

*Sara Veglahn*

THE MORNING SUN was diluted by mist. The mist had its way of working into a room, into the skin. My skin was torn through with spider veins. I was a long way from home, wherever that was. Things weren't quite right: Light and sidewalk cracks. Cracked and parched, I needed water in loads. I needed a shady grove in which to wander.

## *Closed Histories*

I'M TALKING right now, and it's easy. And then there is the present moment to involve myself with. To bring me out of the trance that holds me transfixed and solid. When the enchantment has passed I am left scattered across the floor.

## *Closed Histories*

AND ALL of us in our dark hooded coats, we are  
ancients around a pyre, the flames hot orange  
tongues killing the caribou mist. The lumber of  
our houses covered in mold and frost. Always a  
steady hum. This is what I see when I think of  
my origins, but I cannot be sure.

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THE SUGGESTION of flight in a crossbeam.  
Clear rendering of stagnation in heavy metals.  
Training your eye upon something. Training  
your elements to shimmer. The ghosts in the  
cemetery were screaming albino peacocks,  
escaped from the nearby zoo. The stones in the  
park were from the moon. If you hold my hand  
I will lead you towards water. I will lead you in  
and you will drown.