

Foreign

caught in tangled brambles
of thinking
thoughts
shadows of dark solitude
covered in a dense fog
no longer holding me
in past remembrances
shifting, turning, dissolving
love into something less
something more
real
night comes to me
too fast
hurdlng all pasts before me
too fast, too hard, too harsh
like all life
all pasts
before
you, and you, and you
and them
you, who are foreign
to me now
a foreigner
as strange to me as
a muon or a tau
you, who do not speak
in unison with me
what were you then?
when you came
telling tales
of love, of entanglement, of connection
you, who came
hovering, floating, sailing
over oceans, over clouds, over skin
into heart, into veins, into me
unlocking, unsealing, opening
what should have stayed safely closed
you, so strange now
like a lost thing

how far away you seem
as far away as you were then
and the thorns of shadow thoughts
prick and rip at my thin skin
in this darkest rage
there is no gentleness here
all flame extinguished
ice marks my steps
winter shields me
from further violation

~ grace keyser