

**The Distance**  
**by Tom Vaine**

This always starts the same way,

Every time I begin  
I reshape myself,  
pull parts from the muck  
I've sunk in on my path  
to you.

But the bog between us  
is treacherous, I flail  
as I step,  
stifled and stuck,  
some swampthing  
lost in the mist.

If you saw me  
would you reach me?  
Pick the person from  
the shambling debris?