

THERE IS NO THING CALLED MEMORY

In the palm of the hand of her dream,
the faint blue eye from the well,

from the pulse, from the burden inside
the bone. In her fingers, the shape

of unhappiness. (Emptiness a mark
at her forehead. Like a stain.)

She knows how it is to be called,
knows the steps of the body

passed on. Knows some should
not beget, should keep them-

selves to themselves. No blame but
a miscalculation. Love is not an

object. Not a number. There is no
thing called memory. Only the rope

of the body untwined. Such lineage.
She writes that name in her dust.