

# 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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Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/aksania-xenogrette/on-the-way-to-shabriz>»*

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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.

