

**(In)Visible**

Lines erased, less than  
form. No breath or shiver  
stirs my doppelgänger. This void  
of corridors leads nowhere, though  
I can hear the sound of doors opening, closing.  
Smiles fall away to unease.  
The light concentrated, refracted by  
so small an aperture, becomes brilliant,  
losing its object to radiance.  
There are discourses of the spectral,  
the numinous in which, it seems,  
I exist in parentheses.  
Tears and sweat accessorised.  
My body, sensual, without culture  
bears no initial.  
My home,  
colonised by language.  
(Yours).

There are those who admire the geometry,  
these metaphors of space.  
Be elevated, they advise. Take in the air,  
the uncommon with the requisite.  
What is ethics?  
Not smugness or complacency.  
Not prescription.  
Nothing, which is not political.

*Michelle Cahill*