You are one bright fire and rocks run with cracks. Your one foot is an island. And like an island and a caution, you have something like a shining knight’s shield—a reflector—like a heart or like an eye that blinks out what your heart cannot—because your heart is a spiral of stairs, cracked walls—meaning what is in you is an absence—like the absence the soft whelk leaves in her polished chamber. You keep your fire behind glass. But you do sing. Only when already obscured. Not shy, but reserved. You have a foot—it is an island—or you are. You have some fire—enough—the thing in you like a moon throws the fire out into the dark—far over the water—and if anyone sees, you cannot say.