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Calling you by your name

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Slim: Calling you by your name

**CALLING YOU
BY YOUR
NAME**



**MOHAMAD
ATIF SLIM**

Grief is fickle, as television static. I can still picture you in the hallways, hiding behind my bedroom door, hear your terrible swan-singing in the shower. But when I'm curled in bed, facing right, and the fluorescent tube is dead, when I turn on my night light,

your features become clear, my favorite face shriveled like a fruit around its kernel. A beetle caresses your eyelid where I couldn't, a worm curls on your foot where mine should. Two weeks after, does your shroud still hold your shape? Your broad shoulders stretching it, the white

dented where your elbows spread like geese wings. When the smell of your damp bed invades, that's when I close my eyes. Come to me, in my dreams. Come to me, whole and pink. Remind me not how the earth moulds to our form, but how we belong to the one to whom we return like home.