



When I Wasn't Vanishing

—for my sister

I tried paying attention to my life—the one
I could live and not whatever common
or uncommon wreckage kept insisting

was mine. But that grace only kindled
from wisps of what felt, at first,
like fiction: *My days will hold more magic*

than suffering, right? The truth is, for years
I believed in all the badness
I had lived. Then a blue voice that was

maybe just the wind started this quiet
story about passing through
one valley's darkness as morning

adorned that glade's depressions
with a little light. Slowly, my nights
seemed bordered by wonder, and I hummed

when necessary, until the sun again,
or something like it glistened
the image of my living for a while.