

With the piss, sheets, saliva and shit the beads were washed. The paint split, revealing something simpler beneath.

[grey-wh ite

white water

s

inking

do You hear me now ?

because here

I am : _____

__I am

here :

ocean unredeemable enraged ,

eclipsed tomb , bygone birth ,

unwelcoming womb with cord cut ;

here I am____

__sinking .

He had said he would return them to her.

She fussed sadly at the edge of her crooked bed. She was upset. Upset about her unlicensed prayers. Upset about her missing beads.

(Silence ,

ye troubled waves .)

He had said he would return them to her.

Dawn enshrouded entombed

then

one day when the sky rolled back :

ascension—

here now

is some softening around the edges

here are You

some Lightness ;

I reach out a hand

and find another to guide—

It was a quick catch. Tiny things, they were. He took them home and let them dry. One scratched patch, then another. A pot of paint goes a long way. One prayer, and then the next. It made him happy. How simple it was to be kind.

—I emerge

blinking ,

eyes to the

sun .

The bed was no longer crooked. The beads were returned. He stayed for a moment, perhaps too long. Silently, gently, he watched over her. Her, asleep.

Some sincere Shadow

hand outstretched

substantial

sublime ;

Some lightness of Being

some inhalation with intent

I know You

(I know this place)

He had said he would return them to her. And so, he had.