

In The Absence Of

Without the proper attention, a peace lily will lower its blades
looking for water. Without delicate wisps framing the face,
a skull is a skull, no softness about it. Without softness,
who knows what a woman might do. Without touch,
my hands dried out in the sun. Without consent,
I was flung from one end to another and swung.

Without the family duvet, which I left at
the airport. Without words weighing
down pockets. Later, without words.

Without room to learn or become.

Without room. Without country,
when told to fuck off back
to my country. For years,
without voice. For years,
without body. Then
finally a body
without