

Elegy::After

For Q

You made buildings out of nothing.

Look at the palms of my hands.

Do you taste the ash in this fire?

The sun hit the curls of both of our heads
and you melted. I rolled my skin all day in your wax
just to embody your carcass.

I can't just write one poem and call it done.

I have been isolated, caged, choked, smothered
and my heels lay down in watered dust. Unforked. Can I end myself
in front of you and ask my last words to match your next ones?

How would you greet me? Where would you greet me? I hope
you greet me. I know. I have always been putting this soul
into tough positions. I have writhed it out of faith to punish God
only to watch Him renounce me. How my bones
jolt and how my veins jump. I never enjoyed 4 AM discos.

Lack of breath. Recoils. Nailing unnauling my hands, sucking off
the crescents in my palms. I never enjoyed pills.

Just like you. I want you to remember me
like how you wanted me to remember you
before you refused to show me your face
before I couldn't show you my face, before our faces were foreign
to not just land but also its drench. We made something out of asking
the silence and hearing the silence back. Are you confused
of me? Of these words? These addresses?

I made these choices by choice as if choice is of our own making.

When you died, I died. Look, I have no shoulder
bone, no vitamin D, no dimple, no skin. I had to bomb
my buildings and take a flight back to my womb
where one parent held me down and the other watered me
up. Have you ever lived in a second where the half of it
was spent recovering from the rest? I would never want to die
as much as I want to. I stand astounded open mouthed lung agape
watching each day wrinkle, spot my skin, sentence me
with the task to perceive this mundane
to miracle.

