Though the casting of light can’t really be called—not at
least believably—in any way a property of shipwreck
once the wrecking’s done with, what harm’s left, now,
in saying so? As for those who would argue otherwise
let them. Always, if it’s wanted badly enough, there’s
somewhere a findable veil just waiting to be lifted or pulled
slowly aside, classic revelation, a word that itself at its
root has a veil within it, somehow making the word feel
all the more like proof, as if proof meant nakedness, as if one
and the same—darkness

and weather; force, and sex. Every
thing I do I had to do a first time, even if I’ve forgotten it;
after that, I think the rest, what follows—the second time,
the last, etc.,—it’s all just translation, this life coming down to
the same three questions I’m told—and believe, most days—
it always has: what happened, what didn’t happen, who does it
matter to? Write what you must, then walk away from it is
not the hardest thing I’ve ever had to learn, by any stretch,
only one of the hardest. Witness, then blindness—that’s a way
of putting it. To be clear, by blindness I mean the deepest
blue possible, good cotton, not silk, the blindfold.