

## **Suffering**

is a flooded womb  
left without any imagination.

## **Farewell**

The forest is a magical place, I know,  
because things can disappear there  
and never come back. My lover  
walked through its mouth, leaving  
a vapor of sweet misery. I chewed it  
like the cud of dry cane, forgetting  
every memory that tasted like sugar.

## **Culture**

is the bones we leave behind,  
searching sinew and beautiful blood.