

let me dive . . .

“warn the town, the beast is loose”—the fugees

“and the naming of the intolerable is itself the hope”

—john berger

let me dive into this winedark sea, be the vessel of your allusions. synecdoches of ancestors, metonymies of desire, metaphors of justice. survival's rhetoric bears down on this dancing puppet hand. what keeps this sentence-stringing creature from madness? only the pretense of response, meridians of words aligning themselves between us. episodes of exchange, barter me an eye for an ear, a liver for a gall bladder, sweaty palms for rosy cheeks. only a monsoon alert: a flock, a pack, a rage of dykes on the loose. a flood, a collective, a gang of two-spirited women. only the naming saves the namer. only as honest as the telephone wires carrying these words to you. snapping in storm, swaying in wind, a taut line of chestache for birds to perch upon. currents & fiery threats hidden beneath the windswept grass.

RITA WONG