

Light Through the Linen

Miya Folick

So you don't know what I'm asking
Or you think I have no right
To want more than is customary
To feel like I'm alive
So we're knelt down on the kitchen floor
Wishing to disappear
Counting down from twenty
For the hundredth time this year

I see light through the linen
When I open up my eyes
After years of this cavernous
Endless nighttime
I see lotus flowers
Blossom in the mud
I see every white petal fight
To open one by one
I see light through the linen

I'm underneath the table
Head back on the wood
And you ask if we can start over
Back to what was good
And something in me dilates
A shifting off the ground
And I come to you like I used to
But with my eyes open now

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