

**FEEL FREE
TO TAKE A SIT
AND READ.**

(just return this when done)

Collection of the texts shown
in this exhibition.

Towards a new home

As the man trotted, defending me with the jealousy of a mother, I peeked out from beneath his little finger to explore the new ways we were taking, trusting. If I turned to the right, the brick wall rushed by, nearly brushing against me, while on the other side, the sidewalk trees passed slowly. I couldn't justify this carousel of paces; I admired it curious, certain that he already knew.

Then he chose to move me in the inner pocket of his coat, as one might do with fountain pens. He kept me there for the rest of the journey, untouched and safe. I felt the cashmere's warmth-cashmere's cosy but it prickles. I heard the heartbeat nearer than ever. I thought about how many had been inside there, smuggled in silence; perhaps thirty. I wondered where he was taking me, but I trusted him because of his wrinkles.

The first morning

The first morning on my window sill
better than a closet, a vitrine.
Staring at the sun staring at me
better than a spotlight, a theater scene.

In the fall

As he swings by the sill
I breathe
I stretch
I wish to reach for his neck,
his blushed long sleeves
checked.

He checks
back at me:
my blushed bronze cheeks,
my loose jaw joints
itchy
moist.

There's much I want to explore
stories I want him to unfold, bold
expressions and more long expressions I long
to store
in my brain
secured
with my double-sided tape.

There's nothing I can tell
my folded tongue
rests
as it stiffens the lies
and the applauses I plan
to share.

Instead I stand, I stare
at his running lobes

against
slow cheekbones.

As I tense on the sill
silly ideas fill my senses,
my back dares to lean
my joints begin
to extend.
I breathe
I stretch
I lay
my hand in his hair, his
warm greasy keratin and
my cold welded bronze but
the script
doesn't evolve.

His lips look locked
-his hips overly walked- locked
keeps his hands
as they belong
to someone else.
I fear
I rush my thoughts
Is this wrong?
assault? violence? extreme force?

I don't stop I stroke I make no noise I look away I look back straight
I see his face
brimmed with tears
I feel skin flakes
fall.

The knot

He sheltered it like a secret.

The more his fingers rubbed
flaming
the more the wind blew
to quench
the fumes,
to drench
the flumes
the indifference of the rain
drained.

I questioned the stars and the stars answered

I questioned the stars
when the ignorance of the night
hid
the shadow of things,
the fear of misunderstandings
and blunders
standing under stretched out sheets
senseless
to July's showers
and to my curiosity to uncover them,
to turn the words inside out and tell them again
one, two, three times

The stars answered
soft and shy
they aligned
six or seven in a row
two or three cuddled in a cluster.
They revealed
the outline of things
the safest roads
if I connected their dots,
the hope
the mute stone
promised.

Yesterday

The crows have flown
I stood strong, alone
waiting for my rose to grow
tall,
following the wind
to hit
the old apple tree.

Then a boy
a distant voice
swayed through the field,
his sweat's silent spill.

“Come to me!”
I prayed
“I come to gaze your way!”
he echoed
I did not echo.

His knees racing
without raising
dust
from the land
as he rushed
towards me
with his right hand
buried behind his back.

He stopped by the house
took off his sweaty blouse
stretched his knees,

over the fence
leaped.

We locked eyes

he deflated
with a sigh.

His right hand rose
in the air
tall and proud
-as my rose-
as to confess
behind that back
he was hiding
hundreds
of prickly pears.

He tossed one at me
it fell by my feet
it looked ripe
I smiled.

Two more
with a nod
I accepted them all.

He kept casting prickly pears - now thousands, wordless- I felt nothing, neither worthless, and the more he was casting the more he was sweating he went shirtless he was not stopping he threw one as his hand was leaving the sleeve as he probably trained for yesterday.

The prickly pears were so many and were traveling so fast that from my perspective they blurred, they overlapped.

I was covered in prickly pears, I was heavy
bleeding
were his hands.

Part 1. My six eggs

She says
I lay my eggs
on old chipped nails.

I'll steal them all
I say
I'll hide them tight
so you'll forget
the names they had.

She sighs.

She says
I'll lace six eggs
to myself.

I'll untie them all
I say
anger, dissatisfaction, unease grow in me
as the scarecrow chokes
in spines,
towers high.

Part 2. The steal

This same night
as I watch the moon hide
intrusive thoughts start to rise:
I'll steal now
to sore her soul
to unclog my pores
with the flashbacks and guilt
they infused me with.

I leave my base, bathe
in the blue beam
that shadows the cork tree.
Soon I'm on grass,
a clumsy hike
on beets and stone bits,
reminders of underground home.

Please don't wake
I pray
as I approach my prey
untangle the mesh she made
crack the best angle
for six eggs
to escape.

The chipped nails
absorb the fall and I think
absurd it worked!
With my shields
I scoop them up
-get also poop, it's a farm-

I hold my breath,
I tiptoe elsewhere and
I leave her dream

about the names

she'll never say.

Part 3. The eggscape

As I free from the fields
my run upheats my elbows tuck in
the loot locked in
the shields.

Head down I rush
I don't feel
the pupils filled
with anger nor
the cold moon beam
chasing me.
Running
senseless I stare at those six ellipses as
I empty my tongue
of shame and I show it
skywards.
I don't fall
I speed up,
six minutes and
I hit the end;
a muddy land
sheltered by soft stretched out sheets
and secured charcoal tarps.

Breathless
I kneel,
set the eggs aside quick,
approach the sheets,
pull the cord from an eyelet
to realise
it doesn't glide.

I eye one eyelet, I let
my reasoning flow:
there's a knot. It's not
that tight I untie it
I create
my sepulture.

I scoop my eggs
kiss their tops
one by one
lay them
in muddy land.

I breathe in.

Soon they're all in.

In a mute gesture, I reassemble that puzzle of eyelets. I put my chin
up and declaim my favourite tongue-twister.

I head back to my windowsill.

Part 4. I bean it!

As the sun rises again, she obviously reaches my window and wakes me up.

Why did you steal?
she needles standing still
I didn't steal- I guarantee
stay on the window sill, please
she springs up to me
she feathers my shields
she stares at my palms and states
those nails are chipped.

Yeah they were very cheap
my man found them by the sink among skin
flakes and
drooling
jaws.

Stop
lying where are my eggs lying?
I want to give them names
pet their tops
hear them crying.

As a backup
I offer you some beans.
White and round
never loud
they don't squeak
they're just beans!

What do you bean?!