

On Leaving

Jewels Tauzin

It is easy to pretend that
freckles can make up for
a suffering—lights split open over
bone to catch into our corners.

I am in debt to you for
teaching me how to leave—
not the sparrows or hollow breath
or soft edge of dark splaying
its fingers beneath the door.

But you imparted to me
a gift I could have never given
myself. The gift of finding enough
of what I found in you, and giving
it to the corners of what I now
write for myself.

Enough of it, at least, to leave at sunrise.

