

The Lindenwood Review

Volume 1 | Issue 10

Article 16

6-2020

Long-sight

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Recommended Citation

Koven, Jonathan (2020) "Long-sight," *The Lindenwood Review*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 10 , Article 16.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.lindenwood.edu/lindenwood-review/vol1/iss10/16>

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Long-sight

There is a room holding this one, a sketch speaking backward. Every person, every tiny thing, rewinds to sulfur. Pollen is sucked back into the forest, and trunks dance. This continent begins where the moon rises green as the sea, and wind-tossed reeds kiss constellations.

It is the season of cold air, and every night comes as quick as morning. I come apart in the delicate moments, unwound to Delana's breath and rooms full of the scent of sleep. Even our gentle silences feel slower to me. Their embraces strip me bare.

Tolerance means pacing my heart's perimeter every night. Love sometimes means bartering my loud for quiet. The bastard in me will always loom—be it wintertime or August's clementine haze. My parents' tender routines and the pain of their parents before, it is all part of me—should it build silences, should it take me across the world.

On the lonely nights, you must remember the cry of your hometown's train as it carried a cascade far and away into the past. You must remember the rotten in you before you wish it away. Slow goes the old laughter. Slow goes the echo you owned, that owned you. In the meantime, stay quiet and hear the story before you forget all over again.

Waking often happens long after the eyes have opened.
(And there she is, with my name in her hands.)