

## PORTRAIT OF SPATIAL GROWTH

*Zaina Alsous*

on the first day I lost feeling in my palms  
*how will we catch the rain*

the next day, the numbness had spread  
*how many mouths screaming*

no

charred pots left on the uneven stove  
a neck once more useful than horizon

*or was then, then*  
I have not kept track of dates well

I remember her laugh, and wind  
chimes dancing blue

maybe the same day as the bombs

*how many limbs kindled*  
to feed the hungry white teeth

today I am trying something different  
chemical

compositions become  
silhouettes of                    no

I hollow minarets of sea  
to retrieve the bodies

a cyclone            of bodies            a hurricane of bodies

isn't revenge a kind of weather

the next day I am neblina  
concealing indigo escape

another day I am carved  
a monument to nobodies and

no one                    the next day I will be a poet

on the picket line chanting no            more  
roses or seeming

or to be            continued  
words are a constitution

what we say or do not say                    arranges the bones

of treason                    I don't mean to preach violence

but the violets are armed  
and Eden has opened the battlefield

the Prophet once said equal to martyrdom:

remember death often  
speak their names aloud as red

sand      in the hour      glass      *Nora*

the state and      it's dictate unfold on aluminum  
screen

WATCH is never the same as SEE  
I believe in belief and nothing

is new

to find the OUT side      pray with your feet facing

the Sun of the used  
they will continue to surveil us in a language

inadequate i have no graft for nation and

no language will ever con  
tain

me