Puzzling Errors

"the visible is perhaps only an invisible anxious to be known"

-Edmond Jabes-

"arrange whatever pieces come your way"

-Virginia Woolf-

"what rich moment will you find, ever,

that isn't cheapened by your reaching for it?"

-Ron Loewinsohn-

Even though we made it up in the first place – visible, invisible.

It came in pieces.

To pieces.

We reached for it/them

to puzzle them together.

Puzzling.

Some pieces fit, some don't

We decide what to make of them

Who "we" is, for example.

Once it/they come (whatever I/you decide it/they is/are)

It/they cannot be discarded or undone

Only selected or refused.

Reality isn't matter. Doesn't.

And it does.

To a certain extent

"we" call "invisible."

Here's a piece: "peace"

Or "god," "love," "me," "you"

"self," "cat" or "unicorn"

"walking," "relativity.'

"Here's" "a" "piece."

What do you make of it?

In other words –

what do you see?

is it visible or invisible

when you reach?

"Or" – an enormous piece

I threw in there.

"Error in life is necessary for life,

and error in poetry is necessary for poetry"

-Harold Bloom-