

CHRISTINA MENGERT

On the Difficulty of Concealed Light

*Spring moon –
If I touched it
it would drip.
—Issa*

This time I will weep into your eyes and you will

be made; I lay you down and lay me over your face and sleep and sleep. A
moon
is also a negative machinery; some days we ask it

to burn upside down and those days we wrench

the world from its shadow. It is a language of suns that calls
this occlusion. And what of the rest?

The inside is a little theatre
with curtains even
on our nakedest days. Pull
the rope. The bell will ring, ring, ring.