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Black

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BLACK

Black has a place as a vortex, a drain, even a sewer. As blind stumbling, it soots in a city where streetlights burn out. Black grows to important contours you can't see but in thought they become absolutely dark shapes moving in the universe. *Black*. I remember it as soil. Dog fur so thick you can't breathe. Van Gogh's crows grieving in sky. I've felt it as shiny, magnetic, inorganic. I accepted black as soft-consumed ash. Two or three pairs of eyes. A mirror with no silver backing. Ocean depth where all fish make their own light. In love, when the other won't open a crack, below fear, it sets. Zero is black when it isn't white. The skin holding words' luminosity in is a continuous black shroud. The other night, I felt a new black. It was flat. Banal. Closed. Unmoving. Unfeeling. It couldn't remember anything. I couldn't get beyond it. Someone told me, now you've seen death. This black was too nothing for death. It was nothing. Hard, thin, maybe death's door.