

Scheherezade: To My Auditors

These stories—my great metamorphic gang:
the postponement

of their ever ending an attempt to conceal
faultlines—

the spaces where we take leave of each other.
As if *-ologies*

and *-isations* would save us, I submitted to
your analysis

allowed you to run the scalpel along my diction,
begin to grasp

the land of *between us*, to search uneasily for
border towns.