

THE WIND'S MONOLOGUE

Natalie Stamatopoulos

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*Am I imaginary?! Subtle pocket
arching like a cough. My throat is the same as my hands: epistolary on the beaks
of birds—*

*I am an archive
of song.
I have infinite ears
& abdomens.
Am toothless
like a dry rag.
Like a petal.
Am weightless
without mooring. Pregnant with wishes. An essence
of pollen. Brisk
nudge at the ankles. Citizen-full as a trashcan. I am looped & licking
at the nightshades.
I use my palms to split the day.
To confuse the oxeyes!
To sneak
into your shirts.
To carry your material across landscapes.
I am a vehicle
for the fruit fly.
The breath
before the word.
I share my bed
with another kind
of silence.
I aim to be
a reminder. A round thought—*

*I fixate on the manuscripts
of geese I push along the sky
in cursive. On the lovers embracing against my lips. I count each unfinished lilac on the rafts of my tongues.
In the morning I watch the gardener carry water in his hands as he replaces death with life & life with death.*

*I watched Etel's butterfly fall between stones & I've carried shadows over both their bodies now. Have taken ancient
walks along vines & vanes.*

*& I address you: centuries
of literature saying my name: It's true!*

*I am with your Vallejo in the afternoon,
your Tsvetaeva & Ritsos, your sweet Valentine, we are moving flowers. We are composing mingled lisps over each new
day—*

*(Just yesterday
I was again plainer than language, shifting the hair
of someone in love across her own mouth.)*

I am a prompt or a narrow cue...

*I will open
my eyes against your eyes—*

