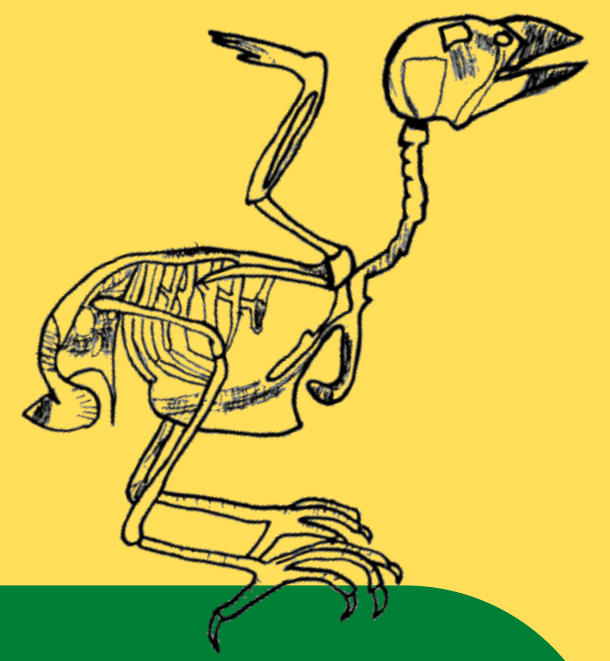


For You



I write for the train passenger riding my mind's rails / for when the track splits / for when the wheels sputter but keep going.

I write for someone needing words, past the whispers in the sky's black ink / for someone who disappears in longing's crevice / for someone who says no, I'm not a victim.

I write for the languages we cannot speak / for the shadows lengthening on the sidewalk / for the shadows quivering against cave walls.

I write for the moon's crater, reflecting the tears I left behind on the sun's edge.

I write for the hollow turtle shell on an empty beach trembling against the wind's gusts.

I write for the first time I saw a Joshua Tree, for that excitement, as I scramble out of the car, sprint across the desert, touch an unfamiliar trunk.

I write for the scars / for the anger bubbling in my belly / for the discontent brewing in my fingertips.

I write for the growl, the whimper, the howl.

I write for the boy on the blacktop playground, who's called 'gay' as if it's an insult / the child mocked for their long hair or crooked smile / the girl made to sit in her uncle's lap.

I write for the day, we'll find it strange anyone liked only one gender / the day, we'll see infinite gender identities like stars in the galaxy / the day consent is valued above all else.

I write for the ocean so it won't swallow me when the tides rise.

I write for my diary pages / for my black&white cow-patterned composition notebook.

I write for my brain, drilling a hole in my cranium, sucking out my brain pulp.

I write I write I write ... for myself. And you. Yes ... for you.



Karo Ska