

Everything Sets This Land on Fire

I spring into your body as if the world has no borders As if these moulded walls are mere staircases
of a thousand steps each Erected to be mounted Only by those who wish to For borders are
mere lines on the map I erase them and the world falls into my mouth I spit it and an atlas sneezes
into life And like a snake vanishing into a pit I squeeze myself into its hands I perch on its
shoulder in a confidence posture Yet my heart beats alertness with every seconds For this land is
highly inflammable Everything sets it on fire Even the touch of water Last night I saw a man
planting flowers on the border I assembled a network of stars on my teeth I never knew they were
forget-me-nots I never knew they were flowers paying tributes to decomposing flowers Until the
cock crowed this morning with the maps of Gaza, Baga, Aleppo & Rohingya on its tongue dripping
blood But taking a shape that reads The withering flowers shall one day become fragrances



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