

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.