

## KATY BOHINC / WATER

Left the arms of my mother I decomposed  
there a body sick I want nothing but water I wanted nothing but water for  
days so ill I thought of nothing but pain the  
way the flu empties you and I wanted nothing but to be empty of  
all except water in my mother's house

Her presence the womb I let myself go into to heal

To be born again wanting nothing but water at 31

I hate planes back on this 6:35 AM device  
to New York City the farthest thing  
from womb ok incubator is a word it exists but it  
is a machine with nothing to do with love  
And you write me and I start my sentences "and" and (should  
I have said phrases) and  
desire you put in me the womb  
gone the thoughts again they come like  
I wanted nothing but water and your love your box of love I have known  
forever there is such a box I've known forever I think nothing but all the dreams  
whose kite that love lets me fly

And there I am dreaming of  
my body small and I analyze us *comme même* this you said that  
you said Pere but in the box it's all rather trivially been said  
before and there is really nothing new but a wanting of water

And a want to keep you as calm as  
this baby, mine own self I have known, and to be kept in  
a way, in a box, an adjectival box (we'll  
get to that later) of, of, from  
where jack in the beanstalk grows and  
doesn't fail I mean those thoughts you had when you said you weren't thinking

which were the grace of it all. I mean the thoughts that made us all move forward.  
I mean the thoughts that were so free they were the self, that moved you forward  
and so it was  
with humanity there was love and we were free from anger  
anxiety hunger want for anything but water and those were the thoughts.  
That maybe the airplane gave me. Because in utopia you  
don't think at all. It occurs to me why  
writing blind is so great Malcolm X he was  
in a box too when he had his thoughts his thoughts that would be his Malcolm X  
and I'm looking out the airplane window at myself descend into the clouds & I  
might die but I want to see this.

I can see the ground  
now the earth I can see your body bleeding out I can see  
Central Park to your manhattan midtown looks  
like a blister downtown looks like  
a goiter other way around maybe I want nothing but water  
and the sky in a box for you if that's romantic  
I'll die for its existence any day cause I know in Angola where hope left they need  
the sky

It was gunna end but this orgasm keeps  
going it's not over not over yet baby keep going baby. My brother the doctor  
said "I ask myself what would you do if this was mom and then  
I think harder. I realized  
she needed fluid" and I thought "that's it  
that's communism." & all she needed was water.