

# Daybreak Comes and I Offer Light

REBECCA JOHNSON

At times,  
When I am particularly lonely,  
I long to crawl back inside the body—  
As an unbecoming of sorts.

Pressed flowers hanging from  
a windowsill, her approximation of  
Stained glass.

I watch as hands wrinkle,  
And thinning skin  
loosens,  
Like a sort of departure.

Light passes through with less struggle,  
And I practice peeling the layers of myself, in replication.

She is softening— and that is somehow strange.

I am wondering how to untangle my marrow,

Just so I would never have to be without her,

Instead,

JOHNSON

Let me exist as a piece of her                      and I will be happy.

She tells me to become a wall of light

And to practice a kaleidoscope creation of liquid color.

I cling to unraveling in the palm of her hand and beg her to swallow me up.

But the answer is *never* yes

So, I attempt an understanding of sunlight,

Call it “apprenticeship,”

allow me to pass through you and linger

in warm hues that return.

