
SUMITA CHAKRABORTY

IMAGE 002

Sh,
sh, make your
voice as a breath through a
reed. Sh, sh, make your voice as
a breath through a leaf. Sh, sh, make
your voice as the motion of a moth's
whisker. Sh, sh, make your voice a ghost.
Make your way through the deep. Re-
member, though, that you'll have to come
back.

Don't tell
me you feel sorrow for what
happened then, or that your gut is full of all
I'll never learn about love, about small mouths and feet,
about how parts of me might feed those small mouths, about how
those small feet might feed parts of me. Hear this: hear it now: hear it
from the beginning of our time together: I wanted this.
I went of my own volition.
I said, Remove it.
When they refused, I insisted.
When I insisted, they told me I was mistaken.
When they told me I was mistaken, I showed them a photograph.
In time, I will show it to you, too.
When they didn't look at the photograph, I taped open their eyes.
I showed them twenty-one more photographs.
Some of them vomited.
I took a step forward. I stood in the pool of it.

I said: I meant what I said.
I meant: I meant what I said.

