

I drop the dark slip of night and step into morning one leg at a time. This routine of vestments calms the stutter of leftover ghosts, smoothes the caul covering my face. Clothed this way, no one knows I am crawling with sorrow's calligraphy, its ink trailing on my skin, your name in the small of my back, something hidden. In dreams, your hummingbird hands hover over my body, press into the pillow, relief as monument to your leaving. This is a sort of mourning, this wearing of days. I row out into the ocean of hours blindfolded, without compass, without moorings. I survive in this fashion, my shoulders circling, my hands blistered on the oars.