

Jar

There was a shiny lid in my life that wouldn't let me
spill out. Loose and edgeless
the space within that needs to flow against
another to run into shape like quicksilver. My distances were, I realized,
entirely unpourable.
Within is that which is all mine I had thought
and I had turned the lid tighter and tighter in time, softening
external layers to the weight of bearable ash. Outside
became clothed in a cloak of fog. I could hardly see. What I did see though
was beautiful. There was more melancholy than sadness.
I had blurred grief in the tightening but in it blurred my own
form too, as perfume only takes on distinction unbottled and sprinkled
on skin.
I had dressed up the world with my own creation and gone blind
to the body beneath.
Such is the price for lid and its likes: self dissolves in vacuum.
In my undefined fluidity I longed for solid spilling, for contact in order to
become. First
to loosen the lid and then
to open.
To share one's inner workings.
To empty out and over. How I dreamed of that. Quick, liquid
prayers followed, ejaculated
into empty rooms. I prayed:
Dear God Almighty, puncturer of seals,
will you please come open me?
You can.
Come open me.
Come, open me.
I prayed and pressed
my palms hot and solid
against desolate wet words.
I prayed and prayed
and pressed and pressed
until I heard
something escaping from me
with a quiet hiss or was it
air
getting in.

