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Night's Light

Elizabeth Marcelli
emarcelli20@jcu.edu

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Night's Light

Liz Marcelli

When the last wailing rays of sunlit fury
Crawl from our day and humble themselves
At the foot of the familiar black blanket
That hides us from ourselves,
We are again blind
To the thigh flesh and nasal drippage, pale pink acne scars
And the inerasable fingerprints of dead lovers.
Finally, the darkness can allude to else-ness,
The dissolution of this broken body.
It begs *could it could be something beautiful?*

When coal-colored coverage changes our corporeal
Structures into the possibility of angelic wonder,
The chance to crawl out of this used shell
And into purity bleeding out
All of my human
Like white water untouched by the slightest semblance of soot.

That is where I will meet you.
When I look to the floor and see our bodies
Lying together like empty husks,
I will let you hold my light
And we can finally breathe
Unstoppable, uncontained, and fully aware.
Aware. awake. you. me. here. light breaking
Through to me and I can see you. Look into me
As the dawn breaks through and finally

we don't move.