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Letter to a Vacuum

Alen Hamza

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Hamza: Letter to a Vacuum

LETTER TO A VACUUM

Alen Hamza

Four limbs puncture the earth.
Turn me on my back, turn me innocuous.
Show me celestial barricades;
tell me I can walk only in circles.
Tell me you are a biting
to which I must return.

Turn me into cyan.
No, turn me into a word.
Utter me black—say black
and point to me. Then think: he is a word.

Play me much.
Touch.
Assume my hands.
Glue my tongue on top of yours and say:
My words are your dusk.
Be rough, make me knit you hats.

Plant bugs
in my fingers;
watch me ride
vacuum cities.

Manifest me. Molest me. Mother me.
Atrociously father me.
Ask me:
Do you want falling forever?