Waiting_____

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.