

# THE THIRD PART OF SEEING YOU

*GRIER PHILLIPS*

What fell there as you were waiting for the wall to open and it did?  
Was it light, frame of a window the size of your mind, wind-blown, clear as you  
walked through it, light-pour of broken shade, rattled, scars of light raising as  
skin-entire, lashed air, corrupted until –

it gives out the sky, it is the sky. This cathedral  
opens from the candle. Altar-out, we emerge,  
torrent-skinned. Alchemy of ground and sky,

birds stitch their wings to air. Books open  
where they are bound: We find our hands this way.

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Throat cut, to let the air, we shift. The cliff increases, air  
draws near (one thousand wings we hear, just below  
ourselves). It carries the sea against the stone, din of air

after *us*, din of my heart ensnared:  
Moored heart, in sync with distance. We welter.

# THE WAKING POEMS

## I.

Yes this is how criminals feel as they steal  
through your house as you sleep, the loudest sound  
the sound of what is not really there, except in their  
hearts, fire-blood branching through, they  
become a pine bursting out of their own  
body, even the space just beyond their fingertips  
as they run them over picture frames, dresser doors,  
your mother's ring, and that box of letters,  
the edge of your bed and your quiet, quiet-rising chest,  
collecting not your things but collecting you  
as they go, even that space rings out and says  
*you're alive, you're alive, you're alive.*

## II.

This is not the time we notice the sunbeam  
filled with dust, this is not the time the sun comes  
to us after a long day, so weary the only  
thing any of us can do is shield our eyes,  
the time we saw the sun and believed it was  
nothing more than a problem, unresolved,  
perpetual, the reason for nothing  
ever changing, this is not that time  
when the sun took on the angry light,  
its very edges frayed, jagged-red, like that rose,  
and then disappeared, no this is not the time  
we woke and wished we had never woken again.

## III.

The sun is a question we cannot answer with  
still-standing, standing still, or simply giving  
the motions to grey, watching the sea  
scumble across the sand and not feel the pull  
back to where it began, alone the end  
and never the return, no this is a question of  
the glass bottle bursting and running fire  
across the field, just to the edge of the house  
where you lay, warm as the horizon, and

just as navigational, just about to open and speak  
to the unknown caller on the other end of the line:  
It is morning, and it is me, and I am on my way to meet you, and I am waiting.