



The becoming of the self, as a twenty year old immigrant far away from home, is what invoked these creative works.

A left eye, twitching
Since the bread knife disappeared
From the first kitchen drawer

Knock, knock.

Choking, on luke-warm
water from the neighbour's
Mouth-wringing hose

Who's there?

An unmistakably laden smell
From the childhood pharmacy
At the corner of Calle Alonso Ojeda

It's me.

A hazy image, I struggle to
remember, self-contained in my
Mother's midafternoon resting frame

It's me, who?

Creaking, the rusty gate

Nobody opens anymore

Swinging shut behind her name, Bam!

It's me, I'm home.

A drop of sweat
between a strangers shaking limbs, diluted.
Thirsty, for a shortline to brittle bones
Husked on fitted sheets.
It's okay, it happens sometimes.

A defeating groan
On someone else's ear-
Quiet lips to the stem,
Body hanging from a thread, undertowed.
It's okay, it happens sometimes.

salt to the tip of the tongue
the weight of a name
new to the palate.
a germinating taste
blooming into the idea
once collected from a whorling thought.
ripening as it slips through the lips,
shattering teeth,
in its way to becoming.