

her.

there is a girl that i know  
that i do not know .

/

i see her , in my mind 's eye ,  
draped ,  
                  shrouded , almost ,  
in feeling .

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when i see her ,  
                  the few times i do ,  
she is cold ,  
blanketed by distance .

/

there is no word for  
this , for  
her being .

the best i can  
muster with my limited  
vocabulary  
is to say that the girl is ethereal .

/

i know this girl ,  
purely through her words ,  
i know this girl ,  
purely through her feeling .

when i find her poetry on the internet ,  
it is by pure coincidence .  
when i read her poetry  
                  on the internet ,  
                  from the comfort of my bed  
i am glad that i

am lying down .

it is an invasion ,  
a misstep on my part  
to know her like this .

i want to know her like this

and that is the mistake .

for she , in words speaks  
so warmly , so openly ,  
loves , so thoroughly  
    she vibrates with it .

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and when i see her ,  
it is meeting a stranger .  
i meet her gaze ,  
and i feel as though i am inconvenient ,  
through existence .

/

the worst possible  
course of action  
is to know her like this .

for this version of her ,  
i want to know .  
i want to speak to .  
i want to understand ,  
    i aspire to understand .

.

for the person that i know  
and the words that i read  
are connected  
by only a name .  
and perhaps a location ,

( what is in a name ? )