

Daylight Dark

By Yoda Olinyk

In daylight, I scrape crusty, instant noodles into the trash, pull cigarette ash from my bangs, wash the bitter of you from my bottom lip. In daylight, I wander the map of last night's broken promise — the way my commitment was extinguished faster than any birthday wish. How can I be so devoted to something so dark? How can something so dark survive in the daylight? How can his tentative hands not be enough to shake the flicker of recovery into flame. In daylight, my reflection impales me. In daylight, my senses come alive, no longer masked by that towering beast of a man, by juniper, or black lace, or leather, or bitter, or ash. In daylight, I crave something wild, something awful. I spread my wings but no one sees them. I promise myself *never*, again. Promise that tonight will be different. That I'll light a candle and finally deal with my anger. I fall asleep to the blue light of another episode, something buttery on the stove, a man who only comes out at night crawls inside me. Darkness is so easy to find. You don't even need a map.