

BENJAMIN SEANOR

NIGHT-BLOOMING PRAYER

Please let me walk out
of the house not looking
crazy. Let me hear a plate
disassemble itself
in a restaurant and not think
the sound came from inside me.

Let me stop fearing how fragile
the night will make me.
Jasmine open, crowd
out the air. I express
belief and contempt
and honest disregard and still

I'm required to go on living. I hear
bread said in the store
and think it's my name.
I try to tell someone
about this sweater I love
and end up saying I feel

responsible to it, its brown weave
that is several browns.
When I am worn thin—
when even the shadows
that buildings drape
across the street bring

the desire to cry myself
apart—I believe
in another world: one over—
not above—one that waits,
that can rest around ours
like a sequined glove.

Progress is just a refusal
to end, which fills me
with enough dread and excitement
I can't tell the difference.
The wind tosses the confetti
of jasmine-scent from

who knows. The night comes in
buttery and even
and winter brings the light
of the self dim
and close. The only luck
I know is having brought a jacket

when my sweater isn't enough.
And I only know this
when there's no jacket.