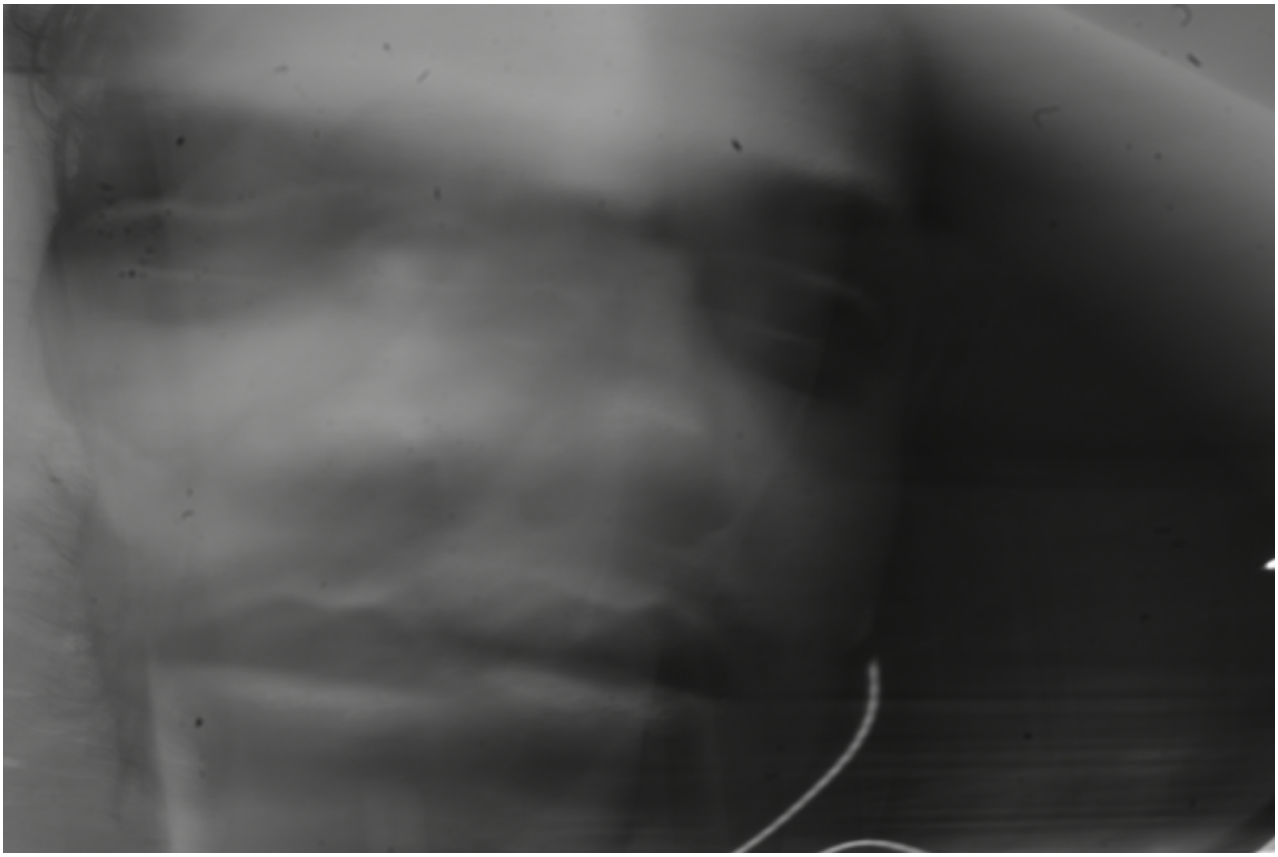
POETRY

Knot

by Madina Tuhbatullina



"Fractured" by Anosh Aibara

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I am the kind above the plaster churches.
We happen to share this sentence.

I pretend every sound is a letter,
cluster your freckles and thread the lines
in your iris, the delicate brown sunrise.

Someone is lifting a fallen man in your world.
Not me, lavish and frivolous. I keep the vigor
for another cleansing birth: a couplet, a triplet.

I’ve already hung the bicycles I can’t ride.
My hope is

in a spoon —

my hope is —

spoon in —

— mirror

also. My hope is —

a spoon is also a mirror.

The hair above the lip bends to breath like the nostril.
With all the lines, without meeting criteria.

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