



getting distracted by something you can't abstract  
while narrowed views push floaters across visual range:  
you might be seen;  
imagined confrontation make fences to defenses  
let you test-run a scan of what potential categories you might be put into  
in blurred levels of intimacy, property-caging hedges sometimes rather create curiosity than distinction.

when their heights are limited or curtains forbidden,  
instead of vanishing, they tighten up to your face, relativize the measurements you used to know.  
transparent vague opacities  
behind one-way mirrors silhouettes and skinless shapes  
a foot mat „welcome“ serves as a maquette for encounter,  
as a gate with stylized ornaments, domesticated  
souvenirs as hints for a self// prepared to present (one clamps oneself in brackets)  
against ideas that a private life isn't independent,  
that intimacy isn't generic  
that your couch is yours alone,  
and has no past in model home displays that  
simulate one like your cosy setting with spotlights  
centering a core of atmosphere; and rejects ideas of an outside  
and are on stage rather actors than props, ready to assemble  
as a miniature of a thing that is broader, universally it lost its details

and suddenly this house is one of many  
like snow globes swaying in similitude  
facing from outside  
it became stiff, static, so solid  
there are materials made for enclosure  
something distracts that you can't figure  
close up to a shadow of what could be  
a reflection of yourself looking at it  
distorted, cut off your sphere  
the thing in the middle excludes itself,  
isolated, only seeing outer qualities  
excluded in an innerness  
flipped and [(framed) out]  
a defined entity, but general