

Little Sister

Do I watch too intently?
Am I too eager and curious

For what's to come next?
I see an unintentional sonogram,

Inaccurate from naivety, but striking,
And matching my own skin and flesh.

Is this the potential of experience:
Emotion detached from physicality?

Is this the experience not yet lived through?
Is it culminating in front of me: being born?

I am painstaking, aren't I?
I whimper alone in the night

And bring myself arduous labor
For this ordinary desire.

I repeat in another body:
Another one hundred eighty-two cells
Reaching outwards from their own source, yearning for more.

Self-levity is a distraction we prepare for ourselves
So we don't question our burgeoning distance
From corporeal connection: the mundane and intimate rituals of talk and laughter.

Do I ask too much of myself?
Yes, I contemplate what will never come, oily and sopping in my humanity:
I ramble, and I extend my words out like the black lines that pool from pens.
My body is canvas and wood sheet; I hammer on brass nails to emphasize my own genesis.

I aspire to engender tantrums of bliss within myself:
I stare longingly behind the mirror. What is the future of my own movement?
Will I ever love the sensation of familial contact as much as I did in the thick of it all?
Will other bodies eventually grow and cling to each other in this adobe chamber of mine?

My origin divides.

It is involuntary and agonizing,

But necessary for my own enhancement.

I ink new divisions; I am my own surgeon,

But I know the separation will come to find me once again:
It is episodic and this is the beginning.

-Indovina