

"What Might This Be" and "Black Hole"

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What might this be

after Margaret Christakos' "Missing"

it
what is it
it is all
it is everything
it is
it is what you feel
it is the start of all things
it is the eye on the start
the turn back and the reflection that once
it wasn't

what was that like
just the question

what

then
suddenly
it

and from it all
it was, henceforward
it is

it is what you feel
after every

what

you feel the earth
is a what
you feel
with your toes
each grain of sand

is it

the smell of other humans
is a what
you feel

is the mall, what lies beneath the old mall

slicing off the body
is a what you feel

it is how we sometimes deal with what
the absence of we

when
when what became it
when surrounded it
when was what it once was
and what it might once be

when was never
where
it was

that is
when was and is

who is also short
for hope, the body of it
who is always against here
like when
it is only
when it is not

here

like a body gone missing
is suddenly who
why isn't it

why is always when
why is never
here
why is never here
never is what

why was never at the mall
why was never at the beach
why was why we couldn't stop
looking for it

for what you can't feel
why we couldn't find it
even when it was here
once

Black Hole

From nothing, a bird watches a man walk into a room. From nothing, a woman is telling a story. There is a murder. She stops speaking. He sits down. A woman walks into the room. A bird flies into the room. The bird is black. The man is black. The woman sits down. The crow is telling a story. It walks into the centre of the circle. Everybody stops talking. The wings of the woman fold behind her back. She is wearing jeans with holes that resemble black holes or night. Two crows fly out in the shape of a butterfly or a depressed penis or a man picking up a stone. Nothing is said. The man throws the stone and it kills him. The crow hovers over the body. The woman stands up and walks out of the room. Her wings unfold and she begins telling a story. Outside of the room is the room full of men and women and birds listening to her story. A woman knocks over a glass of black ink. It is now nighttime. Nobody continues to talk about the murder. Crows fly through the sky above you. They are women. Black women. They plot themselves. The man advances to inspect the hole where the crows fly into the room. He reaches his hand into the night and is bitten. The woman pushes him and together they fall. A stone flies past them, knocking two birds out of the sky. As they fall, their feathers peel from their wings. The feathers are black. You can only imagine how they float in the open space of night, beside the black hole from which they came, falling onto the stone face of Silence. The man sits down and stops talking. A woman walks into the room like a hole in a conversation. Silence breaks.

There is a wire that loops around the room. It is listening for any sign of Silence. Imperceptibly, it connects everything in the room to everything else in the room. The wire is black and casts a long shadow over everything it touches in the room, which is everything. Nothing stirs in the shadows. It might be the source of blackness. It might have caused the hole, or it connects one hole to another hole. The holes are lonely, long for another moment in the perfect quiet. From nothing, the birds that perch on this dark wire tell stories to the people, each word another thread that ties them to the room. The room itself is reeling from the murder.