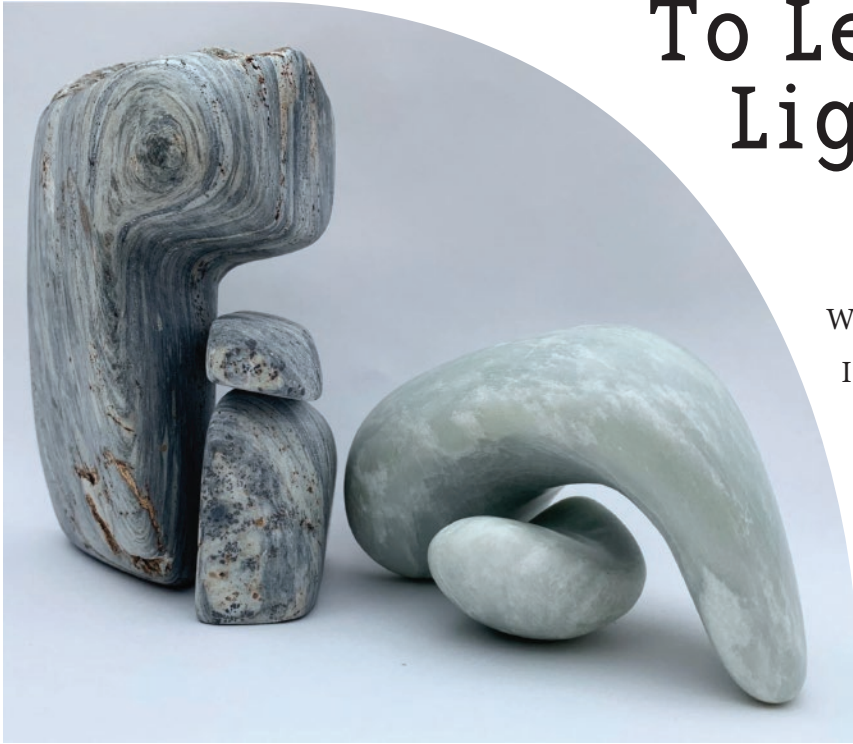
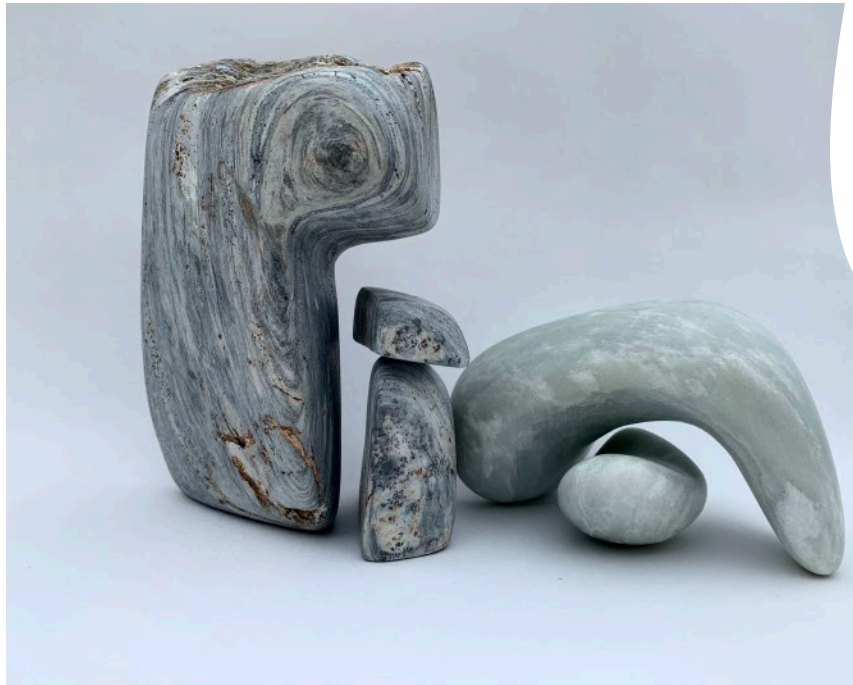


To Let the Light In



When I closed my eyes, I swear
I saw little white spots floating.
I told my grandma this and she told me
those were angels dancing.
I told my optometrist this,
and she told me pupils dilate
in the dark to let as much light in
as possible so we would survive.

*



Once, my grandma held my face
between her two palms and told me
I had the saddest eyes.

All the tender, all the brutal—a river.

I read once the easiest way to truly tell
if laughter is sincere is if the sides
of the eyes crease. So, I blinked
as hard as I could, as if
to gather all the angels

Some part of me wanted to crush one science
so another one could begin.