

POETRY

body-bound

by Veronica Vo



"Earth Dreams" by Mirjana Miric

the lord cut her open
 in a white coat

on a bright Texas morning to remind us
where the horizon lay. I was

no longer inside but always circling her,
a new death for us both.

in the dark I feel eyelids flutter shut
the wood of flowers for the last time

the sound of a breath coming unstuck,
those little spirals of air. spirals meaning

nothing. no specks in time. no alternate universes.
it doesn't matter what happens next,

what day was now, or then,
it was simply a day, and

what happens next
is only life.

wanting nothing but legacy,

something small and alive — a heart.

I forget that she lives, because

in the shadow the height of a breast,

she forgets my name.

a body is a border no matter

neuron fire, I convince myself.