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Opening Afterword

anagnorisis

I.

is it that

*out in the world
I step away from myself
into someone else's time?*

*isn't it that
that why*

*my time stops?
and shatters
only to come again?*

*and by the necessity of overwhelm
out of which this time of someone else emerges*

*only
a singular form of we*

returns

in my home to an I

divvied up

into the some(thing/one) of much needed fantasy.

of the much needed

yet never ever of the when.

SCENE
IV.

the light of backstage slithers

and, through the slow spread of curtain,
 alights the weak center-aisled faces
 of the children who, barely revealed
 under this sputtered unfurling, giggle
 their dreams across the rostrum, unable
 to recognize the afterlife of their own
 chorused voices in address.

*smiling the least bit in return,
 a woman leads Vision
 from one end of the stage
 to the other, by the elbow*

out beyond the light of the inside

*into the exterior afterthought of a riot
 erupted from silence
 inducing distance.*

*arrived they stand tête-à-tête
 upon the outline
 of many blades of grass.
 She, a skipped record
 dialed to the inaudible frequency
 of mourning, has already had an "already,"
 and this particular "already"
 has held an "it has been..."
 "...had been" once before.*

*I have had already
 "it"
 the "since I slipped" it
 "the fall."*

she recalls, frowning

she continues, panting now

we live quietly in the gap of time

since before and soon after

I

fell

since I

I pushed

you

:Vision begins the admission

but *she finishes in his place*

pushed me

pushing

from the windowsill

through glass

a priori shattered

by descent.

it seems as though

we are on the precipice

he says

of some

thing

that begs

*a cut. that renders surplus
through surrender.*

*she says in the space of his
yielding*

that cuts along its bloat, its bludgeon.

*she demurs, tugging at
Vision's collar, then his
nape.*

a definition defining its definitive finitude.

he pulls backwards from a
kiss not given.

It has been

a rolling hill
an aseismic creep across terrain
since.
And I have lived and relived
your loss of me
three thousand and sixty-five days
and longer

[the swift air against my cheek
chilled in its flight upwards,
the cruel false promise that some
thing/one would ensnarl the pinch
of my skin to stop this whistle
against my ear, through my clothes,
grab ahold my gasping mouth
and its gaped, rasped scream
going nowhere. but no.
no cease to my flushed lungs heated
by the panicked thump of blood
through a heart outraged by closing
in, by the ending images the eyes
traitorously tell the mind.

closing. closer. closest. thud.]

this again and again
with the same intensity,
the same disbelief,
with the same pained breath-loss
awakening as the first time:

Howl soaked. Concrete pillow
 loaded by noiseless tears,
 all to arrive again, as if I do not know
 the place, here, with these people, there
 as if I am unaware again somehow
 the answer to where next and when?

a woman gestures to the audience

[a

waiting]

forms and opens out into a doubt
 as unraveling as the faded borderlines
 of nations and their chalk-dotted territories
 haunted by the desire-linger of claimants
 who wager their phantoms, their dust and
 bones and air can carry still, can still hold
 land and sea tight enough to bosom.

they look at the fault trace

spreading across the

other's

forehead and grimace.

*we are living within the forsaken depths
 of the pause before the storm.*

breathing loudly
 he ventures first