

*After Hussein Ahmad's "Flight"*

a body reincarnates into a bird  
& flies without perching.

a body diffuses—in the turmoil—  
as fire papers, trying to escape gravity.

every day, the air takes from us:  
our prayers which never return answered;

our songs which wander far away  
& fade into the ears of vacuum;

our secrets that we think are still secrets;  
& our breath. even, our last breath.

every day, the air takes from us.  
it's a carrier of heavy burdens.