur.
we commingle, let our particulars
get quickly embedded,
and only then do I strive to stick out,
to see what other things are worth staying in radiance of.
high-heeled shoes
hovering over transparent shelves.
a split second, the ultimate peephole moment.
the shop window suddenly swallows me inside,
as it won't have me any other way than
brandishing up all my shiny coins
at every floor.
for this is the skyscraper way
to my recondite den.
I put on the high heels
and glitz up farther
in minimally invasive spirits.