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The Sky So Much Closer

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The Sky So Much Closer

I now know the steadiness beneath my footprints
as the body sees the world enough on trust,

and trust is the curvature of track through the tunnel
and the tunnel is no cradle forever.

I will keep my eyes open, not counting this time,
as my destination speeds toward me.

It is a clean room that will await me
with the sun awake at each window.

It is a room cleared of shadows
which I put there in my loneliness.

I know about shadows. They greet you
with threadbare arms for your patching,

a halo of damage around their mouths.
Shadows keep warm from desire without desire.

This is a story about shadows
and this is a wish to be done with them,

for I used to seek the dark without question
or I dreamt about the dark. In there

I often seemed an outline made of shadow
which the sun might heat if it wished, and the people—

they could look through me as through a telescope.
Farther back, beyond the container the eye seeks,

is the sun, the upthrusting grass, and their
generous meeting in this world.

So I will clear this place like a pioneer,
finding the sun through my face-hiding fingers,

and finding my face at last to belong to.
Even tonight, with the sky so much closer

I see layers of blue light lining the dark
and think I could live now inside the body.