

ii. Sun

surprisingly small, you were eclipsed all the while i was dancing to the beat of deep space, deep as the dark ocean; you were about to be extinguished, wavering so fragile as a wet ripple, or a blinking eye. thankfully, i made you a warm meal of eggs and rice, and you ate it up and grew so big and strong! like a wounded animal, starving for the starlight. i found you many other poems and words to eat and tended to your wounds, i did not know how to make a splint but in your kindness you did not rebuke me; like an old samurai with a nicked and broken blade; i wiped your blood away and held your matted head. who are you? i asked, and in your kindness you did not rebuke me. the way your large hands held the wind so softly, i felt hell sway with your rhythm, and knew i was not a man, but i was certainly not just a single eye, for i wanted two. i loved the rippling of your golden heat and wanted to forever carry it with me — so i cooked you down into a second eye and swallowed you, and like an almond, you came to rest inside me and learned how to sing.