

Je Parle

She

My self isn't anymore about where I am

I long to burn but fires, luxurious, pass by beside

So then where am I? And where is this?

If you could see me, the landscape, all the ways I cry:

I sob I bawl I empty

It isn't visible and therefore evades the prison of the mind

Falling in the ravine while the rest, anxious, pass by beside

A broken lonely task

The wilting leaf is left to die

Weighted pellets evaporate in muted mouthy moans

Still

The lady comes crashing down, insistent, upon the fossils and the stones

They

Who said that?

Who?

I am made of highways that commit the lines that I abide

Who lies behind should delight in the vacancy I provide

As if I should be troubled to keep the time

Time bends me to the earth, curious as a child

Time bends the child and her curious mind

The hills aren't bent where I reside

But bend my view of yours not yours of mine

She

There is a vastness I have not yet reached simply because I lack an imaginative desire

Riddled with

Littered with

Space

Storms come and go but fail to provoke like the tremor in my throat

When I will speak there is a thunder that could move worlds

My world

In a circle of light I want both

It's lightness : seeing privacy privately

it's darkness : formless in uniform shadow

In and out of sight

refracted and refracting

relational

They

I am vast

too vast to be seen

too vast to see

Where do you want me to look?

The walls built themselves

the selves were built

It's not by my hand

I lean against the fortitude for support and it breaks my back

I lack an imaginative desire to play cards any other way

Though I am full of desire

She

Should I speak of desire?

belonging to all of us

as I to you

you to me

Is there room enough for my wants

have your walls left me too much space?

Would my walls, next to yours, allow for this?

Could you ever

be consciously

my walls

They

How could I possibly be expected to want

that

How could you play my walls against me?

How could you play?

There's so much still to do

So much concrete

I do not fall

I stand

On solid ground

She

And if you could not stand

would you kneel?

Would you crawl?

Would you cave or cry?

Like me

When ceilings have been built so low

Volatile designs

Upon your knees

Crawling from cave to grotto

Like a child bending to the ground