

You start by drawing the line.

You stand at the edge of a precipice of your own making, falling forward.

You spread your arms full, 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 cell and membrane

a simultaneous symphony

and at the end of the paragraph you stop -

to mourn the shape of your elbow.

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 inside of a child, the same age as you were

when you learned to point your foot
and became afraid of dying.

You are your father's imagination, and your mother standing over it,

her mouth a straight, white line,

a tight-rope that you fail to balance on

with your arms falling over the sides of it,

emptying out like a waste basket

until only a vague shape remains

- you learn to regard them as lies.

At the end of the page you stop.