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Where You Are

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WHERE YOU ARE

The room is small and square,
filled with dry air and bright light.
There are no windows. The sealed
outline of the door shows through
the white paint, newly applied.
The light is so bright you are blinded,
and do not see me, braced
against the wall beside the outline
of the door. You stare blindly
at the walls and ceiling, sniff
the air, finger the minute cracks
in the concrete floor. You try
to climb the walls, and fall.
You run your hands along the smooth
surface of the walls. You find
the outline of the door.
I understand the initial terror,
and move away when you come near.
I have been here for years.
I have grown accustomed to the light
and the faint sound of water falling
behind the walls. When you hear it
you stop and listen. Then
you put your hands to your ears.
I understand. There is no need
for me to speak. Soon, your sight
will return and you will know
where you are. It would do no good
for me to try to tell you.
Soon the room will be yours alone.