

writing part 2

by mazaher

November 22, 2010, 16:33

::

I do not wonder.

I remember.

Every time my blood and bones give way

I remember

and I search for blood and bones to borrow

for a time

from another life,

another's life.

A life imagined

because real lives are not mine to take or use.

But imagined lives are plentiful.

One foot holds the weight

(my left foot holds the weight),

the other pushes me up and forward

(my right foot pushes me forward).

Blood

spilled as ink

or toner

does sometimes spray someone's face

standing on feet on a platform.

(I apologize.)

::