

parchment

this globe my body so dry its surface flakes white, the only time this skin is white. upon contact, your eyes on my skin write an old tale, words we know too well. with time, we wrestle new stories from each other, nets rip with each sweaty assertion. we are not all the same. the trail of saliva leads here to your tribe & my tribe in this room private as the histories in our stretched muscles. i mark you with my fingers, my hair, my teeth. inscribe my body's anecdotes upon you so that you cannot name me foreign. i speak myself against you, year after year, replenish the oasis in this desert. you will learn my dialect as i have learned yours, the pages of our exchange rustling a new tribe. a pact, you & i, a pact.

RITA WONG