

O-Graft

Operating as a gesture for containment:

tongue and serpentine, exceptionally placed.

I opened up my home. The article, a dash instead

of O— A girl was shot uphill. Her gesturing

My light. That much I knew of operational

intelligence, the centralizing articles for love.

You walked into my home. You drank up all my water

and two months over the spout. I ran out of my home,

This human zone, for reason. Meanwhile

someone hunted someone else, and someone

called that archival, the combing of my hair with saffron

gesturing endurance, for my name you wrote in petrol

Vietnamese: *Detritus*, O— *Divine*.

I witnessed sentences by breath, and you

had cried out, *Sister*, O— *We did not want this*.

That was known: this quadrangle of nouns, a graft

Over my skin made lighter than the color.

Over that, a mouth; and under that, a human

heart with antlers.