

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 cell and membrane

a simultaneous 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 left school in the middle of the day, feeling ill
but halfway up the hill feeling already better

yet continued walking like someone unconvinced by their own existence
and hesitated at the door

Now, as you open it

you happen by your father's imagination
and your mother standing over it

the straight white line of the mouth a tightrope you never managed

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.