

a call/response. to who?
at the moment no one.

perhaps
a call/response to you

but
am i responding? or calling?

perhaps
because you've been silent thus far
it's a call

perhaps
it is your silence i am responding to

so next question,
what do i have to say to you?

hard question.

perhaps
i will start with expressing my hurt
i will start by asking you to hold it

for now,
you know me as words on a page

some philosophers would argue
that these words are not me
so you do not know me

i disagree.

i wrote these words, thinking of you
and of the space between us
thinking of the conversations
we've yet to have

of our dance
calling responding
calling responding
calling responding

i wonder if you can hold these words
or if they'll trickle through the cracks
between your fingers
falling onto the floor, forming a pool
that people step around
or ask someone to clean up

perhaps
the people who paid have left
and it's you cleaning up
my forgotten words
my forgotten hurt

perhaps
as you mop the puddled letters up
and squeeze them into your bucket
one or two will draw your attention
get caught in the drain

perhaps
they'll hold your thoughts
then perhaps
you'll hold my words tightly
feel all contained within them
now spilled and broken
feel my heart pulsing too

perhaps then
you'll hold more words more tightly
and come to know the infernos
the rivers of tears behind manifestations of love

perhaps
as we dance
calling responding
calling responding

[how do i tell you i love you
so much i would die for you
so much i make art for you
you
the plural you
the plural you not understood in english
the plural you not understood
in a stolen city of rain

how do i tell you i love you
and how much it hurts]

perhaps
i am calling you
calling

calling calling calling

PURESTINE

GITXAN

LAX'YIP

US WE US WE US WE

WHERE ARE YOU?

perhaps
i am waiting for
[plural singular multiple] you
to respond.