

## list

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1. *Once I was once. In share, I glanced in divide: The Dead- dancing, swinging hair from left to right. I- in utter smit and drenched in revised memory. For wishery, I killed my pride, unlearnt to love my detached body. Summer of another year. These leaves are heavy. I entered my windowless room to a heavy smell of monsoon. Another country in my shoe. Another country grinding holes in my sole. This is infinity. It goes on and on. Imagery. Foolery. Sickly. Calling all horizons my own.*

2. *Slits. Declarations. Coughing. Sbonagon's lips on my forehead. Glasses. Bands. Half winged moths. I am a single gesture fixated for erasure, an eye buzzing to match another's, an asking for stature. I am to be lovely in red lacey robes. I am to wear better bras. I am to withstand every wire piercing through. Smokes. Pills. Drench. On the floor, is a body, splitting into two: mine and mine. Here. There. Here. All lists are my breathy murmurs, my countdowns, my pillow books. Bismillah. Bismillah. Bismillah. I began in Your name.*

3. *I have a resting face called **Please**. **Please** is pressed against the cold bullet proof window of an airplane. **Please** watches the wings tilt. **Please** wishes to ask questions about how to leave a planet and still live. **Please** wishes to be in a rocket or a flying ship. **Please** googles: "Do bodies rot in space?" **Please** is sipping coffee now instead of tea. It is making **Please** cry and breathe into a paper bag on the airplane toilet seat.*

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4. I say this is fate. I say have faith. Or hope. Anything. December was the last time we talked. She said to me: "Yeah you are very decisive. Which is a good thing. I think I should consider going to grad school. I'll see how it goes." She is no longer here.

5. In all this abundance I have become nothing but a list. Everything asks for proof. On the surface of my eyeball, I find floating a dented plastic. I let my chipped nails peel it off. My eye swells. I become a balloon. Call me Gassy Girl. My state is of wind, of air, of vapor. The cast is stretched thin. On this bed, I have built a fort. I have gathered all my toys. I play by myself these games of run and chase, hiding underneath the shade of my ghosts. What is my puncture? When is my deflate?

6. Woke up today and I wasn't a cockroach. I tried to move but I couldn't. The sun passed me by. I showered in a leaking bathtub, ate three Lindt truffles, and sent my mind for a stroll. Hello haze. Hello good old imagination. Hello throb. What is my illness if it shakes my lungs

*out of breath? Let's make friends with every possible existing beast. This dance is now a normal. I forget what I look like and a mirror comes running after me. I am always five seconds away from another five seconds. On a rooftop, there is a Friday fog. I enter like a glitter strewn stray and far from its conjoined herd.*

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7. *Reversing a reverse is called order.*

8. *Prayer. Cig. Glue. What about you? What about you? What's your mouth full of? Red wine, discourage, frozen peas? Your beliefs kill me. How about you think of me as me? My mouth is your landfill— how many years before your talk choke me? This morning, I ate an ice cube for breakfast, I made a hole in my skin with my teeth, I wore gold with pride until someone stereotyped me. Can you please allow me my disease? When did you build me this stage? Here is my verse, my sound, my feed. Dance with me. White Boy, down with your gaze. The sky is the color of death if death is allowed to have a new day.*

9. *Let's get real. At 05201, happiness cut short by knowledge. Labeled as a cheap life. The rupees. The donges. The dollars. Modern Beggar. Survivor. Outside Paris Borden, fields of grass. Outside of Noyse, a basketball court. I see crows eating crows in my dreams. I find an eagle outside my window eating an owl. Bird feed on bird. There is an ambulance. There is a flashing red light. I find a large print of a hand against my window. Ink pens. Ink stains. Ink. I lived in tiptoe. Took someone's glance and milked it. Love me like a person. See me. I cannot*

*breathe in this fresh air. My heart beats too fast even in rest. I sit on the carpet of my soulmate's room. We are children with mothers and fathers and older brothers. We were once strangers. We could have stayed strangers. We could not have to outgrow our countries. We could have been allowed life. She could have still been alive.*

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*10. Let's get real. The colonizer took a giant dump and disappeared. Strive. Height. Reach. I wish I knew none of this will be sufficient to appease the crowds inside us. In these archaic towers, not even the ghosts look like us. We have so much knowledge and it overcoats us to*

*misperform us. We change our own names. We disregard our own skins. Every snowfall a wonder. Every ailment a feeling. We are diversity numbers coated foreign coated business coated political coated future anxious depressed bipolar schizophrenics with parents sobbing in self blame coated yellow coated brown coated how I miss myself, how I miss my dead, how I miss a scene never imagined to real.*