

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

