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My one wish was to see him whole, unmarred by reciprocity: lips parted while the eyes stayed closed. I who was nowhere yet to be seen. Disappearance is a trick.

I do too well: it keeps me young, waning and waxing in counterpoint with my dark. Trailing winter clouds of adjectives and attributes (harvest, gibbous, hunter’s; new, first quarter, full, last quarter, new again), I’m seasonless, present a single face to every night: in the posture of submission, exhibition. Blackness inhabits the dark marias, the brighter highlands (accounting for my low albedo, high libido): I keep the light allotted me and burn to basalt.

Though the full Moon appears brilliant through a telescope, it is a dark object: an incident of partial sun (my light survives my loss of me). My darkness keeps him young, cures him to chiaroscuro: the day invisible in all that white, his sleep one broken-off unending night.