

If on a Winter's Night You Come into Existence

Much later you¹ will say
you² didn't exist
until that night. Specifically
 that you² weren't
aware of the concept of
darkness until you²
were standing beneath the
 streetlamp
on Lakeway & you² saw
yourself¹ much
differently than you² are.
 This is part
of the story you¹ don't
actually tell. All
you¹ will say is that you²
 hadn't been
until you² were — & then
you² kept
popping up. Unfamiliar yet
 with the concept
of time, you² would have
said you^{2,1} kept
meeting on the same night,
 in the same
place, in the same way.
Things that have
never been born are hard
 to be rid
of.
If you² cannot have birth
you² will have
origin. You¹ saw yourself²
 much differently
than you¹ are. This is the
way myth works.

So one night developed
into nights. You²
were
learning existence — which
isn't the same
for those who experience
 birth. You² know
things: that the light comes
from a streetlamp,
why its light is the same
 color
as
old wallpaper. You¹ never
mentions
what wallpaper is & yet
you² know. For
such a thing² to be
remembered before it²
exists
must be considered a form
of hiraeth — a
home
you^{2,1} never knew, nor know
now — you² knew
it so well — once. & now
 there is
something named time.
That now that you² know
there is no escape. There is
 no way to
recall the things you¹ have
summoned.

by Kat Finch