

What I Do

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poetry

I walk to elementary school every day with my mother, we look forward to whatever carcass was on the sidewalk, one corner never disappoints and the image of the rubberized sewer rat stays in my mind.

I write poetry about things I haven't learned how to say out loud, letting insects and heartbreak take the lead

Maybe this time I will

Read the yellow notice posted in my dorm, it encourages a thick drip from the faucets

Cracking open the red shell, watching the seeds burrowed into their homes, a shape like a honeycomb, drowning in honey and pomegranate juice, sometimes I think I hear a buzz.

I talk to myself in languages a human cannot even fathom

Sitting on my bed I meditate, I focus on breathing, I let thoughts invade, and when they do I come back to the weight my body imposes.

Sometimes I hear only the slow trickle as it falls from where tears do

Perhaps I was coerced into the thought that language has just one meaning, but hi is not always an invitation, a hum is not only the sound of a bee, no doesn't always mean no.