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on forgiving

*Each phoneme sends out waves that radiate spherically. Some branches of early humans had the optical ability to perceive them, but since they overwhelmed the visual field, blotting out cliffs and other such details, this branch of our ancestry disappeared ...
Language, at heart, is always an absence. —Cole Swensen*



mom / what we see might kill us / the first time you saw me / i was
leaving / my brand new heart beating / outside your body / mom / i'm
sorry / i have smoothed you out / into a landscape / into something i
can understand / or crush beneath my feet / mom / i have no certain
language for you / but i know what it is you've done / what it is to
mother / i know what it is / to carry a weight / that only you know
/ mom / i'm sorry / i have etched you into my silence / i do not have
words for your elbows / for the towel stretched around your hair / mom
/ did you fall in love with your sadness / with what carved you / from
the inside / mom / i'm sorry / i'm sorry mom / i learned about the way
some trees die / how you must peel back their bark / to see it / how you
can only find out / when it's too late / mom / their dying is shaped / like
the body that killed them / mom / the worst part is / i thought it was
beautiful / i'm sorry mom / i thought i was beautiful / mom / i do not
have words / i do not have words / for the metal rolling pin / i do not
have words / for what happened beneath that sun / i do not have words
/ for what happened / behind those doors / what happened to my hands
/ afterward