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Light of the World

Jennifer C. Cormack
jennifer.c.cormack.gr@dartmouth.edu

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Light of the World

Separated from the Light of the World, I fled conflict—
to Paris, raging against the Light, beautifying evil, starved for love.

At Notre Dame, I gawked, open-mouthed. Begged stone to bind up wounds. Returned again and again to the queen. Stalked the structure: towers, flying buttresses, nave, high altar. Mocked her preeminence with drunken dance, upside-down photography.

Along the Seine, I dragged heels over revolutionary stones, once bloodthirsty for revenge, and flung accusations at my own tapestry of disappointment. Desperate for purpose, I ached for a reason to return home.

Naiveté grasped vampire friendship. The beginning of the end became the treasure of darkness.

And there I stalled. Touried Great Britain, solo. Hitchhiked verdant County Sligo. Mistook independence for romance while bridging the Vltava. Traded truth for lies, passion for love until my visa expired.

Falsely declared, I sweat in the immigration queue and worried how conflict fared over absence. Determined to embrace the return,
I veiled heart and mind with Paris glitter.

Smothered in black couture, inside and out,
I sunk into a dark abyss.
Vampire spirits materialized.
Threaded lies.
Paralyzed me.