

6. I am the end, succeeding every thing with nothing.

5. His absence hung above everything refracting lacunae into every solid shape until barely any edge was discernible. His presence addressed just minutes away, dark moon whose other face is all light shining on some other sky.

4. Where there were uncles, real and constructed, who knew only that I was not their's. Where there were aunts who whispered, "You're just like him," when no one was listening.

3. Any one but me would have guessed the plot twist long ago but I made sure must have not to know what was so obvious required effort. Any man might be enough to make me man enough

2. Her response when questioned once when I was four was a terror I also erased forcibly, repeatedly, a mania. Her need for a secret bent light around its darkness warped floorboards shut doors where earthquakes simmered. Her grief when she learned I was gay: "I will never have grandchildren."

1. **That** obsession with forgetting his name was a mania ruling like a misplaced star over my house. **That** a secret could unfather me makes me wonder whether speaking will unmother me. **That** I have felt like an orphan is a shame I carry and will not let go.

0. **Because of this** wound fingered, over and over again, whose edges never heal, how could she ask me to father into this world the next? **Because of this** father who never was I too am a father who never was, unstringing the net that ties me to the future, refusing **(because of this)** to the light any surface, but even singularities gleam dark against the brighter night.

-1. the two of us alone left me son-smitten husband-hungry widow-weary a secret should be only the bloodied fingers of the buried furiously scratching

-2. in the room test Christ, you went under and harrowed so the buried might rise a secret shuttled round only a black beak shove, delight in the violence of looking for what to be alive

-3. up the stairs touch for how long, and now? a secret un-overheard only cotyledon caught eidelon caw tattle on lacks transitivity; remains after everything else

-4. (Are you really here?) (No, you're not.) a secret well pretended only the patient curl and drill of root cracks openness; remains after every peel flowers into seed

-5. root down for hidden memory, and back up more easily a secret woven tight only scarring lets water in acts

-6. again, empty handed a secret black seed planted deep (Are you?) parent material