

# After coming back from nowhere,

*by* Jill Chan

you notice some of what  
you need—  
a pressure of something  
you've intended,  
somewhere without  
a place,

nothing short of destination

After going there,  
you know preference  
from selection,  
somewhere from  
something else

After arriving here,  
you discount  
everywhere from  
buying and selling,  
the sun is where you were,  
the moon?

What's become of the moon  
but the light  
it never shines in your presence—

Like how he  
takes turns  
at solutions

while you scatter  
them out  
like you are  
afraid of the dark—

darkness that could be yours

You are a piece  
he threw farther and farther away  
from your selfishness

Would he be that  
and much more?

It seems this is the question  
you ask to be alone

