

Etymology

It's like it's like it's like a solid knot
of tongue (your tongue) it's like filling
the dark of that open mouth with cotton giving
the throat purpose pulse *You mean to say*
I say and you agree *That is what I meant to say*
your mouth full with wispy strands of everything
you didn't mean *We mean the same*
we say but swallow the point Did you watch
the way I rolled my tongue the *kattha* the *choona*
the discolouring of everything *I meant to say*
with compromise Why translate when we can rewrite
Of course cotton would spin to clouds
shaped like *we meant to say*
It's always temporary Words on loan Of course
we would return them or forgive
ourselves for the bargain of what *we meant*
But we are those fallen lovers of the East cheated
in this economy of exchange *lust for love madness*
for *thought* we will always be Majnun inscribing
the desert with laments that perish in sandstorms
meanings that fix on the stones of our graves So we resist
paying our debts to what *we meant to say*
so long that we become them Layla grieves disperses
into nothingness and everything suddenly means *butterfly*
like my clavicle is a cave painting and you are the red
oxen grazing my surface My navel
is your archaeology you are my digging
the loamed anatomy of what we once were
of what *we meant to say* Instead we refrain
hold off from deciphering or perhaps we dig
further in returning never and always

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