

7-11

*Krishna Thinakkal*

i catch your glare,  
burning through glass,  
as i reach for my wallet.

your notions  
preceding my soul  
through sliding doors.

there is greater distance between us  
than the color of our skin.

the bones of your ancestors  
are the scaffolding we've built on;  
while i am alien,  
an interloper,  
a voice in the darkness  
searching for a history to hold on to.

if we were both blind, i wonder,  
would our guide dogs growl at each other?  
do our rivers run so deep  
that their course cannot be turned?

the fluorescent lights,  
hanging overhead like gallows,  
cannot illuminate the truth.

the shattered, jagged shards of dreams  
left open scars;  
and as time remains frozen in a flaming desert,  
for now we must bleed.

for now but not forever.