

You, this mother-tongue-rhythm-mixture quick to finish  
the sentence I've been asking for awhile now, wondering  
if I'm writing an elegy, like if this all starts and ends with,  
you, who we breathe in even when we're breathless, waiting  
to fall off the precipice when gripped to languages from  
home, country, left country foot-forward and back-bent and  
now we're here; tell us how to lay the foundation, how to sow  
these seeds in soil, watch it grow and crack open the wound,  
pulsating aching history; hold it gently, hold it accountable,  
bloom beauty in the broken, bring back the sun, moon, ocean  
push and pull, we breathe in waves, so that we breathe blue,  
breathe sky, tuck it in our mouths and exhale, this shared breath,  
you, place it in palms, place hands to chest, expressed how you're  
still a ghost now, but listen to the pulse pulse, how it carries breath  
across distance, this persistent movement of resilience, of us, through  
it, even if we think it'll consume our bodies; aching, tired, waiting  
for warmth on skin, as we press it's lived existence on this land  
/ as proof / this pulse / is alive / beating / each time / we carry /  
ourselves / forward.