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I really aught to be more careful the next time I stare into the sun. I burned off way too many layers to be able to see what is called “clearly” anymore. I was taken in by his warmth. He says he wants to be my one and only, but I know it’s only fantasy. He's never been with a girl before, and who am I to be his first? I shrug my shoulders because the wings I was given are making them uncomfortable. Do they make you uncomfortable too, or are you in denial of their existence just as I am every other Thursday, and sometimes, on Sundays?

They (the wings) lay much deeper under my skin then. I remember when I was a child and I believed I could control the wind. When I was a child again, I made my first clouds disappear. Oh, to be that child again. Do you think she would remember me if I told her my name one more time, even though I've told her it multiple times? Maybe I speak a different language than I used to. Maybe I am at the ruins of the blasted tower of Babel. Maybe she doesn't remember me by that name because the name is not mine, and that idea has never occurred to me before. I do recall many cultures believing in the power of names, and I frequently change mine, but sometimes I forget one, or the other, and it’s not like they go away… they become layers.

The sun is setting. I see the light filtering through the trees and I feel at rest from being wound up about being. When it rises again I'm sure I'll forget about why my mother always told me not to stare. For as the moth is drawn to a flame, seeing only beauty, or having some instinctual reaction disguised as religious experience, I will always return... for I am lost without his light.

J. Sabrina McGuire

J. Sabrina Mcguire is a poet, a priestess, a mover and a shaker, and many more beings too numerous to list in a bio. She has performed at various SoCal open mics, has been featured at Beyond Baroque, and will be featured in October 2009 at the West Hollywood Book Festival. Her work has appeared in *poeticdiversity: the litzine of Los Angeles, Heart in the Balance,* and *Heroin Love Songs (d/e/a/d/b/e/a/t)*. Her forthcoming book *PsychoBabEL*, will be published later this year by Lummox Press. She lives in Long Beach.

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