

the wish

ethan shoshan 2010

all the candles are lit...

so I have been dreaming of him all day
like dreaming of going to the ocean
watching the rippling expanse of water merging with land
staring out into complete emptiness
with total abandonment
with the scent of sweet in the air, I mean salt...

and so the wind moves on
without the beating of my heart.

somehow I feel as though I am living in the shadow of my
memories, but the strangeness is that the memories
are no longer mine...

my family gathered around for the cake. the candles
were lit. I stood there staring at the candles, wondering
what to wish for. a point of indecision. not a time for mistakes
I hesitated before blowing out the candles. my mind was
blank with desire - I didn't know what to wish for.
I still don't, and the strangeness of it all - I didn't
want to blow out the candles, I didn't want to be
immersed in darkness. It's strange that the world
must go dark when a wish is made. I was lost in that
darkness, still feel lost in it...