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Night Search

Caryn Mirriam-Goldberg

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Night Search

I.

I remember also
Nights like black plastic bags:
No breath, no escape
Surrounded by disgarded paper, glass
The prayers were all I had.

"Get me through
Get me through myself."

These nets of questions
That wrapped me smaller and smaller
Into a separate being
Imersed
In glass that cannot be reassembled,
Hands which tremble before dark, animated eyes.
Throats growing dryer in that still apartment box
Where only the heavy sighs of buses and cars,
passing by, could be swallowed.

"Take me
Take me through myself."
Past the soul holes
Where the mind is measured
incomplete and sad,
past imagination of nothing

I no longer understood anything, but
That meaning was a personal invention
And that whole cities dissolved in my mind.

II.

You lie almost still
Listening:
Wind, rain rush past the tall grass.
"Remember," it whispers
"How I have touched you without holding you
In the contours of the day,
of the night,
and all the jewels inbetween."

You remember how it is
To be alone like this.
The body lies open.
The heart knows
Somewhere in this truth
There is always a night
We must return to
And bless all its faces.
Somewhere we are not clouds
But flooded fields, calling out.

a spot which makes no sense
Which enters us and soon departs,
Which fills and depletes the ordinary desires
Leaving sleeping skin
In the moonlight.

Somewhere you can reach this place
As solidly as you can stand in the daylight.
And turn
From the center
Back to
And past
Yourself.

Caryn Addberg
9/1/82