

Dank

Turquoise is not blue. Like this bruise I left on myself after the bite. I slap my hands
to kill a fruit fly. I continue eating citrus. Every season, I learn names
of new fruits. Persimmons. Ling kok. Longan. Every season,
my body bloats. I want to tell my skin what my mother told me over WhatsApp.
She said *World is not over.* *Even when I die.* *You will have the next*
best thing. *Which is God.* *Allah will never leave you.* I use green
and blue in a painting to create turquoise. There is no narrative. Or console.
For the Pakistani man is still a Pakistani man. Treating me into image.
And the American man is still an American man. Scared. Demanding tip toe.
I don't need water. This paint mashes up fine. The brush is from a packet
of 38 costing \$8.88. I am starving. But still not a Picasso.
I am not a European man. I am cheap life. But I have my ways. Like I buy
useless jackets that don't warm up my breath so I can believe I am a looker. I know
I am not beautiful. My friend told me so when we were shared the elevator.
After I asked. She said *I am not going to lie.* *I am not going*
to make up a truth. *I will not do it.* If all the women turned away from men
just for a day, maybe God will change. Like this painting with this cheap paint being
painted by an untrained painter will be allowed to see the light of day. I would love to hold
my friend and shake her to sense. Yell. All the truths we have made
have already been made. Like. Excuse me. But how do we know
if Adam didn't eat the apple and put it on Eve? And why does God only ask men
to put humanity on a path that is right? Who wrote all these books? Who translated?
Before TV. After TV. Rubbish.