

Our Visible Blindness

In the whiteness that is morning, she says: with her body, lying there and folding
what I sometimes see when my eyes are glazed with sleep and brightness: the joy of sorrow
“Be as complete and accurate as you can”
“what happened”

“It’s like this” she says, without words, without movement, asking
I can almost smell the message, the stillness of her query and already reply
what light does
because the darkness, he might say

In the whiteness of the morning she tells with her body what is possible
I heard her there in the noise of waves
“sometimes he listens”
“something always begins” a whisper a stir
perhaps there is nothing to say, gauze of sun spread over and through
what happened

It’s like this, her body remembers
“how the night spread through us, the shadows? The magnitude?”
Like sky
I don’t remember tears, black radiance, my body, heaving and away
outward from within the hours, suffocate with pleasure, she thought she remembered, warming at
dawn in her body
he, watching, wonders

the whiteness that is morning come from the dark her body tells

what happened?

“It’s like this” his silence says, sitting aside, lost in its staring
in the darkness before? she asks without moving, only it radiates
back toward a way, a building of refractions, a blindness
her there, in her body, spoken through in the whiteness of morning

We are here
with light between us
through the dark
into day

Wake us
her body says
drowning in the whiteness of the morning
without mourning
so open, eye
to I.

N Filbert 2012