**Phosphenes**

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People ask me

*How did your hair get so beautiful*

I say *a lot of chemicals*

What I mean is:

I had to dye my hair blonde

I had to start wearing new glasses

pretty clothes & expensive heeled boots

I had to sell my house

buy a new one surrounded by birches

the soft nests of does

because if I did not see

gentle living things every day

I could not breathe

What no one understands is:

I nearly disappeared

into grief

I nearly disappeared

into your mouth moving

along the lines of a story

What no one understands is:

I almost became

the phosphenes of your darkness

You told me once

you only felt good

when you were outside

Now I do too

Now you live inside my heart

behind a tiny door

that springs open to fresh air