

Heart Echo

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摘要—My body is a machine that turns normal experiences into allegories.

Index Terms—space bandwidth product

I.

Over pool I tell you (or, admit, or, confess, or, pray, or beg) that I think things are going to feel different when we get back. See, I'm grappling with the feeling of heart splat and butterfly thread. And all summer I've been weaving the clothes (or, armor, or, lingerie) of tension and release.

For dinner I'm brave and I wear the top I bought because fuck it I'm beautiful and I paint my nails or what's left of them. I keep learning that to unravel something that's tangled is the best way to learn about it. I learn that when I was born my umbilical cord was wrapped and wrapped and wrapped around my neck and that the doctors have never seen anything like it.

On the rooftop late at night I talk to you about how precious an echo is. It means that something is out there, a feeling, a response to a call. It means that somewhere, some landscape of a heart is alive and I feel seen.

On the bar patio we hold hands and I feel that echo. I want to be tiny spiders together or those two cubes of egg sushi. I want to sit in rocking chairs and listen to the radio scan through stations with you while we drink tea.

Water between us - blue sweatshirt baby, curb crawling and pool table sitting. To the right of the dashed white line at 2am we listen to the opera singer.

At night after work I'll walk through suburbia and talk to the voice recorder app. My throat feels too narrow a channel for what I've been trying to say, so I open it.

At night I ask Lamby : "*when we're all gone, what sounds will remain?*". My toilet is making a low, droning gurgle

I'm judging time based on where the chipped nail polish on my toenails is.

On the trailer pad where I grew up I jump the crack in the cement. Nearby, I would grow strawberries in the flowerbed where the rose bush was.

II.

Sweet gentle , birthday candle moments. Cedar and paper, carefully wrapped blue with brown thread. My heart is a clam shell darling but you are the ocean. Dreams: three, and midnight sex. Hot pink CD in the car ride back, we hold hands. I marvel at the palace of you and the depth of your affection and maybe in another timeline we could be ours. Keeping this as a token that I can be loved for who I am without performance. Thank you gentle angle for this halo.

III.

I can't admit how ruined I feel this summer. I'm a
knuckle-rubber, I keep my hands in long-sleeve t-shirt
cuffs. Formless for most.

I am two red t-shirts in the park on Wednesday evening

We aren't allowed to float so let's just

Say we can and

Pick grass and listen to jazz.

IV. POEM I WROTE WHILE HIGH ON ONE HALF OF A
VERY VERY LOW-DOSE EDIBLE AND IT'S ABOUT
GROWING UP AT MY GRANDPARENT'S HOUSE ON THE
TERRACE

Rhododendron

We had plans to hole to the center of the earth

Hose settings: Mist, fan.

Next door I learned the word vagina from the kid on
the sidewalk

V. MY FIRST POEM IN MANDARIN CHINESE

A.

我不是太陽
我不是月亮
我是皮膚
我切蔬菜
我哭

B.

I am not the sun
I am not the moon
I am flesh
I cut vegetables
I cry

C.

wǒ bùshì tàiyáng
wǒ bùshì yuèliàng
wǒ shì pífu
wǒ qiè shūcài
wǒ kū

VI. SHIFT, CREEEEEEEEK, GROAN, MOVE

I'm in the process of collecting things now. Gath-
ering it all up. Like, when I go to a grocery store and
think I don't need a cart or a basket and suddenly my
arms are filled with more than I can carry.

Or something like when I sit down at a desk with
some papers and carefully bring them together, align
their edges, and tap them down along one of their sides.
This is a kind of ritual. It could symbolize the ending
of a chapter or the beginning of a new one. It should
come with a breath, long in and long out. And I find
myself here now.

This summer was hard. I am still processing the
lessons. I am grateful for it. This is part of my becoming
the person I want to be. And one great way to do that is
to learn about the versions of myself that I don't want
to be. Bitter, necessary work.

I move forward now carefully and with more inten-
tion. There's been a thinning of the veil. I'm the bride of
these moments. I see clearer the lines (fuzzy, but drawn
with a steady hand) that I cannot (will not) cross. I
thank my community for helping guide me through this.

Up next ? More big change. I enter into the final
stages of my PhD, writing, summarizing, reflecting.
And beyond, beyond: more adventure.