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As I spoke the words, I felt them touch and give life to a new reality within me... (Audre Lorde)

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Cover Page Footnote

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we sat tired on the tired couch
talking and not talking
staring at the clock numbers
changing
each slowly until all too fast 4 am came
and swimming in fatigue,
beer cans, stale cheese doodles,
I tottered to the front door

you asked if I was going
to brave the snow that fell
around the warmth of your house,
of your sheets, of your body,
and although I shuddered
at the door, cracked open and cold,
I told you I should leave

I knew you wanted me to stay

before I left, you told me
that night,
you had a good time just talking
it was something your eyes had
already told me, something they had
lit inside me;
an orange shining through
to the tips of my fingers
driving home, dazed
I thought about going back to you,
and I thought about Audre,
being consumed by the orange
heat of flesh, the burning, the aching,
the orange heat
that found home inside where once
was frozen and dark

and I thought about holding you
that night, not in my arms
but in my voice and the breath
of my non-voice, and it was okay
that I left with only the orange
light between us, the light
you put inside of me -
it would bring me back.