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I Wish to Be Evenly Lit

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but like morning, there is always one part that feels especially dark. And in my own bed, I am tied to the dark parts so that I wish myself fully awake, if only to be less tired. But today, I do not wish to wander around myself because there is only one place to get lost in. And I burrow in it like a bee-eater and I only look for flying things and wings and their translucent veins. And with them, I’ll build a house, and sleep it in the dark, and cover it in the insect-vein of night. And when I wake up, I will still raise bruises the same way. As if hanging onto them is like a welcomed love. I’ll say to them “Come here. Sleep here.” And I’ll name them as if they were on the opposite side of my skin.