

Nick Giovati

The Sun

I wanted to go there, separate, to the cliff
of all things, to see her, not from the center
of each orbit, but from where I could stand,
alone, at the edge of someone else's day,
and announce my sins. It would be the first time.
I wanted to go there, to hear her water-like
voice, from the pit of darkness, no longer
spinning: the first solitary vision of me. If
she knew I was there, watching, raising the curtain
of space, if she knew how I am ashamed
and lonely behind it, if she knew what clouds
I had to travel through to get to her, how many
rains I ruined at their beginnings, or the burning
I have left behind- I'd break all promises. I add
what isn't there until it should be. I lie. The days
are here without me, the nights, always thus.
She must keep her distance. I am the center.
I am colder than I appear. I cast shadows.