

In The Night, A Song

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I wish I had the kind of shadow
that would carry my darkness
instead of only being its shape.

Is my shadow all mine
or just another repurposed handful of
all whatever came before
and of course, what will remain after?
A bit of dinosaur and peanut butter jar.
Those rare metals used in smartphones.
The clipped half-moon toenail of a Viking sailor.

Funny how I've fooled myself into thinking
my suffering is unique.

Outside the wind rushes through everything
and tree limbs scratch a caliginous song
on the window.

Let us in, they sing, let us in.
We all need something
to grow not around us
but all the way through us.

In the middle of the night my dog
barks into the darkness and
I think he is on to something.
Some things don't have an answer
until they do.