

Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal

Volume 8 | Issue 2

Article 21

January 2009

Wingless

Centa Theresa

Follow this and additional works at: <https://orb.binghamton.edu/harpurpalate>

Recommended Citation

Theresa, Centa (2009) "Wingless," *Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal*: Vol. 8: Iss. 2, Article 21.
Available at: <https://orb.binghamton.edu/harpurpalate/vol8/iss2/21>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by The Open Repository @ Binghamton (The ORB). It has been accepted for inclusion in Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal by an authorized editor of The Open Repository @ Binghamton (The ORB). For more information, please contact ORB@binghamton.edu.

Theresa: Wingless

WINGLESS

Centa Theresa

Anything can harm you. A sliver from a telephone pole. A slat in the fence. The wind if it pierces your face. The sun if you look at it straight, or a door that snips through your bone, the tip of your finger gone flying. It could be water that does it, the lessons of buoyancy forgotten, a rock or stick in the eye, even the color blue from a cornflower could make you rub your eyes blind, if you let it. Things outside your skin can be used against you. A word. A look. A gesture. I lie under the sheets like the dead in their coffin beds so the spiders will be fooled and won't climb up my cold legs. I still my breathing until it forgets what it is and a wave hardens to stone in my chest. I silence my sex before it knows its name, give it another face, as if it were a face, as something wingless only knows by dream what it is to fly.