

Aporia

What is left out is often what lingers, remains after
silence, stillness, separation and grows, groans into
speech, movement, absent intention. Doors creaking
open without hand or wind, drawers yawning wide,
murmurs and whispered laughter, logic eating its own
tail, the unseen announcing its omission from what
is known, accepted and coming back, rehearsing
its lacunate struggle with handles, shadow larynxes,
the quotidian and reaching for us each flat, stark day,
every burgeoning night simply by being ____ .