Fall 1986

The Sky So Much Closer

Rochelle Nameroff

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation

Available at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss25/31

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in CutBank by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.
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.