

## Mismatches

I'm starting to see how the other  
isn't me. And even more to understand  
how the other keeps excesses  
of myself.

My effort to go beyond the image  
traverses what escapes me when  
printing your light.

Residue of voices I still listen  
despite it being left somewhere  
outside the framed photo.

From this noise, echo of words  
and pauses that repeat *ad infinitum*.

Amidst hate and love, I am  
what I managed to do  
with my missed encounters  
and asymmetric waves.

A struggle to stay still  
feeling the gaze  
collapse.