

□  
□□  
□□  
□□  
□□  
□□  
□□  
□□  
□□  
□□  
□□□  
□□□

## On/Off Her Way Home

The legendary sea surfaces  
That meteoric stones have rolled over  
An establishing shot, takes only one flash  
Thinking of you, murmuring to you,  
Until some tears run dry, turning reddish  
Dipping upon a dream (many nights)  
Once thinking of you, she is  
Across the water of no name  
Looking out the way back to you, she is  
Still writing in English (how?):  
'Travelling around the world  
From the opposite direction will she get to you'  
'Staying beside you for unnecessary  
Seven weeks, two months, in any clockwise swirl'  
'Not coming to you. In a better position  
Being stranded equates to floating.'  
Disturbing the storm, recognizing the language  
'I will be A\_, N\_, Y\_, anywhere,' they synchronize  
She cannot run through all diasporic lands  
Of clouds and swamps  
Imagine: being thrown into your place –  
Getting away, being called upon –  
Melting down the steel rail burnt red, in the end  
Mellower and mellower the distance one night (many times)  
Regardless of waves and wind  
The soft loose water sleeves come stroking her head  
But deep down the lock  
The flight in moments of mesh and thread  
The shattered, dead, unwanted flock  
Stalling for time, thinking of you

June 2020  
London

[RSS feed](#) [Search](#) [Email](#) [QR Code](#) □□□

Made with [Montaigne](#) and [bigmission](#) 