

62/22

you turn four thousand nights old and on
night four thousand and one, the raw cobalt
in your skin separates, leaving your dermis a
brittle kaolin. your mother panics, and stores you
in a *kamboja* tree – its roots for the family dog,
its bark for a bedroom and blanket, its
flowers for food. *the colors are good for you,*
she says, but all you see is yellow-soiled-white.
your mother does not confess the *kamboja*
is all her greyed thumbs can afford to build.
you do not bring it up. there are more important
things, after all, such as learning to eat for
the first time. petal by petal, anther by anther.
sometimes you skip the leaves to remain
porous. they are difficult to swallow as is,
so you down them with liquid pearls,
until your stomach – crystal as it was –
becomes clouded and silent. your
mother prays for sunstones to grow
at the balls of your feet.