Charisse Pearlina Weston
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

pushed me

pushing

from the windowsill
through glass

a priori shattered

by descent.

it seems as though

we are on the precipice

of some

thing

that begs

a cut. that renders surplus
through surrender.

:Vision begins the admission
but she finishes in his place

he says

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?

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

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

he ventures first