

perhaps you dreamed it here and here, it stayed looming shadow of expulsion
seven or eight hundred thousand futures four hundred villages unsettled
a terrible wind upon your face millions upon millions for the next hundred
years

whose eyes are taken
for eyes? rimmed with kohl and tears is it a lonely thing being in the
studium so far away? in the mountains above the city
my father posing on skis
in a black suit and white shirt did he even?
me only seeing

the punctum
now as if within
It is not the evening sky.

that week in October we were in Athina for reasons transfeminism poetic
revolt later, in Crete the plan was not for grieving for mourning
but then *she* and then *they* and then *They* death and the sea
the sea and death and the sea seething
and death and death and the sea after sea and death after death after sea after sea beyond
death after sea beyond sea beyond death after death after sea beyond sea after sea beyond sea
beyond death after death after sea beyond sea

once there was a for a long stretch of minute a boy/not boy
stepping off that train inhaling home sea air the early
summer sun aflame with seeing another sun you looking back
in your sundress and boots all those suns impossibly bright upon your face
and there too at home by the sea beyond sea after

if i betrayed my father made him the object, a lesson (not for the first time)
to give some “you” some “thing” “in Beirut, we would go skiing
in the bones mountains in the morning down to the beach to swim
that same afternoon to refuse to write that book to translate
is it only? fear for myself or what harm might I find? might i do? after
sea beyond sea beyond death after death after sea beyond sea after sea beyond sea
beyond death after death after sea beyond sea and years to come
undone a frame breaking the very inside

every day i miss my mother even within her slow fading my father too maybe it's a
small thing two deaths hers only a few months ago his stroke in '76 neither by
genocide, nor by war a small thing, right?

beyond sea beyond death in death after sea beyond sea and
even you not gone, not gone from the world its music like love sleep
whispered you dear one my figment my fragment or just love's
fracture my lost dear one who stayed stuck

beyond death after

to remind me if i had, or could distill a photograph of a memory broken as it is, staged

like water colour print in an orientalist style the sea beyond sea beyond death after death after sea beyond sea after sea beyond sea

“if you would be with me leave everything and follow me” shoulda

woulda coulda

hindsight & matthew, truncated, but lovely

in Arabic on their gravestone

sea beyond sea beyond death after death after sea beyond sea after sea beyond sea beyond death after sea beyond sea beyond death after death after sea beyond sea

after sea beyond sea beyond death after whose to give it all away now? how is

that even a question, in a massacre? the fear glut of Europe how it enveloped this land stolen bought a seizure like blood or theft a world not given, taken not

only and still only stolen nothing settled as you wished a house where everyone stayed after death after sea beyond

sea after sea

you want to talk about love talk about mass murder a people pulled from the root talk about rubble and generations families lost or the children the dead in the tens of thousands just these last few months and death after

death after and seething

just yesterday this morning a million and a half carpet bombed in Rafah you don't want to say it but you can't help but feel the words their bodies coming out of your mouth you want to keep them in you want to keep them

beyond sea beyond death driven to sea after sea who wouldn't go crazy? of course the end

and the sea and the sea

before....

after that we didn't see one another much but years later after 9/11 both of us, brazen in our keffiyehs another sunny day on Roncesvalles, sipping coffee both too aware and oblivious to the past the fascists all around

with more fascists than we could imagine in love

more crazy more death than I could imagine to come death after death and this sea the sea the sea

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Endnotes:
1 Etel Adnan, *Night* (New York: Nightboat Books, 2016), 20.