

Almost Entirely

From my time as a wrinkled baby – sucking the nipple of a young woman – rests in me an uncountable opening and closing of pupils craving for light. Since then, I've been blinded by solar irradiations.

In specters, the mirror awakens lines (my mother's eyes) in me.

The impact of this vision repositions narratives.

I make an effort to reinscribe the absence: being in-between, proper of light and shadows. With closed eyes, I'm immaterial. My hands are lettered and insist to rewrite the history of a sex trapped between the legs, in an orgasmic desire for belonging.

With open eyes, I turn my back to my destiny and row (backwards) because there is no other way. In this constant sliding through what passes – the boat's logic – I'm almost entirely water (once white page) and time adrift.