

Atmospheric Haze, After Joseph Dandurand by: Tawahum Bige

So when I wake up
and I'm on the can
I leave the bathroom light off:
morning sunshine dimly illuminates
and then I shower in this gift from sky
and carry on through a sunlit day
competed with by fluorescent train
& bus & office & classroom
& storefront & hallway lighting
and before the day-moon passes
under the horizon from sight
streetlamps & highbeams
& a lack of common decency
all emerge together with LEDs
but I stay outside in the evening—
a candlelit-vigil for the stars
that refuse to arrive & the night-sun
whose light cannot land
on inner-city sidewalks.
I look up
and see the Big Dipper
kind of,
and I still find
my way home
mostly,
and the beasts in the woods
don't approach me
usually,
but I have no stories to tell of
constellations I cannot see
or a spirit world connected
by stellar bodies that I still cannot see
or the centres of galaxies
and nebulae and Jovian planets
I cannot fucking see—
and I'm in my room
lit by TV screen
& computer screen
& phone screen
and incandescence fills
what fluorescent does not
and I finally get up
from sapphire-lit scrolling
to have one last smoke

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and the front-door sensor
splashes white-blue foam all over
my body and stings my eyes with sulfur
and the lighter flickers a dim aura
into embers of tobacco and I puff
and mourn the blank blue-black
canvas above a glowing atmosphere
and go inside to the bathroom lit
hallway lit bedroom lit
and I sleep & wake & live & play
& eat & fuck & drink & write
all in artificial lightness
since the moment I emerged
from a dark womb.
So I pen this letter to jettison
thru the witching hour
praying
to eclipse quiet for my eyes
and catch a starshine glimpse.

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