

# Colliding

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in the aftermath  
on the coast,  
my father says,  
“we do not want to lose you  
to *this* depression.”

the first sounding reaches desolation  
while he implies recurrence,  
as though some are prone to sinking.

*i imagine a great storm out on the open seas  
burying my ship for a thousand years.*

on the telephone from the arctic  
my sister sighs,  
“we must archive our great loves and losses  
along the trenches of  
*this* linear time.”

my empty belly is wasting not unwisely,  
but she is too remote to hear the hunger,  
so my mind drifts above the receiver.

*i imagine a continental subduction  
clearing away all that is familiar.*

this sits with me best;  
and while i sway in dance halls  
*below me plates are shifting and diverging,*  
like lovers who have forgotten their footing,  
*pushing themselves away from each other  
or else colliding.*