

EVERY NIGHT I REMEMBER I HAVE ANOTHER FEAR

Every night the night enters me, the night irrigates my body, twists my veins until they're black, paints my blood black, wraps my marrow with black gauze, stamps me black, dissects me with black instruments under a ceiling that's lost all its stars. Every night this happens.

Every night I remember something that has happened at night, I remember my brother and his old love weeping in the dark over past-perfect sadnesses, I remember wanting the walls of my room to be black, I remember missing my father for hours at night in bad weather, I remember the broken bottles of night that shine like fear, and I remember I have another fear too.

Every night I wake up afraid I'm going to stay here forever, I'm afraid of what'll come out of the mouseholes around the blanket and around my body, I'm afraid of the black teeth in the letters of my name, I'm afraid I'm a nail being driven into the dark, I'm afraid of dying in the dark, I'm afraid I'll live a long time, live a long time by slowly dying.