

## Ekphrasis

Man melted metals. It changed the world epicly.

An electrician cut a rectangle. How many millimetres, they asked.

Cold in hands, but shining warmly. I clean it, I cover it, I scratch it, i etch it.

I am a magician, my trick is making a copy. Piranesi would be proud.

Holding my scribble as a torch. Light lines glow in dark.

Aura went lost and I brought it back. Benjamin is outdated.

There is nothing mystical about it, really. Taping, varnishing, scraping, wiping. All easy.

For a witch.

