

... It wasn't the sun that made me wise,

By Helen Young

It wasn't the sun that made me wise,
it let me into the secret of repetition
but it didn't make me wise.

*Marking maps on the carpet with pins;
stealing street-signs to ease my paranoia
when I crave every place that you've been.*

It wasn't the windows that made me wise,
it wasn't the sand you melted and framed,
it wasn't the glass you peer through.

*Crawling into skin each morning
and creeping into flesh.
Eloping with amnesia every chance I get,
with you trailing behind,
an earthbound blister on my nomad heel.*

I don't know what it was,
but it wasn't the window
and it wasn't the sun.