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.