

## Atmospheric Haze, After Joseph Dandurand by: Tawahum Bige

So when I wake up  
and I'm on the can  
I leave the bathroom light off:  
morning sunshine dimly illuminates  
and then I shower in this gift from sky  
and carry on through a sunlit day  
competed with by fluorescent train  
& bus & office & classroom  
& storefront & hallway lighting  
and before the day-moon passes  
under the horizon from sight  
streetlamps & highbeams  
& a lack of common decency  
all emerge together with LEDs  
but I stay outside in the evening—  
a candlelit-vigil for the stars  
that refuse to arrive & the night-sun  
whose light cannot land  
on inner-city sidewalks.

I look up  
and see the Big Dipper  
kind of,  
and I still find  
my way home  
mostly,  
and the beasts in the woods  
don't approach me  
usually,  
but I have no stories to tell of  
constellations I cannot see  
or a spirit world connected  
by stellar bodies that I still cannot see  
or the centres of galaxies  
and nebulae and Jovian planets  
I cannot fucking see—  
and I'm in my room  
lit by TV screen  
& computer screen  
& phone screen  
and incandescence fills  
what fluorescent does not  
and I finally get up  
from sapphire-lit scrolling  
to have one last smoke

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and the front-door sensor  
splashes white-blue foam all over  
my body and stings my eyes with sulfur  
and the lighter flickers a dim aura  
into embers of tobacco and I puff  
and mourn the blank blue-black  
canvas above a glowing atmosphere  
and go inside to the bathroom lit  
hallway lit bedroom lit  
and I sleep & wake & live & play  
& eat & fuck & drink & write  
all in artificial lightness  
since the moment I emerged  
from a dark womb.  
So I pen this letter to jettison  
thru the witching hour  
praying  
to eclipse quiet for my eyes  
and catch a starshine glimpse.

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