

Nick Mazzeo  
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Davis Street Drawing Room

## Skips

One eyeing it straight  
through a magnifying glass  
to know a pattern at scale,  
we leave the periphery out.  
A dive requires this.

\*

A dive predates  
a breaking into bits.  
We can trace all the skips.  
It doesn't matter the wave, just zero  
in on a section here, with or  
without color and dye.

\*

What's the thread count  
of what lies at the heart of an ocean?

\*

We really belong near a window  
Light separated by frames brings a calm.

\*

Pacing in the light like a stitching a person might stretch between their fingers one day.

\*

Unraveled for its audio,  
every weave has a voicing.  
A voice has so very  
the resemblance  
of motion.  
It's an illusion  
of silence  
to be still,  
still as a ladder.