

Deconstructing Juliet

Into focus she appeared
Upon the narrow beam
That separates the tangible
From that within a dream.

Drawing furtive veils revealed
The secrets she had stored;
Condensed the truth distilled from lies
And from the wounds it poured.

From the mist, she disappeared
Beyond and out of sight
Assembled I, then in her wake,
A vision of her flight.

Fashioned form from nebulous,
Retoiled the memory,
To realign the episode
Of Juliet and me.

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