

Reading Homi Bhabha Cross-legged Underneath an Apple Tree In Vermont

First, I took a seed of an apple and cracked it
with my jaw. But when I did the same
with a bullet from my father's closet,
my teeth gave in. I was cradled lucky. My mouth still
made up of milk. My tongue child. My throat
forgoing.

There is always an impact regardless of how small the damage.
I spent years mistaking seeds for bullets.
I lost my youth filling a marsh with trees.
I buried the dead, neatly in a line,
their mouths hanging alien, deceitful to have ever tasted
life.

Everyone I have lost had once wished for a forever
moment, forever time, forever place, forever exact.
But every permanence is a partial space
for impartial exist, with a language pulled into scrolls
to noose a future towards a perpetual
present—

Where I did not want to be but still am. Cooking tofu.
Tossing salad. Sleeping in. Believing. Rolling my eyes
at God. Do You know how it has been lately? When I scratch
my skin, I find armor. When I rip open fruit, I find
bullets. When I reach for mouth, I catch my heart
parting.