

**OCEAN**

It is morning  
The light wanders onto  
my walls...  
into my internal love affair

My head shrinks  
into the pillow again  
I could not get up nor did  
I like being a  
human being today

Don't be sorry  
The ocean is closer to  
me than anyone else  
The midst of new love  
bonds prophesy  
to my own vision

The clouds knock  
at the door  
I get up  
I go out

On the beach, I think how  
a brain becomes  
transparent  
I breathe bitterly but  
kiss me anyway

There is no escape

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## AFTERMATH

Living on this earth is like  
one big nightmare. I feel  
displaced and uprooted. Maybe I  
really come from somewhere else.  
This landscape frightens me.  
Too much death.  
Think about it.

I refuse to fall short of detail so  
here it is:  
Death of emotion  
Death of love  
Death of skin  
Whiteness of bone  
Come on, kidnap something remarkable!  
View it in a cage.  
Narrate its life then kill it.  
I prepared myself for this sadness.

The worlds mistakes are peeking into  
my eyes taking over.  
Let's have a ceremony in the heartland.  
Is unhappiness life? If death shows some  
coherence and generosity, sharpen your knives.  
I'm going away to where I really belong.  
To me, this is uplifting.

- Gloria Mindock