

Recoveries

The air no longer separates from the land.

I am gnawing at the cracked plaster for sky.

I don't want to die as of yet.

The traffic is controlled. The borders are closed.

I would do anything for crushed chalk.

I would do anything for rendezvous.

I tap the shoulder of the international student in front of me.

In the immigration line, I compliment his shoes.

I want him.

To move me.

From this place.

To his.

Outside JFK, the pavements are always soaking.

The rain writhes the air. Disinfects my breath.

I rinse.

In this ablution.

I have been free for a whole year.

I mean not even coffee. Not even passive smoke.

It's been a long time since my flesh smelled fresh.

I thank brain for bubble. Recoiling. In this daydream fantasy.

There is an eye rolling in the parliament of a Western shrine.

There is a white man apologizing to every ghost land in sight.

There is a spectating moon reddening before going into deep hide.

I clap my hands. I put my forehead on the ground. Not enough.

Ameen. To ask was why God clayed me.

Solid. With light. This body a warming place.

These hands full without held.

These knees lifting after each bent.

I build my own sky blue with my each breath.

The sun floods my skin.

Unashamed.

I tree.