

## Under Darkness · *Daniel Halpern*

Nothing changes, darkness  
over the body holds steady and complete,  
consumes light as it lifts over the ledge  
of sea and falls onto the body asleep.

In darkness the black pennies of death  
over the lids hold eyes in darkness.  
The body falls back and back,  
pressed into the recessive landscapes

of sleep. No one walks here, or here, or here.  
There are those spinning on spokes of light  
who remain unseen. This is the literature  
and history of light, light that is in air

but no longer alive at its source:  
it arrives homeless and dying.  
Again and again no change, setting out alive  
and bright, moving forward with the dark

already eating at the base and the home wood.  
The body and the body's beauty are lights  
that belong nowhere but in air,  
leaving nowhere, going nowhere, suspended

in the dark, tunneling with what life is left  
through their own dark root systems.  
Pennies rattle on the fluttering eyes of those still  
alive, those feeding off the flesh of darkness.