

2019

## Staring at The Sun

Sophia Menconi  
*Denison University*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Menconi, Sophia (2019) "Staring at The Sun," *Exile*: Vol. 65: No. 1, Article 31.  
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol65/iss1/31>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the English at Denison Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Exile by an authorized editor of Denison Digital Commons.

## Staring at The Sun

*Sophia Menconi*

---

1.

I dream, and we are two bodies somewhere,                    not hunted.  
I love you            and when the sun rises golden at dawn,  
I open my mouth to swallow it whole.  
See the city smothered in light. You are kissing me,  
and existing is no longer the glare  
of light reflected in eyes. I  
am holding you close to me and hear  
                  in you the shifting of feathers, ready to break  
through soft skin.            God feeds the Ravens  
as he has promised, and the stones  
                  in the field  
turn over.

2.

I found a dead bird on my walk home last night, I wrapped it in my soft red scarf  
and placed it in the river. I think of you often, your fingertips as they traced my name  
through the window fog in dawnlight. I lived inside the morning bright white, the  
sunrise bleaching bones. I do not live there anymore. You asked for your things back,  
so I wrapped them in red tissue and placed them in a box. I'm not sure when they will  
reach you.