You are late to the emergency.  
It has been woven slowly, chronic:

mahogany tables, manila folders,  
cold American lagers, and white hands

shaking. The colors helix in thread, an ugly gold.  
Cross-stitching, we turn in continuously, thorough

across corners. But to see the fabric’s back  
is to know. We are lines and lines

and lines that never meet. Meanwhile,  
a glass of water is being poured,  

chromatic, at a kitchen tap, a tap  
that does not also lead to yours.