

Another Way

by Lilia Souzay

If there was another way to say it, I'd say yes.

If there was another way to feel, I'd tear better. I'd rip my calves over pavement, rub the skin on my knees against asphalt.

If there was another way to describe emptiness, I'd word the endlessness of the sky, of the ocean at low tide.

If there was another way to choose, I'd take a photograph of a thing I don't understand. That thing made mostly of bone and rot on wet sand. I'd carry it around in my pocket and show it to strangers. I'd let their reactions decide who I love.

