

## TO SAY IN THE MORNING

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*Elizabeth Marie Filson*

There was a desire to fling open the window,  
to stand in the frame of an open door-

to be framed by an opening

to decide from now on to carry one's belongings in a brown paper bag-

to let the cotton night dress slip to the floor

to kick it aside

to touch oneself in the weak sun

to count the shining hairs along the stomach in the weak sun;

to undo what is dreamed, what is stored

to have no fairy tales

to end the long line of ghosts behind you

who whisper, seeking the solace of your limbs and mind

who have betrayed their own limbs and minds,

to give away the moon someone else sees

to give away the voice calling and calling on the street,

to say in the morning, my name is \_\_\_\_\_

which is not your name,

to sit in the sun of an open window, rubbing one's arms,  
to finally be an ending.

Last night you closed your eyes, to make it dark,  
forgot your own sleep to not need it  
-which is to say you have forgotten your body. Whatever approaches,  
you will not hear;  
whatever touches you in the dark, you will not call out against.

Then dress and walk outside. It is morning.  
There is no memory to warn you. None.