



Untitled

Aria Pahari

I touch you start and the begins
I cannot tell where you and you turn into a pile of leaves on the bed, a pile of leaves past.

A gradual smother of certainty
A stillerment in my certainty when I say I cannot breathe
Therapists' bewilderment not built to handle wind will not wind.
A structure not built to handle wind will withstand wind.
A structure not built to handle wind will not handle wind.