

I fear the unseen moments
that brought me here
 the loose cords
 of an unformed
 knot
 awaiting the pull

the way the body
gathers lethal elements for years
 a slow
determined
 saturation

or the hum of weariness
we wear like an old coat

where wet and cold
are preferred over
 a little nakedness

and we can't part with
what's killing us

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I've gotten good
at describing the shape of my oppressor

without knowing how to counter their impact

it's like waking up
in the wrong geography
 adaptations circumscribed
by features you don't yet know

being a horse without a herd
in a rocky desert
heat, scarcity and boulders
making fun of its speed and endurance

or a donkey on a farm
 confined
dependent on people
to pare their hooves
the way freedom
and desert rock used to

or being forced to a new land
and told
that what you don't survive

others

just

might

I don't need to adapt
I need the landscape
to change

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