

PRECIPICE

You stand at the edge of a precipice of your own making

falling forward, clenching your feet into fists,

you spread your arms full

and start writing the page

A hand hangs in the air like stiff laundry in late autumn.

The rest of the body is restless, you play with every vacuole and membrane

a sonorous intercellular symphony

and at the end of the paragraph you stop

to mourn the shape of your elbow.

Everything begins to slowly resemble the time when

you decided to run away, hitched your skirt high up above your kneecaps

then started walking like someone unconvinced by their own existence,

stuck between two decisions

and hesitated at the door

Now, as you open it

you happen by your long-lost imagination

and your worried mother standing over it,

the straight white line of her mouth

a tightrope you never managed to balance on,

your arms falling constantly over the sides of it

emptying out like a waste basket

You arrange your sorrow accordingly,

assuming the outline of a storm-torn umbrella

and the inside of an expensive armchair,

the soft plush lining

like the sleepy skin of a child, the same age as you were

when you learned to point your foot

and became aware of an ending.