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[I Felt the Need—through Blackness]

Boyer Rickel

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[I felt the need—though blackness]

I felt the need—though blackness
pressed my eyes like cloth—for transparency,
floating in the open ocean of his fury.
The mattress a space of water his fists
pounded to a froth beside my head.
I knew it was the fact of death, not me,
that made him rage. I was just a witness.
Invisibility's not easy. Even clouds,
though they scatter light, give the illusion
of having bodies. At sunup, the bedside
curtain that fit the window's rectangle
imperfectly, permitted a yellow line
to cut across our chests. Being human,
we absorb light, and, like pavement
or rhododendrons, others see us.