The Hermit

By Rebecca N. McKinnon  
  
I need to hide from your searing light  
I need to steel myself against your supernova  
It would be so easy to fall backward into your orbit  
Let myself be carried in suspension,  
the threads of your gravitational power  
All the stars surround you in envy  
You don't even know  
Your refusal to believe  
creates a black hole of you  
God it doesn't matter how beautiful it is  
How lovely you are  
I grasp myself with all the life I have left in me  
I clinch my fists around what's mine  
A staff of wisdom and logic  
A cloak of mystery and introversion  
A lantern of truth shining brighter than you  
A window, a refusal of clouds  
A label assigned to me  
The blame assigned to me  
I will take it, lovely  
I will curl into myself as a cold babe in the   
night of you  
The explosion of you could've taken me  
You could've taken me  
You could've taken everything I am  
You could've taken it all  
I lower my head in affirmation  
I close my eyes in prayer  
I turn away in solitude  
Please whisper behind me  
how it is all my fault,  
the destruction of you  
The gorgeous and blinding and triumphant  
and hideous and deafening and ruining  
of you  
I sit high now  
I sit in the clouds  
I place my tired head on my palm  
braced against my bent knee  
Hunchbacked and exhausted  
Can I call this peace?  
Can I call this life without you  
anything but quiet  
in mourning?  
I meditate on my breaths, truths  
I hide from whatever you may be  
becoming  
I shrink myself,  
make myself inconsequential   
I raise myself,   
make myself sacred  
I am the most qualified to embolden   
myself, illuminate myself  
I will stand soon,  
guide myself to the immortal  
I never needed you, lovely  
I wanted you, but that wasn't infinite  
I myself am where I will find infinity