

In the morning. You RE mark, staining my humanity  
dans la pluie. J'écoutais the les signes.  
Absents. Silence. Pause not seules.  
Interval, the wait. A gasp slipping out. The sun from the sky.  
The space between spoken to un felt écho from body  
border to border, the hollowness of voice et tous les après  
Breathe in out. Exhalation, eclipse. No distinction no fight.  
Only dissonance with you  
only totality stained with annularity.  
It stings me inside to wait to trace to listen.  
My heart, racing too fast, I hear it in the vider muteness  
my chest. Peu à peu, les pauses. Inward cris.  
So much so my eyes shut close shut  
in the nu darkness. I wait. Yet.  
Unending, not immediately. Short less of a low hum  
where there was that was before  
anger pity chasm calm tumbling over love-sick remnants of memory  
Là, little by little, jusqu'à ce qu'il n'y aurait plus de souffles  
plus de pleure. Silencieux captured around empty space. Never the same.  
Je suis en train d'attendre si souvent trop peut être  
for the citations décousues limb to limb the audible  
how many times how much more what else  
Why won't you utter a word?  
Révèle-toi. Mon cœur, mon âme, mon soleil.  
Our feet standing in umbra shadow silence plus encore.  
Once more. Last more.  
It is I waiting,  
for either tu to speak  
or I to leave.

Amy Ng

BLANK ECLIPSE