

equinox

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Jill Stengel

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equinox

dear equinox—what will you
bring me—or, rather, what will
I make of you—enough with
the waiting—I move ahead
outward onward into—passive
chalice ruptured

dear equinox—dear night and
day filled with longing and
seek, bless this path of
search, hold me in light
so that I may see myself
and if the way be dark I
shall strike a match and if
the match is wet with tears
I will find my own light, I
will burn brightly I will
find a way to find my way

dear equinox—
dogs are howling on this
night in this night through
this night screech owls
call I don't want to tell
you about the screech owls
I want to tell you about
the forces of nature that
course through my veins
through my being biology
has its demands, has its way
with will and might and
won't, refuses to be denied
there are tears there is
ache there is such desire—
there is morning, there is
night, there is day, there
is struggle

dear equinox—a balance
perspective teetering between
worlds

dear equinox—wait. watch.
want. what, what for?
predator. prey. inescapable.
but sometimes, hard to say
who, exactly, is who—

I am out here raw as the
night sky waiting for you

dear equinox—rich fantasy
life, rich quotidian, full,
overflowing, the travel from
need to want, survival to
desire, thrive—feel the
throb of this pulse, intoxicate

dear equinox—I just might
stay out here all night soaking
up the stars the sky the
sounds of hush and all
the rest—the crickets begin
to dominate the words come
more slowly, quieter, winding down
the sun always comes, I
don't know what to say about
that in this dark dark star-filled
night, this great big night—
O night I have asked you to
hold me, I have wrapped myself
in words, in pen and paper,
I have thought and felt and
written, I have yearned and
exposed and asked only for
you to let me sit, sit here
and write my words. and I have.
and yet—oh, night—and yet, I
want more.