

Tsering Wangmo Dhompa

Bay

Words become the thing she trusts so she eats her meals elegantly alone. She has learned for example that rejection is personal even though verbs and agencies alienate irreversible cosmic disasters from her. Her words drag like dogs chained to a chair. She cannot follow the logic in the poems. Still she accepts that some sadness will never leave her. She knows his arms are good for making money so she thinks of the boat that takes him to the other side, the arms he keeps for the boat. She knows he is always across from where he wants to be. From where she is.

History

In our country history books conflate the idea of human existence with the errors of ethereal bodies. A sentimental person understands this has everything to do with him. I'm doleful when I read a riddle. A gamine girl is a fairy; she's also poor. There is no irony here. In a child's game an eructation for every error is justice. This is before the rules change. The frisson of a feast is warded off till the moment of an acceptance speech or a parallel story. We follow the recipe to the last letter for utmost result. Blanch a handful of boiling onions for a minute. Then peel.

Surrender

The time elapsed between invocation and action does not fit a general portfolio of occupation. Frisky and frolic are words we associate with beaches and bikini and I'm neither. Billboards across town prod us to be puckish. With a buss you are claimed familiar or betrayed. It's one way to read the past. My only and own inhibitions are not meant for the family dinner. We can surmise that fear is fashionable. A fancier of dogs will breed dogs for pleasure and then for profit. It's not what you want to hear but the empty chair is art in a museum. In my house it signifies death.