

Sun

Naseem Rine-Reesha

I find again what cannot kill
or alter my power, what just shapes
my nights to hold a sovereign pose
unmistakable for a hand
draped atop a miniature globe
unless you squint. I sleep all day.

It won't be valiant. No blade shines
above these fingers. I lend no light.
No bread. No music. I keep hold
of every morsel to add its mass
to what I make. A thing of clay
and dough and wine. All uselessness.

It molds. It darkens, congeals, and breathes
in this black beside my bed.