

Untitled Poems

Maged Zaher

The family mythology is mostly lies
There: a poet killing himself with excess alcohol
Here: a poet killing himself with insufficient antidepressants
They meet somewhere to listen to each other's poems
Each desires secretly the other's life
Instead of switching places they sleep
They both write about crows

The condition of joining is loss of freedom
You end up in a misunderstood utopia: everyone is marginal
I am getting disinterested again
So I wake up in the morning and pretend I don't exist
In the image of the thing, not in the thing itself I dwell
There is no explanation, though, you just cross the Atlantic
To pretend you are equal to the rest of them, and you read the tough Marxists
The ones who also made poems
Then fall in love with as many passersby as you can
Like an out-of-touch troubadour closing his eyes

I know your stories
How you withstood electrical shocks
To bring us candy in the evening
And how you articulated your sadness
By not touching us
Now I articulate my missing your touch
Only with sadness

It is all there
This lust
And its hiddenness

So I went back
With the openness
Of a scar

There was the peekaboo of things
Their shapes
Not their actual forms

I reorder the pages
Call you
Call a few friends
Until I am sure
I am by myself
With the duty of transitioning
Into love

What is missing from our shoes: our waiting
What is missing from our waiting: our ashes

The building will drown even if by itself

I will make a phone call to greet April with good blood

I will sit in the shape of waiting and raise a map:
it is what expats do