

*[I felt the need—though blackness]*

I felt the need—though blackness  
pressed my eyes like cloth—for transparency,  
floating in the open ocean of his fury.  
The mattress a space of water his fists  
pounded to a froth beside my head.  
I knew it was the fact of death, not me,  
that made him rage. I was just a witness.  
Invisibility's not easy. Even clouds,  
though they scatter light, give the illusion  
of having bodies. At sunup, the bedside  
curtain that fit the window's rectangle  
imperfectly, permitted a yellow line  
to cut across our chests. Being human,  
we absorb light, and, like pavement  
or rhododendrons, others see us.