

Transit

The horizon is doing my favorite trick, flattening itself into a blazing line. I've been watching the sky from this plane as the plane burns through it, the dark streaming behind. It's an illusion of space and light I've stared at so long now that I've become confused. And not a simple confusion, in which I equal the zenith of my own perspective and you equal the burning horizon. You are in the horizon and so am I. I'm also on the plane

and you are nowhere, though several times now, I believed I heard your voice, turned from the window to look down the aisle, as if you could possibly be there. Like a dream I often had in the years after we split—how I followed your echo through an apartment (that one built like a thin-walled cinderblock) where the rooms were infinite, filled with people I didn't know and your voice steadily disappearing into the next room. I always arrived late, just in time to see

a glimpse of your heel or elbow slipping around a corner into nothing, just past a doorway. I never caught you before I awoke. Between the dream and the years after, I began to wonder if any of it was real: you, me, the way I could feel my pulse like a moth in my throat each time you moved past me. When I blink toward the aisles, I notice a circle of light obscuring my view (penance for staring too long at the sun), a transit in negative. Not the astral spot of Venus

across the broad sun, but a bright tiny form on a body so vast it could be the dark sky itself. It could be the infinite, God's Love, as Augustine imagined it in a time before space could be measured, before we understood that everything is finite, that everything is only as we perceive it. So, I know that I loved you from that knowledge alone, though I can no longer feel that heat. The dark has caught up to the plane and the horizon has burned itself out. Not even the faint light of a city below, as if we are

flying over nothing into nothing. When I rest my temple against the glass, I swear I hear the Atlantic shifting below and think of a water current in the southern hemisphere unbroken by land that circles the earth. You told me once how a solitary note at certain depths will echo the same path endlessly, how if I whispered into that water, my wish would follow its own song of longing through every ocean, hypnotized by the rhythm of waves, until someone reached far enough down to lift it into the singular air.

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