

BENJAMIN J. BREZNER

## **WEATHER/STRUCTURE/HOME**

Inside I hid  
without knowing I hid  
behind the fog that condenses

in evening in the windows  
of family homes  
the always-known that resists

being known  
the cloud of crystals  
my ilk and I walk around in

lean on the always-between-us  
and the sky's lights  
or the dark of the gaps

where others stood  
in my eyes if I faced  
the windows at all

their outlines suspended  
hazed in silver gelatin  
or more likely standing

too far away  
to see  
and not at an angle

from which the light  
could stitch them into  
my side of the air