

variations on the word

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1.

the same sky towers
that same disparity

the city despairs
marks its distance

fills in the gaps

i'm looking for the lost fibres
the materials that determine

speculative horizons
structured relations

between you and me and the shelves
they built of our ground

and up and up
until we fled

and the soil we couldn't take with us

only breath

2.

come on you, let's go you

goodbye is a way to leave

light always fades into its opposite
and the conditions under which
never falter

because *i've forgotten everything*
even the way you feel in the dark

is a cosmic reality
a necessary tactic

a geographic arena
uninhabitable arrangements

we breathe until we stop breathing
and sometimes we breathe again

an array of opportunities
an image of all that we lost

the rugs we left behind
in faded grey

when you bleed and i

3.

when first the body
frantic and painfully permeable

that first banal body
a potential to this

collective of dislocated is sometimes
representational

residual a memory
made visible through history

when your outrage includes yours
when first scripted then used to this
when includes your this malignantly astonished

in back roads to
when cut roads to
or i or i or i or i or i
to give this space

something to
when the split screen reminds you

come on you, let's go you

in this city where renewal
obscures the neighbourhood

the material is memory until
progress is forgetting

and our collective histories

4.

they say we live in a world-class city
where the economy requires us to be

hungry

familial
but not familiar

you say you want a language that refuses
an aesthetics that kills

we say we want to leave the city
we want to live in a classless society
we want to write a postcard that reads

another world is possible

come on you, let's go you