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Morning Light

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Cover Page Footnote

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COURTNEY FLEMING

MORNING LIGHT

Waking, I feel pieces of you inside of me now;
my antibodies pushing against your foreign intrusion,
doing only what comes natural,
 working overtime on instinct.

Sunlight seeps into your room
through blinds, gently lifted
an inch or two above the windowsill,

and my eyes fix on the light
just beyond your sleeping body
motionless by my side.

Perspective is like this:

focusing in on what the eye desires regardless of proximity,
trying to memorize the detail of any *other* object
 rather than the man-stranger, asleep by my side.

He, who taught me
that to love,
no strings attached, is only to sacrifice my innocence
 for the sake of having done it and nothing more.

Your room, full of morning light
brings discomfort to the
calm exterior I have created in the dark
 negotiating with internal rage.

Your room, full of morning light
feels like an offering, promising love
I know will never come to me like this:
 Nameless and hung over in your bed.

Quietly I lace my boots and slip out your door
into a strange world I will wear as a veil,
shadowing my impulsive decision to love you;
 to temporarily fill the hollowness of my heart left empty

despite your *love* returned.