## Memoona Zahid

## purple light

seeps in a disruption of the static dark

tap leaks water into the sink at the pace of the twilight turning into day

I'm awake & the purple spreads slow into my vision

highlighter yellow crawls on the walls (I've seen this before, fractured & translucent)

to that other world there is no crossing over (not tonight, or the next night) even as the purple throbs into white & beckons my sleepless being into a liminal embrace (somewhere in the flat ceiling)

the door in the foreground remains closed I linger