

One Story

Told over and over from different angles,
in different genres, through different voices.
Whispers in my ear, guides my fingers,
intrudes on my sleep and in repose.

*Refugee from elsewhere,
origin vague as exhaled fog,
paper trail disintegrated
as crumbled ash,
proof of birth evaporated
in thinness of air.
Reliance resting on relocation,
proficiency in languages,
kindness of strangers,
refusal to surrender.*

This layered theme embroiders itself
into my fabric, connects my
strands of expression to access
memory, sense of loss.
All attempts at prose trace back
to a singular story that I am incapable
of refusing to relate.

I return unceasingly to the trials
of ancestors and parents,
not allowing me to forget
what I did not experience.

The past resists being fully uncovered,
but my persistence, like Dali's memory
of watches, will limply lie and patiently
bide its time.