

Two Inches of Silence

The death of my mother intensifies even more our pact in life: a knot of silence. To love her is to empty myself of words, sipping the angst knowing oneself as flesh. In a ritual, I fulfill the bitterness of not speaking. I taste the saliva of the kisses engulfed by the whisper's insignificant spotlights. I taste the hardness of being petrified by the father's mortified speech: a sentencing of knowing nothing beyond himself. I swallow the dead words and do with two inches of silence – waiting for any letter. My encounter with the dead: reviving question without answers, backlighting the night. Recognizing the interlines pulsing in the pauses of the gravestones. In this very little, I survive.