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Distinctions

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Distinctions

At a window I long for my future,
that it pull heavily at my cheeks and neck
like the relaxing twilight.
I long for its face to look back
with pendant skin and the assurance
that it is right to stand apart.
I think of my friend who grew
cold and afraid and took his life,
who thought that scars always heal in sunlight.
But still I wonder if his hand clutched
at the shifting light on the carpet.
And I am afraid, afraid each time
the phone rings and I let it continue
until it's relentless as his voice
calling. I question the dead,
their escape or release,
and know there is a distinction.
When I close my eyes, a woman in a country
at war rebuilds her shop and trades
with anyone. In a few days she'll fall
against her child, against her counters,
to finally stare into the sun.
I open my eyes to the glass
of scotch on the sill, the shadows
on my face from too little sleep,
the streetlight that grows suddenly bright.
But one night does not reflect another.
I no longer drive for hours
to forget the disappointment,
or the anger at having been abandoned.
Over and over,
the face that I draw
in my breath on the window means nothing.