# The unwritten

there is no telling a woman

even in the most skilled of wording

what it is like

Now filled with blood and life

there are no end to the symbols I can name here

or the scarred imperfections.

all those chances

those tiny unpeople, half at a time

who should have been mine

now my time is past

(there is no going back)

I leave no record save this one:

you carry in you

the unfulfilled chance of a lifetime

and when you whispered to me

that you would have had me

I knew it was true

and I cried inside, that I loved you

in a manner unspeakable, unwriteable,

that only the motion of my hips

can communicate. What has god

done to me, that you were not

provided, that I was not endowed

with the perfect immortality that so many

have squandered

? blood and semen and life

yet a desert, there is no better word

and charitable, we speak of cacti and

the baobab, its roots in the air, but these

are unwanted gifts, and the only gift I have

is this.