

Returns

The wind leads me into the arms of ghosts.

A selfish hack for dreaming.

On the phone, my mother says:

It has been feeling like an end of a chapter.

By returning home, you can write an epilogue.

Wisp and torn from a manuscript you once called dream life.

A black tar.

Melted and sticky.

The faces I am fond of have always held this smear;

ash and smoke disturbed by crossings.

To stop the world from smearing my beauty.

I became alone.

In the forest.

On the beach.

By the mountains.

I was offered all these escapes on which I inked my feet.

My footsteps returning to the inside of me.

Stomping.

Organ.

God.

Love.

The purple flood of the sinking sun.

On the phone, my mother is separating laundry.

The clothes she wrings are skins I had once shed.

In the playground.

By the shawarma stall.

At the parent teacher meeting.

There was so much light hidden in the belly of conflict.

In the second disfigured into another second.

Where my selves had scattered like seeds.

All their crossings invisible.

Like wind.

Like ghosts.

Making body out of laundry.

Once in a Greyhound, I fell hard.

For the birds flying away in packs.

Black smears to a purpling day.

All my life I had been the one leaving.

What right did I have to be upset?

Being left should be the least of my punish.

But in my dream, the birds took a return.

The birds fell hard for me.

One by one, they shut down their wings and made a nest.

In my opened arms.