

Nina Mingya Powles

*Hold the night*

Reflected light floats up to touch the ceiling. Cream gauze curtains hold the night in. The memory of water rearranges itself in mid-air. In the same moment, light touches liquid and a new colour appears. Molecules on the surface begin to change shape. It's always the same no matter where you are: a pale gold winter morning, the sound of leaves, a ringing bell.

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A faint outline of a body underwater.

The curl of a wrist, a finger in motion.

A shadow pours in from the edges of the image, the day melting. Flesh-toned light reminds me of dusk and apricots.

A familiar pattern: beads of light pulse like pink pressure points. (*Above the surface I exist a short distance outside of myself.*)

(*Bright curls of pain flare out into the open water.*)

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A reflection on the wall resembles layers of ice or blood vessels or the inside of a crystal or an intricate pattern of deep ocean waves. Where is the source of this glow? At night the edges of your body become blurred, your skin wet, the square tiles cold and smooth. Where do the waves end and where does your body begin?