

By Mukahang Limbu



POEMS

I am the night pregnant with all the dreams
of boys and girls

pillows soaking their silent nightmares into satin
tucked behind the scent of wet salt

//

We are lighthouse eyes
ships who roar

blinking
through saltwater
floating between our glimpses

/

I am the leftover echoes of a photo speaking
trying to catch
that light

//

We are red ants
carrying
the hours
on
our backs
with the
sun in our
pockets

Hear how our
tunes rise
So loud,
So Clenched,
So deep
Our bodies
Become valleys

/

I am a hymn
I refuse to play for a stranger's God,

//

Our words are mirrors shedding skin into glass
so thin they shimmer like strings breaking into
a thousand tints

/

I am the son of a mother who flew
across the oceans
to marry their silence

I am the son of a mother who flew
across the oceans
who needs to learn to speak for a
broken tongue

I am the son of a mother who is the
daughter of a mother
who all pray
that someday
their children will be full on voices