like empire interrupted:

violence mistook midsections from my body—

bronze sharp points poked halves into it and cut

a light changed from red to green: oh what a slow thing!

—the impracticality of: salt never touches our skin

when she stood in the center: she stood against flower and stone—

she stood: a marker against a throne

time stamped erasure: in this movement—pitted fruits drop into a spoon

isn’t desire funny?—we take a picture in the mirror and post it on timelines

that can decay like moth wings in the wind

hold—a gait—hold—a head—there was a place

in which multitude rhymed with family

and industry with go

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