

silence, i've heard you
CHRISTOS KALLI

& started building a sandcastle to hold you in
like the bottle i used to trap the same black moth
sealed with a cork i made out of my thumb
as a child

i've heard you in the early-morning streets
& mistook you for a first & last breath
for a face i once left
speechless using only my tongue

when i eavesdrop on a silent night
& my body is a season
someone forgot to empty out of a box

beneath my grandmother's cypriot screams
where stories hide like pebbles underneath
a rock
little ancient myths crashed by a storm

for the brief moment i had gathered light
to watch something live & die in my palms
as though every bright thing can also be a root
a new tree branch
that can hold new lips spilling history

& in the ocean's warmest blue
you unrolled your tongue
to ask the horizon what are you
godwave or sunstone
the white & music of an empty room