

Sutures

On the road, the path reminds
her of her mother's body (re-imagined).

Dress delineating the waist against her belly
extending hand caressing her head, carefully.

In the kitchen, she cuts an apple in the middle
(to quiet her mind). The fruit creates echoes
of other fruits, thinking how to afflict her.

The flavor is sweet when masticated,
and it creates a line in the middle
of her forehead.

In the bus stop, she collects yellow numbers
printed as line 22, the yells that live inside
her body, in the intimacy of things one
should not look fixedly for too long:
death, sun, and a profoundly immoral tale.

A poem is made of residues that don't fit
inside one single reality. Or would it be multiple?

Sometimes I have the impression that the other
and I are separated by hundreds of pieces
being remade at every instant.