

On The Way To Shabriz

by aksania xenogrette

fingers between cobbles for holding fingers for mortar when
parapets crumble

fingers for holding the bricks these stones cut with fingers for
folding stones that

fit like knuckles in the cradle of fingers with kneecaps sleeping they
know not

where kneecaps they sleep in folds of legs like knuckles sleeping in
the lovers

palm what names are there for these things where do these words
sleep in the

palms hollow the fingertips loops and whorls lost somehow in these
riverbeds of

skin someplace behind your ear where my fingers travel before my
lips in search

of paradise where given word went in search with haunted eyes my
fingertips

wandered each alike to a place that had no name yet they sent word
to my lips

grown old and certainly blind from whittling the tips of compass
points they held

true through oceans of hair your tangles of logic my lips grew ears
to unfold

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these dead letters for you... and then they withdrew...

something happened on the way to shabriz...

my fingertips fell on their knees.

