

Guantanamo

Waning moon. Rising now. Creak, it goes. Deep
 over the exhausted continents. I wonder says my
 fullness. Nobody nobody says the room in which I
 lie very still in the
 darkness watching. Your heart says the moon, waning & rising further. Where is it. Your
 keep, your eyes your trigger
 finger your spine your reasoning—also better to
 refuse touch,
 keep distance, let the blood run out of you and the white stars gnaw you, & the thorn
 which is so white outside in the field,
 & the sand which is sheetening on the long beach, the soldiers readying, the upglance
 swift when the key words, of prayer, before
 capture, are
 uttered, a shiver which has no hate but is not love, is neutral, yes, un-
 blooded, as where for instance a bud near where
 a hand is unlocking a
 security-catch calls
 out, & it is an instance of the nobody-there, & the sound of water darkens, & the wind
 moves the grasses, & without
 a cry the cold flows like a watchdog's
 eyes, the watchdog keeping his eye out for difference—only difference—& acts being
 committed in your name, and your captives arriving
 at *your* detention center, there, in your
 eyes, the lockup, deep in your pupil, the softening-up, you paying all your attention
 out, your eyes, your cell, your keep, your hold,
 after all it is yours, yes, what you have taken in, grasp it, grasp
 this, there is no law, you are not open to
 prosecution, look all you'd like, it will squirm for you, there, in this rising light, protected
 from consequence, making you a
 ghost, without a cry, without a cry the
 evening turning to night, words it seemed were everything and then
 the legal team will declare them exempt,
 exemptions for the lakewater drying, for the murder of the seas, for the slaves in their
 waters, not of our species, exemption named
 go forth, mix blood, fill your register, take of flesh, set fire, posit equator, conceal
 origin, say you are all forgiven, say these are only
 counter-resistant coercive interrogation techniques, as in give me your
 name, give it, I will take it, I will re-
 classify it, I will withhold you from you, just like that, for a little while, it won't hurt
 much, think of a garden, take your mind off
 things, think sea, wind, thunder, root, think tree that will hold you
 up, imagine it holding you
 up, choose to be who you are, quick choose it, that will help. The moon is colder
 than you think. It is full of nothing like
 this stillness of ours. We are trying not to be noticed. We are in stillness as if it were an
 other life we could slip into. In our skins
 we dazzle with nonexistence. It is a trick of course but sometimes it works. If it
 doesn't we will be found, we will be made to
 scream and crawl. We will long to be forgiven. It doesn't matter for what, there are no
 facts. Moon, who will write
 the final poem. Your veil is flying, its uselessness makes us feel there is
 still time, it is about two now,
 you are asking me to lose myself.
 In this overflowing of my eye,
 I do.

—Jorie Graham