

As Tattoos Fade

“Some stories are true that never happened.”

—Elie Wiesel

Suddenly, from all that’s decayed around you,
the night held inside recedes.

From the boots that define your silence
a rough outline of song emerges.

Into the torn-open wound of sky
a chimney releases birds.

After numbers have erased each letter
your name begins to take shape

on the skin of your arm and without
the need for skin—

since the sun has already learned to die
but still burns our eyes,

it is your turn
to invent how we see morning.