

Passing Show

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Origami of a sort;
the light no longer
merely slanted: *reflection*,
refraction, *Snell's law*, just
words, no clue to the surprise
landscape can offer. It's just
light after all (what we see), rock,
sea, even person, mere occasions
for the splash of light into the eyes,
a quick kiss before its long journey
skyward and into dark.