

## CRYSTAL HURDLE / from Ajar

V.

But this room is filled with the purity of emptiness.

There is no baggage.

The impersonality entices.

rectangle rectangle rectangle

square square square rectangle

quadrilateral semi-sphere sphere

a geometry class in the making.

The bare beginnings of triangles,

which we can try to forget.

See? They are eroding.

Consider this an object lesson.

The evenness of the light

obfuscating what's outside

for what's in

em ty em ty em ty

as my hrt

VI.

The air is quiet *murmurings*

Please love me again.

The emptiness could be beautiful if not so fearsome.

You could sit for a long while in such a room and I with you.

Light is mending, healing.

Now it's a façade of a room  
awakening to itself  
mound of snow  
emptiness of the still snowing sky  
clouds the ceiling overhead.  
We could make our own weather.

VII.

An open wall, the abandoned fourth wall  
and what will we see staged?  
Shakespearean malice?  
Farce? Guilty couplings?  
The angle of the door is small distraction.  
We could see around and through it.  
The air could be rich with our clapping.

### Note

"em ty" is an homage to bpNichol.