What is left out is often what lingers, remains after silence, stillness, separation and grows, groans into speech, movement, absent intention. Doors creaking open without hand or wind, drawers yawning wide, murmurs and whispered laughter, logic eating its own tail, the unseen announcing its omission from what is known, accepted and coming back, rehearsing its lacunate struggle with handles, shadow larynxes, the quotidian and reaching for us each flat, stark day, every burgeoning night simply by being ____ .

Aporia

Dwayne Martine