

**JAMES HOCH**  
**Overview Effect**

Hold the camera like this, one might see  
curvature,  
bright smudge

a meteor crushed against  
the atmosphere, and beneath

the dust slick of a country  
where they bow each morning  
and pray toward their own dark centers

for something like  
a dark center.

Lower now, a woman walking a street  
turns her body into a storm of nails,  
a debris field

a string of men my brother trained and loved  
enter geared up, swearing

this goes on forever

like this space where the planet hangs—  
blue fluke, cosmic Tilt-a-Whirl, Wonder

Wheel—

O Wary Eyed,  
O Weary Armed, we are floating on the rim  
of an aperture  
slowly closing.

You, who is  
not a thing, but a way of seeing,  
and the drone of the nothing blessing  
of saying so—

*See us.*