What I Do

Miriam Berne

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.