

By Saretta Morgan:

*After Nazafarin Lotfi's Articulation of Bodies*

With a line from Lindsay Choi

The problem we wanted to address emerged primarily from our situation

*Some silences have no visual presence*

*which is not to say no body*

Definition was a flesh rivers widened through the valley

Each time we rose or ripened

We were the detritus    And chose to aggregate or uncouple

If it were impossible to move past the point of death there wouldn't be death

But language picked from our bone sockets

Mapped this all through a story of desire

Miles and seed to flood a cry or unknown color

The bright horned length of our bodies

Anxious sweat between our breasts dripped narrative ecology

Having read all the necessary scholarship

Having crafted perfect analyses of trauma from inch after inch of receding splendor

We offered to exhibit legible feeling Undo gently

A little something to at the end of the day unfold from

Soft short expressions of blue-headed foliage

Our necks rotated to integrate the flowering as theory

No matter how weaponized the terrain

The music from wash to shaded wash

Where the quiet of feral animals fell against our backs

Our vertebrae unclasped with the need to tell us something

Volcanic stones to hold open our mouths

Regardless our teeth

The cries were a color unfading

Through the splendor

Our mouths were last to disappear