

Cotton

My lips are dry.

When they ask me what's his name where did he go what
do you want

I am chewing on cotton

i answer "man. virginia. Justice" but what comes out is nevermind.

Like water. Like cream.

i do not speak to tell them that i still fear the darkness and the day and the liminal median
hours because

he does not let the light dictate what roads are safe to travel

or that i fear that when he finds me the face
of the arm

that is holding the gun will be my own,

blurred from when he tried to disappear me and when he whited out half
my words before the plane took off. They have not been clear since then.

I am sucking on cotton

i cannot tell them because I cannot remember.

The Body, i've learned, takes measures to protect itself;

we feel pain in burning so we do not keep our hands on
hot stovetops.

we walk on broken bones because "it's fine

you just twisted it. that's all" is believable when there are two hours til
dawn and you are still in firing range.

women are torn and still give Birth again. women are stit-

-ched without permission because their skin is not theirs, their skin is not a
destination,

their skin and breath and Bodies are a rest stop, a charging port,

and they still give Birth again

and they still are stitched again.

I am bleeding on cotton

The Brain, i've seen, takes measures to protect
too.

It sends "i love you" to my lips because "fuck you
get out of my house

i'm sleeping somewhere else" gets you hurt.

"i love you" gets you hurt another day (but the Brain works one day at a time.

There are broken bones to devour)

The Brain churns out "nevermind" when I want to say

man. virginia. Justice.

So i say nothing through the cotton.