Because this is an ending they stand in the stage’s center. One at a time they read alone. Dust as aura in subdued light. Pin-lights in the ceiling like planets in red space. This is what you’ve created. Made into something space-like in a place insisting on boundary eyes to the floor. You have washed rice green beans peeled carrots toasted pine nuts. You’ve soaked dried cherries in pomelo juice. You’ve prepared the rice salad that signifier of ending that tradition. You are leaving this place. Recalling its conflict. The love you passed you felt in that room at that square table. Now you sit in a red chair watching them sit in red chairs watching what they have made wrought into being bloody fresh. This new vast space we see. We are roaming speaking in it. Farewell to locks the snapping grasp of steel. This theater is for play. We are playing. We are able to play. We are making what we are.
Blue over Bicycles

I’m following you on a newly built road one of setts their borders slightly detached.

Our clothes are several blues like the sea that is near but we can’t see it. I see myself lifting my hand hoping to meet yours as the wheels of our bicycles continue their whirl. But I don’t want to fall to tumble to be tattered.

I dissolve myself into myself blue into blue into air. We are euphoric on this road suddenly yellow.

You speak of another’s betrayal. He shook for days smelling her vetiver. He howled as swifts spat their nests.

I’m betraying myself silently a lightning of neurons. Clementine trees used to grow here.

I used to ride my bicycle until dark. Until my mother shouted my name into blackness into the clattering leaves of red maples. If I don’t say it here I will in the mosque knees to carpet forehead to carpet.

My name my hollow name.