

As Light as Light

Time isn't present in that dimension
- Tina Weymouth

Longing and loss the heart and soul of language
for single separate self-conceived persons
situated in family, state and scripture —
endless expressions of empty arms and eyes
a sick desire for imaginary objects
ups and downs on emotional rollercoasters
pro forma hugs writing off bad investments
bifocal vision as good as it gets
bottoming out in despair and self-loathing,
the saving grace of hope bought on the cheap
with under-the-table settle-for-less hot deals
offered online at low shipping rates.

This evening, facing the mountains the sun set behind
a few hours ago, feeling the cold inching up
behind my back, the winter sky overhead —
free at last from that voice pretending to be me,
released from the long sentence handed down at birth
for the crime of being human (more than enough time
in solitary to drive a man crazy) emancipated
by a subtle intensity within the interplay
of who we become together, unconditional love
the very condition of possibility for us —
I stand as light as light at a loss for words.