

MY IMMINENT DEMISE MAKES THE HEADLINES THE SAME DAY I NOTICE HOW EVEN YOUR FRONT TEETH ARE

Momtaza Mehri

At the internment camp, promise me you'll take
the top bunk.

I want to see you every time I look up.

National anthems are still more violent than
most hip hop lyrics.

Sugar-coat me this. I know.

Got a sense of humour blacker than my
granddaddy's knuckles.

You are the sinkhole into which I pour my
desperations.

My sixth pillar. Validate me, if only with the soft
explosions

of your breath. Its daily, naked persistence.

Who cares if they burn our houses?

Our bones?

Yes. We might lose our reflections.

We might lose our names.

We might lose feeling in both hands.

Our blood will still dry solid. Still keep its colour.
A kind of Abrahamic love

to outlast the mist of rain,

the depth of waters,

the permanence of chicken grease on fingers.

Find me a world as eternal as the birthmark
between your shoulders.

Find me a sign as prophetic as a boy born with
a target on his back.

Haven't you heard?

Every time my thighs rub together,

God answers a prayer.

This heart is not a footrest.

For you,

I can make an exception.

We can make a life out of such exceptions.